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Tales of the MIunster Festivals.

THE AYLMERS OF BALLYPYLMER. THE IIAND AND WORD. THE• BARBER OF BANTRY, Ete.

B $\mathbf{Y}$<br>GERALD GRIFFIN,

AOTHOS. OF "TALES OF THE JCRT ROOXi"" "THE BTTAZ

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## "H0LLAND-TIDE".

Straw for youer gentilesse! quoi our hoste-
What, Frankeleine! Parde, sire, well thou wost
That eche of you mote tellea at the lest
A Tale or two, or breken his behest.

## Cualcer

"Holiaxd-Tide", "All-Hollands", "Hollands-Eve", or November-Ere, was once a merrier time in Irelund than it is at present, though even still its enstomary enjoyments are by no means neglected. Fortunately for "all the Saints", in whose honour the ceast is celebrated, it occurs at a season of the year when the pressure of want is less sensibly felt than at most others, anti, among a people who are, generally speaking, so easily satisfied as to the external comforts of ine, that a comparative alleviation of suffering is hailed with as hearty a weleome as if it were a positive acquisition of happiness. The peasant sees, at this period at least, the assurance of present abmulanee around him. IIe beholls a vast extent of land all cultivated, and burdened with the treasured produce of the soil-rardens of stubble covered with shocks of wheat, oats, and barley, which look just as if they were intended to make bread for lim and his neighbours; fie!ds of potatoes, some in which the numerons carthen mounds, or pits,* have been

There is a curions inversion of signification in the words pit, rlitch. and . 6 , 6 r, in the sister iste. A potato pht is an elevated mound of earth, coutaining putatucs. A delu is u dyke, and a dy ke means a ditach.
already raised; others, in which the nipping frost that is bome on the November blast has embrowned the stalks and withered the leaves upon their stem. The stroke of She flail and the chack of the water-mill are in his ear -the meacow land is green and fresh with :ts aftergrass -and the huggart, or hay yard, is stacked iato a labyrinth with hay and corn. He is satisfied with the appearance of things about him-he thinks he has no business asking himself whether any of these good things are destined for his nse, or for that of a foreign mechanic-he never stops to anticipate in fancy, while he puts the spade for the first time into his own little half acre, and discloses the fair produce of his labour, how many calls from tithe-proctor, assessed tax-gatherer, landlord, priest, ctc., may yet diminish his little store: he sces the potatoes; they are his and his pig's by right, and he and his pirg are morry fellows while they last, and while they can procure a turfen fire, or the smoke of a fire, to warm the little cabin about them.

Or, if this last comfort is denied him, he can take his stick, and his "God save all here", aiong with him, and" make the best of his way into the spacious kitchen of the neighbouring "strong farmer", "middle-man", "small gentleman", or "half-sir", when the festival evening abovementioned has arrived. Here he can take his place anong the revellers, and pay for his warm seat in the chimncy corner by a joke, a laugh, a tale, a gibe, a magic sleight, a form of conjuration proper to the time - in short, by adding his subscription of merriment to the general fan of the meeting.

Just such a quict, contented, droll fellow, formed one of a most frolic November-Eve party at the honse of a reapectable farmer in the west of Annster, upon whose hospitality chance threw the collector of these stonies on the 31st of last October. The earthen floor had been swept as clean as a new pin; the two elderly rulers of the mansion were placed side by side in two vene-
rshb. hich backed, carved wooden chairs, near a hlazing lat ine: their daughter, a bright-haired Munster lass (and Munster is as remarkable for fair faces, in Ireland, as Lancashire in the neighbouring country), all alive with epirit and jocund health (that dearest dower of beanty), was piaced opposite, contending with and far overmatching the wits of two rustic beaus, the one the assistant of the village apothecary, the other (the more favoured of the two), a wild, noisy, rude, red-faced savage, son to the agent at the "great house", as the mother gave me to understand in a whisper. The schoolnaster, the seneschal, half a dozen neighbours, and a few shy-looking, rosy-cheeked girls, looking forward with most unchristian anxiety and credulity to the cabalistic ceremonies of the evening, and anxiously longing for the retirement of the serupulous old couple, whose presence alone prevented their being immediately put in train, in defiance of Father Maney and his penances, filled up the remainder of the scene immediately around the fire-while Paddy, the gorsoon, and the two maid-servants, sat whispering together in respectful distance, seated in shade upon the settle-bed, at the upper ond of the apartment.

Previous to the commencement of the evening sports the jolly-looking fellow in the corucr before mentioned, throwing himself back on his sugan chair, stretching out his unstockinged, polished, and marbly legs, variegated by the cherishing influence of many a warm fireside, snapped his fingers, and made glad the heart of his ancient host, by leading out the famous old chorus:-

## I.

"I love ten pence, jolly, jolly ten pence.
$I$ love ten pence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it,
1 lent a penny of it,
I took eight pence home to my wife.

## II.

I love eight pence, jolly, jolly cight pence', I love eight pence bether than my life: 1 spent a penny of it, I lent a pemmy of it, I took six pence home to my wife.
III. I love six pence", etc., tc.
and so forth, to
"I love two pence jolly, jolly two pence;
I luve two pence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it,
I leat a penny of it, I took notinng home to my wife!"

The chorns having died away in a most masical discord, a clear space was made in the midst, and a fat faced little urchin, clambering up on the lack of one of the high chairs, lowered from the roof a sort of apparatus made of two laths crossed, and snspended from one of the bacon hooks above by a whip-cord, fastened from the centre. A large bag of apples was now bronght forward from the corner of the room, and two of the sleckest and largest affined to the extremities of one of the cross-sticks, while the other was fumished with two short bits of candles, lighted. When the balance was fairly adjusted, and the whole machine lowered to the level of the mouths of the guests, it was sent twirling romed with a tonch of the finger; the fun being now, to see who would fix his or her tecth in the immense apple while in mpid motion, and avoid taking, instead, the mawelcome fachor liwhted cande, whichapeared to be whisking round in pursuit.

- E"urn, bad mammers to you, Norry Foley", said tha mery follow with the legs hefore mentioned, addressing himside to a modest, blue-eyed, simpering maiden, who advanced in her turu to the "smap-apple", with a siy coquet
tish management of lip aud eye, "only mark what a meeny Eawny little mouth she makes at it, because the gintlemin is looking at her now, all o' one I hadn't seen her myself many's the time make no more than the one ofier at a whiteeye that would make two of that apple".

Aud, as if to demonstrate the facility of the undertaking, he advanced in his turn with an easy, careless, swaggering confidence in his own prowess, and a certain ominous working of his immense jaws, which struck awe into the hearts of the junior spectators. The orifice which was displayed when he expanded then, banished the faintest glimmering of hope; and when they closed, with a hollow sound, upon the devoted fruit, a general groan amomeed that the sports and chances of "smap-apple" for that evening were at an end.

Next followed the floating apple, of still greater dimensions than the former, placed in a tub of clear water, and destined to become the property of him who should, fairly between his teeth, and without help from hands or the side of the vessel, lift it out of the fluid. This created most uproarions mirth for some time, until the man with the lege, in his own quiet, silent way, stalked among the disputants like the genius of fate, and pickiing it off the surface as if it had been a walnut, retired to his corner, followed by the wondering and envions glances of the gaping juniors.

While these things were transacted above, another group about the fire were occupied more interestingly, though not so merrily, in meltiug the lead through the hande of a key placed over a porringer of water, and conjecturing from the fantastical shapes which the metal assmed, their own future destiny; in buruing the beans* (in which process, much to the dissatistaction of the young hostess and her noisy sweetheart, the village apothecary's lad was observed to burn quietly by her side, waile the former bounced away

[^0]with a "pop!" like a shot), and other innocent and permitted arts of the Ephesian letter. These little minor tricks, however, were but child's play to the great gills, who wero ou thorns until the fieh should be left clear to themselves -when they might put in practice the darker and more daring ceremonies proper to the time-the drying of the shift sleere on the three-legred stool, and watching in the silence of the midnight for the shatowy resemblance of the future spouse, who was to turn it before the fire; the sowing of hemp or rape seed; the adjuration with a sage-leaf, and all the gloomy and forbidden mysteries of the night, into which we shall not at present penetrate; these ceremonies not being peculiar or strictly national, and having already found admirable listorians in the authors of "IIalloween", and of "The Boyue Water".

After the company had wearied their spirits and memories in search of new matter of amnement, and exhausted all the accustomed festivities of the evening, the londness of their merriment began to die away, and a drowsiness erept upon their la gighter and conversation. As the noisier revellers gre: comparatively silent, the voices of two or three old gossijs who sat inside the hearth in the chimneyerner, imbibing the gratefill warmth, and seeming to breathe as freely and contentedly amid the volumes of smoke which enveloped them as if it had been pure aroma-their knees githered up to their chins, and the tails of their cotton or stuff gowns drawn up over their heads, suffering the glazed bhe or green petticoat to dazzle the eyes of the admiring spectators-the voices, as we have said, of these old erones became more andible as the noisy mith aronnd them began to decrease, and at length attracted the attention of the other guests.
"What is it ye're doing there ?" exclaimed the old master of the house, looking towards the corner with an expression of face in which much real curiosity and some assumed ridicule were bleaded.
"Oych thin nothing in the world", replied a smoke-dried, crow-footed, white-haired, yet sharp-eyed hag, whose three last teeth were employed in masticating a piece of "that vile roguish tobacco". "Nothing; -only we to be talking among ourselves of ould times - and things-the quare doings that used to be there long ago-

> 'Onst on a time Whell pi;s drank wine, And turkeys smoked tobaccy':-
whin tiemselves used to be seen by the ould and the young, by day and night, roving the fields and places, and not to be scaming about as they do now (maning 'em no disparagement), in a whisk of a dusty road on a windy day,-whin goold was as plenty as bog-dust, and there used to be joyants there as long as the round towers; when it was the fashion for the girls to come coorting the boys, instead of the boys going after the girls, and things that way, entirely".
" Poh, what nonsense !" exclaimed the hero of the snapapple, "there's not a word ever to be had out $o$ ' the ould women, passing a chronicle of a fable about the fairies, and priests, and joyants, and things that we never seen, nor that nobody ever come back to tell us about-what kind they wor-or what truth was in 'em. Let somebody sit apright and tell us something that well know is it a lie that he's telling, or not".
"Something about wakes and weddings, and them things", said (a note above her breath) the modest, small mouthed Norry Fuley.
"Or smugglers, or coiners, or fighting at fairs, or Moll Doyle, or rebellion, or murthering of oue sort or anothe", roared he of the legs.
'. Easy now-easy the whole o' ye!-easy again!" said the host, waving his hand round the circle to enignin si-lence,-there may be a way found to please ye all!" (this was s.id with an air of good-natured condescension, as it

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the speaker, in his bencvolence, were about to tolerate rather than enjoy the silly amusement which the youngsters meditated). "Gather romed the fire, do ye, and let every boly tel his story after his own way; and let the rest hearken, whether they like it or not, until'tis over, and then thll their own, if they think 'tis better".
a clattering of chairs and stools, and a general bustle, annomiced the ready concurence of the company in this polite arrangement. In a short time all were hushed into a most flattering silence, and the following tales passed round the circle, lulling some to slecp, keeping others wake, (ach finding its particular number of indulgent, gratified, and attentive auditors, though no single one, perimps, succeeded in pleasing all.

Whether such may be the lot of the narratives among a more extensive and less considerate audience, remains to be scen. Arowing the source from which his materialg were taken, the collector thinks himself entitled to tell the stories after his own liking, only requesting the critical reader to keep the pretensions of the book in mond whenever its defects shall arouse the tiger, judgment, within his breast. It is not that we absolutely fear the beast, but we would have him reserve his royal ferocity fre a worthier prey, which a little furbearance in this instacco my $y$ induce us, ex long, to lay before him.

## THS

## AYLINERS OF BALLY-AYLMER.

## With pleasure and amaze I stand transported! What do I see? Dead and alive at once!

Cato.
"'he mountains! The Kerry hills! Alone by yourself, and at this time onight! Now, hear to me, will you, sir, for it's a lonesome way you're taking, and them mountains is the place for all manner of evil doings from the living and from the dead. Take this little buttle of holy water, and shake a little of it upon your forehead when you step upon the heath. Wilk on bold and straight befure yon, and if the dead night come upon you, whith I hope no such thing will happen tiil you reach Tralee any way, you won't whistle: donit, for it is that calls 'em all abont one if they to be there; you know who I mean, sir. If you chance to see or hear anything bad, you have only to hold these beads ip over yom head, and stoop under it, and, whatever it is, it must pass over the beads without duing yon any harm. Moreover-"
"Easy, casy, Mrs. Giltinaan, if you please. There is something of much mure consequence to me than those fine instructions of yours. Don't mind teliing me what I shall do in case I iose my way, until you have let me know first how I am to find it".
"Ohn, then, why slu ilth't I, and welcome, Mr. Aylmer?
listen to me and I'll tell you, only be careful and don't slight themvelues for all".

The above formed part of a conversation which took place between the loustess of an humble im on the west borler of the conuty of Limerick, and a young gentleman whene sharp aceelit and smart dress bespoke a recent arymantance with Dublin life at least. As he was a very hamdome young fellow, aud likely to fall into adrentures, pertaps I may be excused for giving some account of him, aml in order to do this the more fully and satisfactorily, I shall begin ly telling who his father was.

Robert Aymer, Eq., of Bully-iymer, was a private gentlaman of real Milesian extration, residing near the west coast of Irelame. Like most of the gentry aromad him at that time, he did not scruple to add to his steck of worlly wealth, a portion of that which by legal right should have gone into his Majesty's exchequer. In a word, he medlled in the ruming trade on the coast, a circumstance not calculated at the period in question to attach any thing like opprobrium to the character of a genteman and a real Milesian. Althmy he added considerably to his patrimony by this traffic, the expenses of the establithment at Bally-Aymer were so creditable to the hospitality of its master, that he felt himself suking rather than rising in the wohl, and was, indeet, on the eve of ruin, or more properly of an ejectment, when a desperate resonce presented itself in the form of a smuggling enterprise, so dariug in its nature that none I at a Milesian would have even dreant of putting it in execution. He formed this project, as he haddone many others, in comjuiction with an wh friend and neighloomr, Mr. Cahill Fitzmantice, or as he was called by the sungelers, from his hardiness and cruelty, Cahil-cruvilhang ( Cahil of the red hand), a name, however, whelh, ike masy other nicknames, was but little ap. frumiate, for Mr. Fizamanice was kown to miagle mach humanity wiah his enterpiec. Those two friends under.
took the aftair together, succeeded with an ease which they hardly anticipated, and realized a sum of moncy more than sufficient to have tempted them into danger still more imminent. Gratifying as was his success so far however, this enterprise was of fatal consequence to Mr. Aylmer. Having embarked with his friend on botrd a Galway hooker (a kind of vessel used for carrying fish or turf along the coast and up the Shamon), for the month of the river, they happened to engage in a dispute on some trivial occasion or other which, nevertheless, was made up between them with little difficulty. On the same might however, a very dark one, as the little vessel was putting about in a hard gale, a stamping of fect and struggling was heard on the forecastle, and immediately afterwards a heavy plash on the lee bow. Ruming forward to ascertain the canse, the boatmen found that Mr. Aylmer had fallen overboard, and Fitzmanrice was ob-erved standing near the lee gunwale, and holdiug by the fluke of the anchor, apparently under the influence of strong agitation. IIe was seized instantly and questioned as to the occurrence, which he described to be perfectly accidental. A jury of his countrymen subsequently confirmed the allegation, and the innocence of the man was considered to be put beyond all doubt by the circumstance of his adopting the only child of the deceased, William Aymer, educating him at his own expense, and clearing off all the debts to a very large anount with which his father's patrimony had been incumbered. The youth harl been edncated with the infant daughter of his father's friend until the age of ten, when he was sent to the metropolis; and he was now returning to the honse of his benefactor, after an absence of nime years, during which time he had made himself perfect in all the accomplishments which a collere, and subsequeutly a polite education, could afford.

Having performed the greater part of his journey in a kind of itinerant penitentiary called a jingle, an illegitimate
sons of velicle, somewhat between a common cart and a dan:awil fring-comiage, possessing all the rickity inscenm? of the one, with all the clumsiness of the other, yomm Ayluer determined to trust to a pair of well yualitied legs for the remainder of the ronte, and was now in the act of striking of the high road into the Kerry monntains which lay between him and Bally-Aylmer, near which Mr. Fitzmaurice resided, with the intention of completing his joumey before night.

The "Kingdom of Kerry" is, as Horace Walpole said of a county in England which happens to be very fashionable at present, a great damper of euriosity. Among the mometainons districts in which it abomids, are vast tracts of burren, heathy, and boggy soil, which are totally destitute of human inhabitaits. The champaign which now presented itself to the gaze of the traveller, was one of the dreariest that may be easily imagined: heath beyond heath, and bog after bog, as firr as his sight could reach in prospect, camopied over by a low dingy and variable sky, and renderedstill more dispiriting ly the passing gusts of wind which oceasion:ally slmieked orer the desolate expanse with so wildering a cadence as ahmost to excuse the superstition of the matives, that the fuiries of the momtain ride in the blast; these formed the prominent charactenistics of the scene which lay befure lim.

Now and then as he advanced on his route a travelling tinker tonched lis hat to him, and a fish-jolter, from the western coast, nodded a courtcons "Dien ith", as he passed, in his complete suit of sky-blue fricze, whistling to his mule; while, with downcast, meditative look, the patient, passionless ammal plodded on, stomping under the weight of two large cleares of fish, intended for the next market. Often, too, the eye of the young collegian found matter move interesting in the laughing, round, red checks, snowwhite teeth, and roguish blue eyes of the country girls, "ho haried past him with a drop car:ey, and a half cuedest,
half conning glance, shot from under the eyc-lash with an expression which seemed to say, "there be coquets out of Dublin". All traces of cultivation had not yet disappearedthe hardy potato, in all its varieties of cup, white-eye, English red, kidney, London lady, black bull, rattle, carly American apple, white potato, etc., etc., etc., diversifed the ungratetul plain with several plots or gardens of variegated bloom, and filled the air with swectness. The young gentleman's pair of velocipedes, however, were so vigorous in the exccution of the trust confided to them, as to quickly place him beyond the influence of these outskirts of cultivation, and, after an hour's walking, he fuund himself far beyond the sight or sign of human habitation, a good hazel stick in his hand, and a Murphy's Lucian in his coatpocket. He had received and noted down in his memory with great exactness the various landmarks by which his course was to be directed, and he felt too mubomded a confidence in his own powers of discrimination, to doubt his being able to recornise them when they should occur. But those who have been similarly circumstanced will easily acknowledge the probability of a miscalculation in this respect. It is even as in the great word-however minute or provident may be the code of instructions with which the young adventurer is furnished at his outset, he quickly finds the number of novel contingencies which thrust themselves upon him, too extensive for any second-hand experience to secure him against all necessity for exercising his own natural judgment.

It was not, however, until he had been jouncying for some hours, that Aylmer began to think at all of the possibility of mistakiar his route. Ilis mind was occupied with meditations of a far more agrecable nature, - the expectation of specdily revisiting scenes so dear to him, from the recollection of the merry hours he had passed among them, and from their association in his mind with the few frieuds of his chnldnood. His benefactor he had
beldom seen, fo. Mr. Fitzmanrice was a silent, solitary, musing man, who loved little company of any kind, alter the loss of his friend, and who was not anxious to conceal that a certain natural weakness of temper rendered the sight of the little orphan at no time pleasing to him. Niss Fitzmanrice, however, entertained a very different fechins on this sulject: and the childish affection which had swiftly dereloped itself on both sides, was quite stromer chough to supply the want of natural or instinctive fonduces. 'The time that had elapsed since Aylmer's separation from her, had not abated any of the regard which he always cherished towards his fair friend, and he contemplated their approaching meeting with a glee which originated a great deal in real kinduess, and not a little in that curiosity which is so frequently mistaken for affection by those who fecl it. He had shaped out, with his mind's eye, a thousand full-length portraits of the now womanly Kate Fitzmanice, from the dusky evening air, and had completed one very much to his satisfaction, when a sudden salutation in a strange voice startled him from his reveric. He looked round him, and perceived now, for the first time, that the night was rapidly closing in. The appearance of the heavens had changed since he had last observed them. Clusters of broken vapour were now hurying past in swift succession, and there was a bleakness in the air which seemed to portend an approaching change of weather. Turning to ascertain from whom, or whenee, the voice proceeded, he behch a man seated on the heath, his back supported against an in-sloping crag, a gray frieze coat thrown loosely about his person, a pair of brornes well studded with pavers (large-headed nails used for the strong shoes of the peasantry in Ireland), and an auburn-coloured felt hatt, pressed down upon his hrows. There wats, nevertheless, something of finery in his adhess, which scemed inconsistent with this coarseness of appearate.
"A question from a stranger is hardly sinful in snch a place as this", he proceeded, after Alymer had acknowlelged his courtesy, "particularly as a man has his own choice abont answering it. Do you mean to journey much farther to-night, sir?"
"I hope to reach Bally-Aylmer before the night has become much darker".

The stranger shifted his position, and was silent for a few minutes. "Bully-Aytmer!" he exclaim dat last; "you are the young master, then ?"
"My name is Aylmer".
"Bally Aylmer! Um. It is seven long miles from you now, if you took the nearest way that is, and that is not pms-ible for any one to do that knows so little of the mountain-roads or tracks as you do. I was going in the same direction myself, but seeing the night abont to fall dark, I preferred taking my chance for shelter under this crag, where I shall lie dry at least, to my chance of a drenching, and perhaps something worse, among the bogs and erars that lie about half a mile beyond us. If you will proceed, yon are like enough to have a hard night. Do yon not hear the Cashen* roar?"
"I do; but the fear of a little rain must not deter me. I have been out on worse nights".
"There are other dangers, sir, no less worthy to be avoided than the chances of pit and bog".
"Oh, I remember that too-my head is filled with tales of the Kerry mountains, and their maranders, and banathees, and phukas; bur for the one, I an provided with this anmulet", brandisling his beads, "and here is a chamm for the other", elevating his stout, black-thorn in a gay humour.

* The Cashen is a stream which empties itself into the Shannon, at no great distance from Ballylongford, in Kerry. At the approach of ratny weather, the sound of its waters can ie heara distinctly at a distance of many leagues.

The stranger was again silent for a short time, during which he seemed to canvass the whole person of the young collegian with a curious eye, at the mane time that, whether accidentally or otherwise, his own features were almost entivel; concealed hy his position. At length, taking from his pocket a sealed letter, he handed it towards Aylmer, and said: "I had orders to leave this at Bally-Ayluer, for some one of the family there. If you will pardon the liberty of my offering it, you will do me a great service, and save me a long jonaly out of my way ".

Aylmer readily took the letter, and in placing it in his pocket-book, caught, for the first time, a view of the stranger's commenance. It was that of an aged man, with nothing very uncommon in its character; though a flashing, yet wavering and doubtful recollection, seemed to rush on Aymen's mind the instant he looked upon it. He felt saistied that he had never seen the countenance before, and yet its expression startled him with a feeling of sudden recognition, for which he afterwards could in no manner accuint. He had not an opportunity of pursuing his scrutiny farther, for at that instant the muttering of a distant thunder-peal, preceded by the falling of a few larse drops of rain, induced the old man to return to his shelter beceath the rock. Wishing him a courteous farewell, the youth proceeded on his way, puzzled a little at he krew not what.
"If 1 were a l'ythagorean", said he within himself, "this adventure might help to strengthen my faith; for, muless it be a glimpse into another state of existence, I am at a loss what I shall make of it".

After casting a rather uncomfortable glance at the bearens, which were now darkening above him so rapidly as to leave him little hope of clearing the momtans so speedily as he intended, he pushed on at a vigorous rate. The storm which had been threatening, however, in a very , hort time burst forth in all its violence. The shy became
one dense mass of black, illuminated only at intervals by the blne and shected lightaing, that servel to reveal to him the perils amongst which he was entangled, without assisting to guide him out of them. He could perceive that the beaten path which he now followed, lay through a wide morass or hog, and so indistinctly was it marked ont, that he found himself obliged to proceed with the utmost cantion, although the rain had already begun to descend in torrents upon lim. $\times$ He was mincing his steps in this manner, and beginning to feel a greater respect than he had hitherto done for the recommendation of the old man, when he was startled by feeling some living creature brush swiftly by his legs, so as almost to touch them, and presently after, in a panse of the storm, a loud ringing whistle, followed by a shouting and halluoung at a distance, grected his car. A low grumbling bark, very near lim, seemed to give answer to the sounds; and Aylmer heard the animal which had been snuffing inquisitively abont him just before, bound and scamper off in the direction from whence the voice proceeded. In the hope of obtaining some assistance, the adventurer put his lungs to their best use, and endeavoured to outroar the warring of the elements themselves; but t'le effiort proved to be a total failure, for he was not heard, or at least not attended to. He hurried on, nevertheless, with a feeling of greater security, on the path which the dog had taken, and in a short time was rewarded for his perseverance by feeling the firm mountain heath beneath his feet. He now looked found him in the hope of finding himself in the neighbourhood of some human habitation, and for once was not deceived. Not more than a hondred yards to his right, in a sudden declivity of the mound, he perceived a cabin, with half the wieker-door thrown open, and revealing, in the strong light of a well-furnished hearth, an abode which seemed to promise much comfort and accommodation. He made no more ado, but straightway presented himself at the entrance.
"Bofoa irath!"* he exclaimed, as he bent forward over the half-loor, willing to conciliate the good-will of the iumates by aftecting a fumiliarity with their habits and language.
"Aml you likewise", was the answer returned by the "all" whom he had blessed; a plain-looking aged woman, who sat enjoying the delights of ease and a dhudheen (short pipe) in the chimney-eomer. Aylmer drew back the bolt of the wicker aull entered. The old woman continued smoking her pipe without expressing cither displeasure at his intrusion, or anxiety to do the honours of her house; almost without raising her eyes from the heap of red and blazing turf on which they were musingly bent. Finding whom he had to deal with, and not disposed to lose much time in ceremony, her mbidden gnest dreiw a sugan-chair close to the fire, and while he briefly explained the circamstances which had compelled him to be a trespasser on her hospitality, he made himself perfectly at home with respect to his shoes, stockings, and coat, which he suspended before the blaze, white he received with much satisfaction its full inflacnee upon his person. After he had in some degree elevated his own temperature to the level of the atmosphere in which he was now placed, another inconvenience began to press upon his recollection, which he yet siw no means of removing. He turned his eye in varions directions, but could discern nothing that conld be useful to a man in want of a supper. At length he ventured to break his mind to his hostess on the subject. She at once directed his attention to a cupboard at the end of the room, to which he repaired with highly excited anticipations. All his anxieties were set at rest by the apparition of a good supply of cold roast mutton, with some oaten bread, and potatoes in great abundance. Laying joyous hands upon his prize, he bore it with much gratification to the deal table which stood in the centre of the apartument, and presently fell to wor's upon it: his

* Lless all hera
hostess, during the whole time, preserving her attitude and look of indifference or listlessness, of which her guest was now too agreeably occupied to take any cognizance.

While he was yet seated at table, the sound of several voices outside the door diverted his attention, for the first time. from his fare. The occasional broken and huried sentences of command or remonstrance which were bandicd from one to the other of the unseen speakers, were alternated by the low and stifled bleatings of a sheep, which speedily terminated in a quick and gurgling expression of pain, that sufficiently demonstrated the means which had been adopted to secure silence.
"Smaha buhill!" exclaimed one, "faix, she's a joyant of a baste. Take her round to the barn, Will; and do you an Lewy make haste in to your supper. Here Vauria!"
"Vauria is here av you want her", shrilled out the old woman, who had, at the first somd of the voices, made an extraordinary exertion to place a skillet of potatoes over the fire before the speakers should enter, and had now resumed her pipe and indolence.

This had scarcely passed, when a stont, able-bodied man, his face smeared with bog-dust, having the appearance of a grazier (and a very ill-looking one), fiung himself into the house. His astonishment at beholding a stranger quietly seated at his table, and demoishing his checr, was so vividly expressed as scarcely for the moment to place his hospitality in a very favourable point of view. It was only after an uninterrupted gaze of a few scconds, that he suffered a half unconscious "Dicu ith" to pass his lips. "Dieu ith agus a Vauria !"* was the reply of Aymer.
"'Tisn't driven in by the weather you were?" continued the cottager (meaning directly the contrary). Ayhmer itudited an assent, as he contimed eating. "A smart evening, inded", was the next observation. "Sha guthine!" $\dagger$ replied the collegian, still continuing to use his

* God and Mary be with yuu.
$\dagger$ Yes, indeed.
vernacmar tongue, and in every possible way endeavouring to mustify his real condition.

The querist was about to address the ohd woman, when, darting a sadden glanen at his guest, he quickly asked him "if he understoon English?" a question which the infrequency of the accomplishment in those districts rendered feasible enough. Instantly catching at the probable motive in which it originated, Ayimer replied at once in the negative. The cottager and the old woman soon after entered into conversation in their own broken and mangled effiort at the idiom.
"An who tould him fare the mutton was?" inquired the owner of the house, after the woman had satisfied him as to all pevious particulars. "In troth it's asy seen what a thrashen he meant to give it, when he stript to the wete that way ". Ilere Aylmer was near betraying limseif :y the smile which began to struggle on his lips.
"Lewy did a purty piece o' woik this evening (wight)", continued the host: "Cahill-cruv-dharug's herdsman will be missen a haporth o' tar in the mornen. One of the prettiest creatures on the long walk, and fat, ready to melt in our arms. Take it from me, Vauria, Cahill Fitzmanice won't be a bit glad to be eased of her, to-morrow morning".
"Let him score it orer against the blood of Robert Aylmer, then, and hell be the gainer still, may be ", mutterel the old woman.
"Pho! l'ho! Easy. What nonsense you talk. Was'nt he cleared o' that be a judge an jury, in the face o' the whole comatry? - Ploo!"
"I was ahoord the boat that awful night, an I heard words spoken that onght'nt to pass a Christim's lips, exerpt he was a Turk. But what's the use of being talhing? 'There's as much time to come after as ever went before ns, an they say hlood will speak if it bursts the grave tor it".

Often as he had heard these crecumstances repeated, and enthusiastic as early conviction had made him in the confidence of their utter gromollessness, it was not very easy for Aylmer to support his assumption of perfect listlessness and indifference, while the above conversation was passing. Notwithstanding the feeling of indignation which the rambling imputations of the hag excited in his mind, he could not prevent their sinking deep into his spirits, and taking a hold there which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. The couviction, too, of the immediate and imminent peril in which he was placedfor it was no longer a matter of doubt to him that he had fallen upon a gang of the far-famed Kerry sheep-stealers -contributed not a little to the uneasiness of his sitnetion. He began strenuonsly to long for an opportmity of withdrawing himself from the chance of further illustrations of their mountain hospitality.

Shortly after, the cottager started up from his seat by the fire, and said rapidly: "There's the white horse on the praties; l'll go and and see what is it keeps the boys, and do you get up one o' your old ancient fables, and keep this man by the fire till we come back. We'll talls 0 ' what's to be done abroad".

No sooner had the speaker disappeared than Aylmer began to meditate the most probable means of taking himself out of the cottage and its neighbourhood, without awakening suspicion. He got up from the table-walked towards the fire-resumed all his dress, with the exception of his hat, which still hung in the chimney corner, reeking against the heat: and after all this was done with as great an appearance of earelessness and indifference as he could command, he took his seat by the fire, stirred it up briskly, and made an effort to engage his hostess in conversation; in which, however, to his great satisfaction, he totally failed. The old woman seemed to be one whom time had beaten down into a state of almost negative
existence, and whose only positive enjoyment seemed to consist in the absence of all exertion. Far from complying with the cottager's desire that she should endeavour to entertain her gnest, she scemed, from the moment of his departure, to be almost unconscious of the presence of a second person; and went on exhausting her store of tobaceo, and musing over the fire with the comfortable air of a slave who has been relieved from the presence of the task-master.

The violence of the tempest had now considerably abated, although the night still continued dark, and the wiad hissed along the broken thatched roof in fitful and uncasy, gusts. After making some observation on the change, Aymer walked towards the little window, as if to look ont upon the night, and in so doing stumbled upon a new confirmation of his suspicions. Casting his eye, aecidentally, towards the hurdle loft, which was constructed over the ceiling of an immer apartment, he observed several piles of sheepskins thrust under the sloping eaves, and heaped towards the centre, the spoils of many an enterprise similar to that of which he had just before witnessed the termination.

As the time rolled on, the anxicty of the youth increased, and he determined at length on making some exertion for his freedom, before the male tenants of the cottage should return. Leaving his hat where it hung, in order the more effectually to bafte the suspicions which his absence might oceasion, he made some trifing remark to the old woman, and passed into the air. After he had crept a few paces from the house, and felt himself placed without the inmediate cirele of the influence of its possessons, he made a joyons bound on his path, and ram ahong for a considerable distance, without a moments panse, in the direction from which he had tmoned aside during the tempest. The rain had ceased and the wind abated, but the aky was yet loaded with vapour, and the
wanderer had little more than random conjecture to depend upon in pursuing his route over the mountain heath. Early as it yet was in the night, and totally ignorant as ke was of the distance he might have to conquer before be should arrive at the termination of the wilds, he could not avoid feeling an occasional depression of spirits when he reflected on the possibility of his being pursued; in which case the familiarity of his encmies with the passes of the monntain and its bors, must leave him at a perilous disadvantage. He dashed forward on his way, however, without stopping to calculate disheartening probabilities, and journeyed for nearly an hour without meeting any impediment to arrest his progress, or any piece of good fortune that might assist it.

On a sudden, the disparting of an immense mass of clond, which had for a long time been condensed on the horizon behind him, betrayed the night-walker to the glances of a few kind stars, and very shortly after the veil was withdrawn from the fair, round, fat face of the winter moon herself, and a welcome flood of light was poured about his path. He now discovered himself to be still surrounded, as far as his sight could reach, with the uneven wilderness of heath, over which be had so long been toling, and no indication lay, within the wide circuit which his eye was enabled to comprehend, of human neighbourhood. There was no sign of caltivation, no bound of partition, nothing but heath and bog to be discovered, and this circumstance contributed materially to depress the cheerfulness of spirit which the sudden accession of light had awakened within him. This uncomfortable state of mind, however, in some time began to give place to a feeling of more immediate and positive alarm. Whether it was that his imagination, highly excited as it had been by the events of the evening, bccame over quict at transforming all indistinct sights and sounds into occasions of terror, or that such occasions did in reality
exist, Aylmer could not divest himself of a strong conscionsness that the chase was up behind. Now and theri, in the intervals of the distant moaning of the Cashen, his ear was startled by the fancied or actual echoes of the laying of a hound upon his track, a sound, however, which was yet so fine and so equivocal,
_- "that nothing lived
'Twixt it and silence' ${ }^{\prime}$.
He paused for a moment, and bent his ear to the earth in order to assure himself. In a little time he became convinced of its reality. The portrait of the cottage hound which lad startled him at first sight by the indications of fatal sagacity which he could collect from its appearance, "so flewed, so sanded", its head
"-hung
With ears that swept away the morning dew, Cross-kneed, and dewlappd like Thessalian bulls";
its sullen, blood-shot cye, and lumpish month, all rushed together upon his recollection, and utterly discomfited the slight feeling of security to which he lad just before begun to deliver limself up. He grasped his black thorn club with a firmer gripe, and at ouce made up his mind to the most desperate contingencies that could arrive. If a much more extensive tract of land lay between him and the houses of honest men, it was evident he had not the slightest chance of eluding his pursuers, provided as they were with so fearful and so infatlible a clue to his position. His only reliance was on a pair of vigorous limbs, which he forthwith applied to the best purpose possible, and which he might have calculated on with very great rationality, had his humters been altogether human. As it was, in spite of all his exertions, he found that they were gaining rapidly upon him. He darted forward with renewed speed, and as he panted and stumbled on his course,
in ona of those glances of reflection, which even in the act of the most violent bodily exertion, will sometimes flash upon the reason, he made a wordless resolution within his heart, that he never would hunt or course a hare as long as he lived.

Still he dashed forward headlong on his path, and still that horrid, sullen, twanging cry became londer and louder upon his track, until it sounded in his ear, as the trumpet's charge might be supposed to do in that of a soldier destined to a forlorn hope. The shonting of the animal's masters, too, cheering their guide upon the game, became audible in the distance. With a failing spirit, Aylmer glanced on all sides as he bounded along, but could discern no means of even pussible protection. No stream, no tract of water by which he might baffle the terrible instinct of his four-footed enemy, not one of the many contrivances by which he had heard and read this had been successfully accomplished, here presented themselves. His brain, his sight, his senses became confused; a fear like that which oppresses the dreamer in a fit of night-mare, lodged itself upon his heart; his will became powerless, and the motion which still hurried him along his path, might almost be termed involuntary. He thought of nothing, he saw nothing, he heard nothing, but the fast approaching terrors in his rear, the heavy, confident baying of the hound, and the fierce hallooing of his pursuers. Fortune seemed in every way to conspire against the devoted youth, for in rushing down a slight declivity of the heath, a small tuft of the weed came in contact with his foot, and flung him with considerable violence on the ground. He sprung to his fect again, but fell at the first effort to proceed; his foot was maimed past all use. One thrill of utter despair shot through his frame, and the next moment a perfect indifference came over him. The shouts of the hunters were now almost close upon him, bat, and he hardly trusted his sense when it first informed him of
it, there was another sound mingled with theirs. Ho started to his feet, and stood erect in spite of his hurt; he heard the sound distinctly-it was the dash of waters on his left. Clasping his hands together, and offering, in one flashing thought, as fervent a thanksgiving as ever passed siumer's lips, he staggered toward the spot. Coming suddenly over the brow of the hill, he beheld immediately befure him a small river, broken in its course by several ledres of rock, and flinging itself in masses of white foam into a kind of basin, whose surface the full winter's moon had lighted up with its gladdening influence, so as to shine "like a welcoming" in the student's eyes. The banks of the stream were fringed with drooping sallows, and a dark angle close to where he stood seemed to offer the closest and securest mode of concealment that he could desire. Withoat a moment's thought or wavering, be slipped down the bank, and seizing one of the twigs, plunged himself, all reeking with perspiration as he was, into the cold, freezing, November flood.

He had not been in this situation long enough to feel the inconvenience of the transition, when his anxieties were renewed by the approach of his pursuers. Creeping muder the screen of the hauging sallows, and still clinging to the twig which he had grasped, he remained up to his chin in the water, imitating the action of some species of waterfowl, when conscions that they are under the eyc of the fowler. From this concealment, completely enveloped, as he was, in a piece of impenctrable shade, he could see his bandy-legged, shag-eared foe, bonnd fiercely to the bank immediately above him. The animal stopped short, snorted, looked across the stream, and whisked his head, with an action of impatience and disappointment. He ran up and down the bank, his nostrils expanded and bent to the carth, and snuffed long and argumentatively about the very spot where Aylmer had descended. In a
few seconds after he heard the voices of the mountaineers at the top of the hill.
"Biessed Saviour o' the airth!-0 Lewy! the sthrame! -We're lost for ever!-Come back here, Sayzer!-The mmait'rel, informing Dane! To come among us and make a fool of a shoulder of as gool mutton as was ever dhrov the wrong way off a sheep-walk; and, l'll be your bail for it, helll have the arny with us to buckist* in the morning, av we stay for them (which we won't)-sorrow skreed o' the mait he left upon the bones, as much as would make a supper for old Vauria herself".
Aylmer was too uncomfortably situated at the moment, to enjoy these jests on his prowess at the sheep-stealer's board, and waited with much uneasiness until the speaker and his companions might be concluded out of all power of observation. Day had begun to dawn before he ventured to re-ascend the bank; and never was the benerolent eye of the morning startled by a more pitiable splectacle of soitary human misery, than he presented at that moment. His fingers, stiff and crimpled up with the cold, refused to close around the slrubs which he attempted to grasp, his joints were all stark and painful, and lis hair and clothes distilling a hundred streams, as if he were, like a male Niobe, about to be resolved into a portion of the element to which he had just been indebted for his existence. Great as was the general inconvenience which he felt, however, he had the satisfaction to find that the cold immersion had arrested the progress of whatever inflammatury symptoms his sprain in the foot had occasioned, and he was now enabled to turn the limb to which it appertained to sonce accomint. He walked, like a piece of talafanimated stone-work, along the banks of the stream, for nearly half a mile, and had the pleasure to observe, in spite of the clunds which the agitations and exertions of

[^1]the night had still left upon his brain, that he was close to one of the most frequented public roads of the country. He had no difficulty in discovering his exact position, and was not a little comforted at finding that he was no more than a mile from the residence of his friend and guardian, Mr. Fitzmanrice. Not willing, however, to present himself before bis old friends in the deplorable yet ludicrons plight to which his mountain adventure had reduced him, he directed his course toward his own family residence, which lay at no great distance from him, and which, thongh it had only occasionally been occupied by him, was, he knew, tenanted by the aged widow of his dead father's herdsman, and her son, Sandy Culhane. At the hands of those old "fullyers" of his fimily, Aylmer knew he might calculate on receiving all the accommodation which his present condition rendered necessary. His long absence from the comntry, minterrupted, as it had been, by even a visit to his friends at the customary seasous for such indulgence, sceured him against all probability of being recognized on the way to the "great house", and he met with no interruption in his walk thither, which was easily accomplished before the sun had well shook himself after: his night's sleep.

Bally-Aylmer was one of those architectural testimonies to the folly of our fathers, which are scattered rather abundantly orer the face of the green isle. Although the term has s!ipped from beneath our pen, there was little worthy of the name of architecture, about either the principal building or its official appendages. The site of the house appeared to have been selected in those days when it was the wont (contrary to modern practice on similar occasions) to choose the lowest, as the most graceful, as well as rourendent and salubrious position, and when that pusition was ascertained by rolling a large round stone down an eminence, and sinking the foundation wherever it happenel to repose. Ajlmer, fatigued as he was, found
a sufficient excitement in the first view of his native place, to divert his attention in some degree from his sufferings. Accustomed, as he had been during his absence, to the splendours of metropolitan architecture, he could not avoid feeling a momentary sense of humiliation, when he perceived the utter poverty and tastelessness of an establishment which in his childhood he had been used to look upon as the perfection of elegance, and with which even his distant recollection had nut presumed to quarrel, until he now brought his classical feeling and experienced judgment full upon it, in all its hideous and awkward reality. The entrance consisted of two lean, gawkylooking piers, built of plain rough stone, and standing bolt-upright, like young steeples, on each side of a low, shattered, paltry wooden gate, which had long discontimued the use of its hinges, and was propped up to its office by the assistance of a few large stones, rolled against the lower bars, the removal of which, fur the admission of cars (carts) and horses, usually occupied as much time each day as a carpenter might have lost in screwing on a fresh pair of hinges. On the summit of one of those piers, a noseless Banthee, or Banathee, done in limestone, the work of some rustic Westmacott, might be observed in the act of combing her long and flowing hair, an action very generaily attribnted to this waming spirit. Upon the other, nothing was visible to the naked eye. That fashionable appendage to modern improvement, a factitions lake, was nut wanted here, though the specimen presented was rather on the small scale. It consisted of a slicet of some liguid or other, about twenty feet by tweive in extont (hing close inside the entrance), and greeted more senses than une of the incomer, with an intensity which it required no great fastidionsuess to deprecate. The house itself, a square-roofed, lumpishlooking edifice, sadly ont of repair, and de itute of even a solitary twig or fir to conceal its threaduare masonry;
its line of red binding-tiles broken and blown away; its chimneys damaged and menacing; and its slated roof hospitably inviting, in divers-apertures, the visitations of the wiuds and rain-all, together, presented as bleak and comfortless a spectacle as ever greeted even a provincial eyc. Without detaining the adventurous youth any Jonger in his uncomfortable deshabille, we shall hasten to relieve the pain of our sympathising reader, by informing him that Aylmer was not disappointed in lis calculations on the services of old Ally Culhane, by whose assistance he was presently rid of his cumbersome habiliments, and introduced to the consolation of a well aired, well blanketed state bed, where he speedily lost all memory of his night's ramble, in a good, sound, healthy, dreamless sleep.

The only immediately halitable rooms in the venerable mansion, were that in which its heritor atpresent slumbered, and the kitchen in which the aged Ally and her son had domiciliated since the honse had been in a great measure abandoned to them by its original possessors. The others had been partly stript of their furniture and locked up, or appropriated to the Irish use of store-rooms and granaries for the produce of the adjacent acres, which were turned to the besc possible account for the benefit of his ward by Mr. Fitzmaurice, who seemed never happy, or even contented, unless when he was occupied in some way or other about the Aylmer property. Though he was a native of a country where more apologies are found for the shedding of human blood than would, if miversally artmitted, greatly further the interests of society, and although mueh of his life had passed amid seenes where homicide was familiar as the day-light, Cahill Fitzmanrice had, either from a natural quickness of feeling, or from the intluence of that half-animal, half-chivalrons sense of moral honour whirh is so often made to supply the place of system, of principle, or of true religion in the minds of a neglected people, retained a tetchiness of spinit about
what he was pleased to call his reputation, which, would come with an ill grace enough from the lips of a smuggler of the present day. Notwithstanding his "honourable acquittal" too, by the county grand jury, of the horrible offence imputed to him, and the assurance of those his judges, that "he left his dungeon with as unstained a character as if he never had been called to it"-ior speeches of this kind were among the specimens of cant in vogue then, as well as now,-Fitzmaurice felt convinced, and the conviction sunk deep into his soul, that suspicion was a shade of guilt, and that there was, in fact, no such thing as an "honourable acquittal" from a public accusation. The consequence of this feeling was, a total and marked alteration in the character of the man. His frankness - his hospitality - his broad-faced, laughing goodhumour, -all his social qualities were blasted, as if by a lightning shock. He was no longer to be seen at the fair or session; his steward being entrusted with an unlimited discretion, as to the fate of the flocks and droves which were transmitted to all places of public traffic. His farm was, in a great degree, neglected by him ; and the only active business in wich he still continned to take anything like an active interest, was, as before alluded to, the improvement of his young ward's inheritance, in which he was vigorous and successful; having contrived, during the long period of the youth's minority, to amass fur his future benefit a sum of money which might enable him, at the proper season, to take possession of his patrimony in a manner calculated to assure him of an influential station in his mative country. Hhs house and his board were still open to the traveller, and the welcome was not diminished either in its warmeth or sincerity ; but it came no longer from his own lips, -he never appeared among his guests, and was seldom visible even to an early acquaintance. His pride, in faet his Irish pride, had been stabbed to the heart; ho felt that it was in the power of any man who groudged him
the fragment of reputation he still retained, to snatch it rom him by a word, a look, a gesture. With this conviction full upon his own mind, he had, in the two or three efforts which he made immediately after his liberation to regain his old place among his old friends, entered into their society with an almost morbid trenmlonsness of feeling-a quickness to articipate the intention of slight, which is alike the characteristic of the fiery and chivalrous, and of the weak and sensitive nature, and which, in varions degrees, has been set down as the leading peculiarity of the veritable Milesian by all painters of national character, from the days of Captain Macmorris down to those of the knight of Blmaderbuss Hall. The embarrassment which this feeling imparted to his manner, caturally communicated itself to those whom he addressed, and the unfortunate Fitzmaurice, not possessed of sufficient philosophy to trace the effect to its real origin in his own demeanour, attributed it at once to the unquieted suspicions which his overwronght susceptibility had led him to anticipate, and gave up the attempt at once in a paroxysm of despair. Thus it was that, with as kind, as generous, and as benevolent a heart as ever beat, Fitzmanrice found himself, in the rigour of his manhood and in the full poseession of all those qualities which had for a long series of years rendered him the delight of his companions, struck down, by one home-blow, into a branded and degraded wretch, whom chance had protected from death, but not from ignominy. 'Whe gloom which was thus cast over his heart, speedily found its way to his brow; and, in a few years, he would have been a skilful physiognomist who could have tracerl, in the sallow, wasted cheek, the indented temples, the contracted, darkening brows, the thin, columiless lips, and sullen, dark, disappointed eye of the man, a memory of the broad, red, carcless, moon-checked fite of the moisy Cahill Fizzmanice, the Pylades of Robert Ajlmer. No conscioushess of imucence could comfort of
enpport him under the pressure of so grievons, so overwhelming an accusation as that which had been cast upon him. He had been elarged in open conrt with the murder of his oldest and kindest friend ; he had even been bowed down to the ignominy of giving a formal denial to such a charge. There are imputations the very necessity of disproving which is as blasting to a man's character, as the recording guilty to others; and Fitzmaurice thonght, or felt, that this was one of them. One merit, however, he at least possessed amid all the blameful sullenness and darkness of spirit to which he delivered himself up-he never was heard to indulge in those "whys" and "wherefores" on the justice of his fate, in which (very unhappily) so many sufferers, self-tormentors, and uneasy speculators in matters of Providence, are apt to look for consolation. Fitzmaurice took the more rational and amiable part of quiet endurance; and those who were familiar with his temper and habits (as he had once been), remarked, some with wouder, some with pleasure and commendation, that the doom which seemed to oppress his heart, even to breaking, never had the power to wring from his lips a single murmur of complaint against Heaven.

Notwithstanding this sentiment of resignation, or whatever it night be, it is still doubtful whether the heart of the man could have borne up long, if it were left to its own solitary broodings over the events of the past, and the bleak, dreary nothingness of the prospect which the luture presented to the eye of his sorrow. One consolation, however, had been spared him-one true friend -unchanged, unchangeable-one wound up in all his interests and feelings, as intimately as even in the helplessuess of unfriended degradation he could have desired -one whose duty as well as inclization it was to cling to him under any circumstances that stopped short of moral guilt, and who would have died, even at that point, before the link that bound them together had been sun-

## 36

dered. It was his only child and daughter, Katharine, of whom mention has been made before now in our story. True, it was not until many years had elapsed after her father found canse to sigh for a real friend, that Kate had reached an age sufficiently matured to enable her to comprehend, much less to sympathise in, his distresses; but her devoted and passionate attachment to her parent seemed to be born with her, and the slow but sensibid development of a rigorous reason which manifested itself in the progressive force and cloquence of her consolations in his hours of depression, came over the spirit of the broken man with the influence of a gradual summer sunrise. There is so much of vanity mixed up with even the most amiable sentiments of our nature, that we never fail to direct all the energies of our affection with most satisfaction and assiduity, where we perceive them to be most successful. There is too an unconscions self-gratification in the exercise of any influence over the thoughts and feelings of a suffering fellow-being, which endears him to us at least quite as sensibly as his unhapp fortunes do ; and ill-natured as the conjecture may appear, perhaps we should not widely err in attributing to a partial operation of this unintended, undetected selfseeking some portion of the deep devotedness of love, with which the merry-hearted Kate abandoned herself in the full glow of youth, and with the fullest capabilities for the enjoyment of more congenial society, to the silence, th. solitude, and the gloom of ler father's dark oaken parlour Withont once daring to glat fy a mean curiosity by as certaining, or striving to as ertain, the occasion of the heaviness that oppressed him, she applied all the powers of her mind and heart to lighten and releve it. Such curiosity, indeed, she never was at any time assailed wih, for, however changed her parent might appear to others who remembered him in ihe gaiety of his manhood, he ha! always been the same in her eyes, ahwas the discomfitu,
downeast, silent, and fitful, ret kind and affectionate old man. Her education had taken place altogether under her paternal roof, and Fitzmamice had the happiness to find that he had not injured his daughter by neglecting the hints respecting a few years' boarding in Killarney convent, which some religious friends had scattered in his car.

On the evening, and about (periaps) the very period when Aylmer was eonversing with the stranger in the Kerry mountains, the father and daughter were seated in the large, old-fashioned parlour, the window of which commanded, at a vast distance, a view of the hills or yet more gertle elevations of the soil which run along the line of coast, revealing at intervals certain glimpses of the blue waters of Dingle Bay, which were all massed at present in one glow of hazy splendour by the influence of the departing sun. Now and then a white sail, glaneing like a speck of light on the waters, appeared and flitted across those scanty gaps in the lorizon, all moving inland, and relieving by their motion and the assuciations which they waked up, a good deal of the still and monotemons repose of the interjacent prespect. The old man, who had been more than usually gloomy during the evening, and who had not spoken during several hours, now sat, his arm-chair drawn towards the window and fronting the distant bay, on which his eyes were fixed with an expression varied only in its intensity, but at all times stamped with the hue of a consistent and endmring melancloly. Kate, with the fineness of tact which long habit as well as native delicacy had given her, perceised that something had occurred during the course of the day, most of which he had spent at bally-Aylmer, to agitate lim, and she felt that it was one of those moments at which all interference mith, or intrusiou upon, his feelings, would jar arginst hls very nature. She pursued her work therefore in sitence, venturing only in an oceasional impulse of anxiety to stad a glance from under her curved eye-lashes at his darkening
dispirited comntenarce. Had Kate been gified with any portion of physiognomical penetration, she mifni have read, in that apparently still and evenly dejected raage of features, the iufluence of thonghts which should have excited her love, her pity, her sorrow, and her dismay, by turns. She might have beheld a long train of mournfully joyons associations, touched from their sleep by the indhence of the sweet scene on which his pye was tixed, and awakening, in their turn, recollections still more remote, ail blencled and mixed up with the absorbing event in which all his misery had originated, and each bringing a new stimulant to the divease which that event, and its consequence, had occasione! in his mind.

While each thus followed up their own fancies "in social silesce", the attention of Katharine was diverted by a light tapping at the parlom-door, which, opeuing presently after, admitted the tip of a polished, pretty nose, a blue eye, and a section of a broad, bold forehead. The blace eye was directed on the young mistress of the mansion and the finger of a hand, yet reeking with soap suds, and of a wrinkled whiteness, was forthwith protruded tr becton her from the apartment. Kate obeyed the acti¿弓 in silence.
"W'lat's the matter now, Norry ?" said the young la
"It's from Bally-Aylmer, miss", was the reply. "Sa:ic, Culhane to be to the posht-office to day, and to hav: letters for yourself and himself".

Withont waiting to hear more, her lively mistress bomuded and skipped past the girl to the kitchen, where stood the welcome messenger, who had, it would seem, refused to deliver ap his precious freight, until he should have received his albricicu, either in snites or commendations, from the lips of the " $\boldsymbol{j}$ s.ung missis herself, the darlen".

These letters were what Ratharine judged them to be, the avaut couriers of Aylmer's retun, written avout $\#$
wonth before, and now almost overtaken by him, an event. less usual in Irish post-oflices at the present day than it was then, when there was no Sir Edward Lees to keep the machinery in working condition. More than half the delight which she felt, however, instantly referred itself to her parent, and her affectionate heart bounded at the thought, that she had at last found something with which she might venture to break in upon the gloom that had taken possession of his mind during the whole afternoon.
"I have news for you, sir", said she as she reentered the apartment on tiptoe, her pretty lip pinched up to murder a smile that was still struggling for its life, her half-shut, gray, waggish eyes bent merrily on his, and her whole face beaming with a child-like, irrepressible delight.
"Go, go, you little fool, mind your work".
"I know who will be the loser then", retorted Kate, as with an affectation of hoydenish freedom, she leaned over the back of his chair, and Homished the letter before his eyes.
"Who, monkey?"
"Do you know that hand?" replied Kate, slipping one soft white arm round her father's neek, and with the uthe: holding the letter steadily before him, while she watehc.e his comenance, as one would that of a child to whom one has just given a new gilt-covered picture-book. Whith Fitzmanrice put on his spectacles and glanced over s.e contents of the letter, she felt a quick and humion pu! sation beneath her hand, which at once induce, ner t. withdraw it from his neek. Her intuitive cedicacy of feeling made her shrink with scorn from the acquiring an insight into the sonl of another by the use of any of those "points of cmmynge", of which my Lord Verulam, Bacon, gives us so elaborate and philusophical a detail.
"The third!" said Fitzmaurice, when he had concluded; "then I should not be surprised if" we had him here this evening".
"This evening! O my!" exclaimed Kate, as she
glanced first at her dress, and then, involuntarily, at the ancient pier-glass, with its gorgeous volumes of gitced foliage, on the other side of the room.
"O my! O you! What you? 1'oh! what nonsense? " exclained Fitzmanice, as he observed the direction which her eyes lad taken. "This young man's arrivai, Kate. scems to give you a great deal of pleasure".

Kate blushed, between a feeling of consciousness and of surprise, and without making any reply, she looked in her father's face with ad expression of astonishment, confusion, and curiosity.
"To me", he continued replying to her gesture, "I confess this intelligence brings no mmingled sensation. I believe I have done enough to show that I luve young Aylmer well-I like him too, for his own gentle qualities, as much as for liis name's sake; but I cannot forget, neither, that to that very name I owe the loss of all I prized in life-all my old friends-my geod fame, my poor wife, your sweet mother, Kate, who was lying on a sick-bed when I was dragged from her side, to - and who mingted her death-groan with your first cry of sorrow, my ginl, as she placed you in my arms. But these are unfair and selfish modes of fecling", he continued, as he saw a tear glisten in the eye of his daughter; "I must learn to conquer them. Only I would be alone for the rest of the evening". And kissing his daughter affectionately, the old man passed to his sleeping apartment.

During all this while Aylmer has been enjoying a comfortable sleep, and it is high time we should wake him up again for the amusement of on readers, or, to speak more modestly, for the furtherance of our story. 'Ihe noon of a bright frosty day had just passed when he awoke. So heary and unbroken had been his rest, that he could scarcely helieve his cyes, when he saw the smbeams strike on a point of noon which he remembered from his chidd-
hood. Aylmer had not yet passed that happy season of life when novelty is enjoyment, and change of place and ciremmstance seems almost to imply change of being. As he opened his cyes on the old-fashioned curtains of his ollfashioned state bed, under whose lofty tester he had often reposed in childhood, and recognized the faces of many familiar friends on those hangings-the same pike-nosed grayhound, in the yet unaccomplished act of springiug over the same barred gate, the same honter, sticking in the same slough, and the same clumsy squire, kissing the same funny-looking, blowzy-cheeked milk-maid-it seemed to him as if the whole interveniug space had been but thee circle of one long night, and all its crowd of events and changes nothing more than the shadows of a vivid dream. When he flugg back the curtains, however, and tossed his manly bulk out of bed, the sight of a tolerably romnded calr gave him, like the beard of Rip Van Winkle, assurance of their reality.

His toilet, and the preparations for it made by his ond friend Ally, also reminded him of his change from Irish city to Irish comntry life. The luxury of soap was what she appeared to be totally mprovided with, from her having substituted in its place a handful of dry oatmeal. and a small, clean piggin-full of new milk, a quid-pro-quo by no means satisfactory to a young man whose darkening chin advised him of the necessity of raising a lather. He now perceived, what in the gray doubtful light of th:o morning dawn had escaped his observation, the extremtor dilapidated state of the apartment in which he stood. The single window was eked out, half glass, half paper; and the shutters swung crazily on their hinges. The plastering of the ceiling, as well as of the walls, hat fallen away in varions places; and, on one side of the room where a partition divided it from the kitchen, this circumstance disclosed a secret of true Muster economy, creditahle alike to the ancient and the present tenants of the

## 42

 the aylmers of bally-Aylmer.mansion. The partition appeared to be composed of hard slane-turf,* which in its smooth coat of mortar and whitewash, had escaped the eves of inquisitive housewives for a succession of lustra, until this unfortunate demolition of the ontworks had taken place. On the first oceasion for an immediate supply of firing, which subsequently occurred, Sandy sent his right leg through the partition, and furnished his hearth from the breach, to which he often afterwards recured, althongh a bog lay within twenty perches of the house, declaring that "the ould wall burned like coal". The breach was at present stopped with a dismantled door of an inner room. "No matter!" thought Aylmer, as he plunged his puckerel-up, grinning face into the basin of biting cold water, "these things shall be mended when I take the management of the place into my own hands".

As lie proceeded in the act of purification, he perceived that his own clothes had been removed from the apartment, as he concluded, for the purpose of being dried; and a suit perfectly strange to him, both from its fashion and its material, was laid across the lofty back of a luge oaken chair in their stend. It consisted of a blue jacket and trowsers bagging toward the ankle in sailor fashion, both closely stided with gilt buttons, strung in rows wherever buttons were admissible, and altogether having a great deal more the air of venerable age, both in their cut and texture, than fell in very lovingly with the modern taste of the young student. He put them on, however, in default of better, and was not a little surprised to find himself as exactly fitted as if they had been cut for himself, and "upon scientific principles". As he conchuded his toilet, he recognized, throngh the breach, the voice of his old companion, sandy, erwoning over an old fox-hunting ditty, as he sat in the chimncy corner, addressing, between

[^2]occasional bars of the melody, sundry eonjectures to his nother on the probable issuc of Aylmer's return:

> "Good morrow, Fox".-"Good morrow, sir",
> "Pray what is that you're ating?"
> "A" fine fat goose I stule from you: l'ray, will you come and tatete it?"
> "Niel flash e piac Niel miesh egiub, Indeed I will not taste it; But I promise you, you'll screly rue That fine fat goose you're ating!"
"Eh, mother! O holy saints, protect an' save us! look there!" cried Sandy, starting from his place, and erossing, with a face expanded in wonder and awe, to his mother, as Aylmer suddenly entered the kitchen, and confronted him. The old woman, tuming her hug-beef comitenance over her shoulder, seemed to eateh the alarm from her son, and flong her withered arms round his neek for pre teetion, while her smoky eyes continned bent on the astonished youth.
"Hooee! Alilu-war-yeh! Saudy, dear! O, murther! 'Tis it that's there!"
"'Tis himself, all out!" roared Sandy.
"The liven imidge!" said Ally.
"Jest as if it stept out o' the pietur frame, dorn! A sperrit, no less!"
"An the hair! an the eyes! an the whole tote! It bates cock-fighten!"
"My good people", said Aylmer, as sonn as he had suffieiently recovered his surprise to cut short the torrent of their ejaculations, "this may be very amsing to you and very flattering to me, for anght I know; but would you be kind enough to explain what it is in my person that sets yon roaring, and kicking, and plunging up in a ewner that way? - ch?"
*'hu! thu-thu-thu! 'Tis master Will, then, him-
self after all!" said Ally, clacking her tongue against the root of her month, as is usual among the peasant Irish, when they wish to express surprise, compassion, or perplexity. After a little time, he was enabled to gather the occasion of their sudden alarm. The clothes which he wore, and which, after a great deal of rummaging among old chests, presses, and worm-eaten wardrobes, were discovered by Ally in an imer apartment, belonged in times past to his father, and belped to strengthen the natural likeness of the son into an almost deceptive similitude.
" lndeed, it's a buruing shame for me to mintion it Master Will, darling", said Ally, as she laid before hin' his breakfast of fresh eggs, butter, jelly, smooth-coated potatoes, and virgin-white milk; "but I coald'nt get a taste o' tay, high nor low. Bat av we have you here tomorrow, there'll be a kecler o' the beestings*-- a trate you hadn't in the 'cademy, I'll be your bail. Indeed, Sandy and meself are trusting now a long while to the milk o' one stripper ; as Mr. Fitzmaurice says we mnsin't lay , wet finger on the little Kerry cows that fill the firkins for your ixpences behind up. 'Troth, as I tell Sandy, I think in's in the cow's horus it do be ging from ns", etc., etc., etc.

While this chat, and a great deal more equally edifying and imaginative, was gliding forth from between the old herdswom:m's lips, the person addressed was very sagaciously employed on the viands which she had set before him, and so vigoronly did he exert himself, that long before Ally thought of discontinuing her harangue of mingled welcomes, and praises, and moanings, and complaints, he cut it short by declaring his iutention of setting off immediately for his guardian's house, where, as he rightly calcalated, it was probable his kaggage had arrived befure now.

[^3]It was too cold a morning to think a great deal of love, and yet, as Aylmer took his way over the crisp and frosty meadurs that lay between him and the residence of the Fitzmaurices, he conld not avoid renewing his conjectures as to the probable effect of time on the frame and mind of his fair play-felion, and repeatedly putting the silent question to his heart, whether he should now seriously fall in love, or no. Capitulation, on such occasicus, is a very usual consequence of parley; but as this happens to be one of those situations of the heart (so useful to a story-teller), in which the reader is kind enongh to find novelty and entertainment even in repetition, just as one thinks the dimer-bell, at forty years of age, sounds quite as sweetly as it did at ten, there can be no great harm in following the steps of the deliberator through all the gradations of his defeat. His spirit warmed within him, in spite of the season, as he saw the smoke curling off in the light blue masses (it is turf smoke we speak of, gentle London reader) from the chimneys of Kilavariga house (those classical names are destructive to all sentiment), every stone, and brick, and tike, and crink, and cramy of which were as familiar to his memory as the shape of his nose or the colour of his hair. There was the great avenue gate, on which Kate and himsclf, when relieved from the stern constraint of their guardian's eye, were wont to indulge in a fine romping bont of swinging, and riding, and shonting, and screaning, and langhing; and which, if the truth must be told, was the scene of many a scrious battleroyal between the pair, so far as that fray could be called a battle, in which all the offence lay on the feminine side. Stepping over the stile on one side of the closed entrance, a greater number of remembrancers of the olden time started up before him-the haggard (Irish-Eng'ish for hayyard), behind the stacks of which they lad plaved many a merry game of hoop, and hide and seck; the little pond, on which they had launched their green flag boats, and

## 46

cheered them as they skimmed over the sarface, with is kecu, and, certainly, quite as philosophical an interest, as the speculators of the T. I. C. matches on the banks of Father Thames. Leaving all these sweet stimulants of memory behind lim, however, Aylmer approached the dwelling of the still swecter being to whom they were indebted for more than half their interest. As he crossed the lawn, his eyes fixed on the window of the parlour, which (not the gentle instinet of affection, though we wonld fain assert it, but) his memory told him was her appointed place of work, of study, and of clegant amusement, he saw the light muslin blind with lrawn for an instant, and a fair face, with hair clustering abont it, in papers, like ripening grapes, just showed itself, and "ranished, like a shooting star". The blind was re-adjusted, and Aylmer beheld nothing further of the inmates of Kilavariga, until he had applied himself to the brazen knocker of the halldoor. It was opened almost instantly by (not the dear hand which his throbbing heart had led him to anticipate, but) the more robust and substantial one of Norry, the "getter up of small linen" to the establishment. Those who saw Norry on her return to the kitchen, averred that there were, in the heightened colour of her cheek and the sparkie of her eye, tokens of a welcome on her part, and a greeting on Aylmer's, a little more Irish than the lady of the house might have been pleased to witness-but this is none of our busiuess. Sylmer hurried on, with a pulse throbbing in the tumultuoushess of expectation, iuto the parlour, but he fumb no one there, although the disposition of the furniture showed him that it hal been very recently abandoned by its mistress. The slight feeling of disappointment which this seeming coldness and tardiness gave occasion to was quickly removed, however, by the appearance of two or thee cml-papers, dropped near the pier-glass. Aylmer smiled most roguishly ard impudently, as he stooped to pick one up; but he was properly
punished fur his conceit and impertinence. It was torn from one of lis own best composed and most poetical epistles.

Humbled and irritated a little, he began, in the absence of his friend, to collect from the objects aromed him all the indications of the present state of her mind and habits which these could supply. The dark-grained, well-polishee! oaken floor was strewed (aromnd the work-table) with fragments of dress, a species of feminine carelessness, which, however severely reprehended by mothers and governesses, has always been regarded both by Aylmer and myself with much tenderness, as imparting a very civilized air to a mansion, when disposed with a sufficiently careful negligence. Nothing is more ornamental to a lonely honse, in a wild country, than those scattered symptoms of gentle womanhood. A volume of Ferrar's History of Limerick', lying with a thread-paper between the leaves, enabled Aylmer to form a diagnostic of a little female patriotism, while an unmuffed harp, with a music stand and book near the window, rather modestly thrown into the shade, gave indications of higher accompiishments than he had even been led to hope for. Alt these delightful conclusions were, however, soon cut short by the sound of a light foot upon the staircase without. His heart leaped into lis eyes, as he bent them on the doorthe handle stirred-it was opened.
"Kate! Kate!"
"Oh, William!"
I know that there are many respectable persons, whose theory as well as practice it is, to make all the impulses of passion and feeling, as well as all the varieties of action and attitude, obnoxious to the rules of etiquette who can be joyous within limit, or most clegantly disconsolate, as the occasion may require-and to such I can have no apology to offer fur the condact of my heroine at this conjuacture. She received the friend and plymate of her chidhood with an ecstacy truly barbarous-there is

## 48

no denging the fact-she almost rushed into his armsshe hardly checked the kiss which he was presumptaous enough to snateh from her, and very faintly on its repetition; her delight was outrageonsly musophisticated and natural-it was, in fict, an lrish meeting "all over".

When the "Kates", and "Williams", and "my goodness!" and "dear mees!" and bursts of laughter, and all the other delicions nothings in which this untamed atbetion is privileged to indulge itself on such oceasions, had been nearly expended, Aylmer contemplated the face and fignre of his yougg friend with greater attention, and we shall now describe what he saw as aceurately as possible.

He was not disappointed in any way by either the comitenance or the person of his mistress (for as such, at the first glanee, he had set her down); and, yet though the latter wes beantiful, the former fell decidedly short of that standard. There was no exquisite combination of colour in the chiceks-no lilies and roses-no rubies-no diamouls, and yet the face itself was perfectly captivating. Her lips were thin, but eternally charged with an expression of arch gravity or undisguised pleasure, which the restless heart supplied in such continual succession as totaily to exclude all thought of considering their pretensions to bere material beauty. Her eye was gray and shrewd, in its moments of comparative inaction, but full of fire, of passion, of mirth, of thought, of fecling, or of fun, according as those varying emotions were stirred up within ler bosom. The whole comitenance fell into a character of i tensity and animation, which gave the fairest promise in the world of the evemess that might be expeeted from the mind and temper. It was the veritable window to the heart, for which the philcsophic braggart affected to sigh, and was only to be loved for the revealment of the spirit which was in it. "She is not handsome, decidedly", said the student to himself, afier the elegant fashion of his compeers in T. C. D.; "she is none of your brick-and.
mortar beauties-but I like her the better- there's vous about her. "Iis a well built forehead, too".

The gentleman was no better satisfied with what he beheld in the person of the lady, than the lady was with that of the gentleman. She saw in the fignire of her grown-up friend, a well-looking, clever young fellow, rather under the stature of masculine beauty, and with., to a prophetic eye, a promise of rotundity (not corpulency) in his person. His face was a good oval, indicative of strong intellect, but perhaps quite as much, or rather more so, of strong passion, his forehead round and resolute, his eyebrows so Melpomenish, that they would have given a moped and anxious air to his masque, if they were not corrected by the vigour and bustle of the eye bencath them : that was an article of the greatest advantage to the character of the whole face. There was no affectation abont it, and yet it was full of meaning, and had a frankness that was royal. His hair, rather black, and doubtful whether it should curl or no, was thrown back on all sides in a kind of floating way, an arrangement that savoured too much of teclnicality, when it is considered that he was a haunter of Paraassus, and had moreover once upon a time been an accomplice in the perpetration of the "Historical Tragedy" of the "Battle of Aughrim", in a cock-loft near Smock Alley, "for charitable purposes", on which occasion he represented the heroic St. Ruth, who, as is pathetically narrated in the drama,

> "Adown a winding valley met his fall, And died a viction to-a cannon ball!"

Aylmer was about to question his fair friend on tho subject of her father, when the door again opened, and the old man entered. He advanced hurriedly to welcome his protégé, and scarcely looked at him, until he had grasped his hand, while his own, as Aylmer felt, trembicd in the effort. He was about to speak when his
cyes fell full on Aylmer's person; he glanced quickly and rather wildly over his dress and features; and the words of welcome stuck in his throat. He dropped the young man's hand, and shrunk back with a look of mingled wilduess and distrust.
"Ol, father", exclaimed Kate, her eyes filling up, "won't you speak to William?"
"What is it Kate?-Come near me, give me your arm, child".
"Oh, Mr. Fitzmaurice, is this my welcome home?"
"Father, dear father!"
"Let the candles be lighted in my room, the sky is darkening. God bless us! What ails you, Kate?-I am well, I am very well. Stand back, Aylmer!"
"I am not welcome then!"
"Stand back, I say! no-_yes _welcome? Kate, kecp near me, my darling. You wrong me, young man, indeed you do!"
"How, sir?-0 tell me!"
"May the great and merciful Lord of the universe forgive us all! Surely we are none of us without our weakiess! William, do I deserve this of you? The night has fallen already :-Kate, come with me, and get candles in my room. Don't drag me down so, girl! I have weight enough mpon me: this way", and gathering the territied and weeping ginl closer to him, he hurried through the door, leaving Aylmer overwhelmed with wonder, indiguation, and dismay.

It was some tiane before he lieard anything further of his host. The night had, as he remarked, fallen with mach suddemess, and the indieations of an approaching snow-storm began to make themselves evident in the thickening, grayish masses of elond that drilted close overhead, so as speedily to spread themselves over the face of the heavens. As Aylmer looked from the parlour window, the dreariness of the change prodiced a chilling effect on
his excited spirits for the moment, and served to check the resolution which he bad formed of instantly quitting the house and returning to Bally-Aylmer. He sat at the window, expecting the return of some of the family, and resolved if possible to obtain some elucidation of the extraordinary scene that had taken place.

He mused in this position for a considerable time, with no other sights or sounds to divert his mind from the anxiety that was gradually deepening around it, but the heavy whirring of the wind as it swept over the whitening plain, the pattering of the snow and hail against the window panes, the cackling of poultry as they ran with expanded tails and disordered plumage right before the wind, to the shelter of the nearest thuf-rick, the short dissatistied grunt of the hog as he stumped it sturdily beneath the window towards the piggery, like a four-footed Caliban driven in a sulk from his feast of "pignuts", and in the intervals of the driving gusts, the solitary cry of a house-sparrow, at finding him-elf compelled to quit the exposed farm-yard before his little craw was half stored with its thimbleful of the scattered grain, and retire suppertess to roost for the night. All those appliances, however, in Aylmer's present state of mind produced only the effect of throwing an additional glom over his spirits, and filling his heart with wavering and flashing doubts, conjectures, and uncertainties, with which, until the present moment, he had never been disturbed, and which even now resisted all his exertions to turn "them to shapes", and give them an assumed existence.

After he had waited a considerable time in fruitless expectation, his patience again became exhansted, and a feeling of deep and bitter indignation took possession of his mind. The disappointment which lis young and ardent heart had met with in the very first burst of its affection, was calculated to sting more keenly on cousideration. He had come to his home and his ouly friends
after a nine ycars' absence, with a breast all glowing with love and ecstacy, and this was his welcome! A cold and almost repulsive greeting, a few short sentences of unprovoked reproach, left wholly unexplained by the utterer, and here he remained, apparently quite forgotten by the family, in a dreary apartment, without a sign of preparation or of kindness. It is in such moments as this that the orphan is most oppressed with the full and bitter sense of his situation, and though Aylmer was the least disposed youth in the world to pule or whine, he could not help exclaiming to his own womded heart, that it was not so parents were wont to reccive their long absent children.

The wormwood of this reflection had scarcely diffused itself over his mind, when the door opened gently, and Katharine entered. Her eyes were red and moist, and her movements still retained much of the agitation into which she had been betrayed by the preceding scene. Her look of distress was sufficient to subduc all the reseniful emotions which had sprong up in the mind of the student, and the tenderness with which he took her hand and offered his consolations, would seem almost to imply a conscionsness of blame, attributable to his own conduct. Kate, however, did not appear to view the matter in this light: she was the bearer of her father's apologies, and joined to his her own entreaties, that he would endeavour to furget what had passed, and remain the night at Kilavariga. The old man was still, she said, ill to an alarming degree; in fact he had spoken so wildty on many occasions of late, that she sometimes feared - and a shivering of her whole frame, and a momentary glance of horror, completed the sentence which her lips refinsed to utter.

The probability of this startling suspicion darted on Aylmer's mind with all the force of truth, and he was instantly struck with a feeling of remorse at the selfishness of his resentment. He affected, however, to make very
light of the conjecture, and succecded in restoring his young friend to some degree of composure before they separated for the evening.

Aylmer used somewhat more care than usual in making his toilet the next morning, without, perhaps, being himself conscions of any motive for unusual decoration. Aud by a curtious coincidence enough, a similar degree of care and taste had been called into use in the female department of the family, with, doubtless, a similar innocency of intention. Miss Fitzmaurice was patriotic even in her gowns, skirts, and bodies (are not our names correct, ladies?); and she did not depart from her national principle even on this occasion. Her dress consisted of a grave-coloured Dublin tabinet, bound tight around the waist (it was the fashion then and there) with a broad riband, a plain muslin collar (is this right too?), as white as this fair paper which we are blotting with her description, lying close and flat upon the gorge at either side: and that was all the finery about her.

When the young collegian descended, he found Fitzmaurice and his daughter already occupying their places by a blazing turf fire in the breakfast parlour; the one domestically occupied in cutting up a large brich of homemade pan-bread into slices for toast, the other plunged deep into the columns of the last Dublin Evening Post. Both received him cheerfully, and no allusion whatsoever was made to the occurrence of the preceding evening. Whatever lingering of mental weakness the old man might yet labour under, it was soon banished by the frank and bnoyant spirits of the young student, who appeared to have, and, in fact, at the time houl, b:mished from his mind all thought or recollection of his ungente reception.

During the progress of their morning meal Aylmer detailed circumstantially his aldenture among the sheepstealers the second evening before, and Fitzmantice called to mind, what he had already heard with indifierence, a

## 54

complaint of his herdsman, made on the previous morning, respecting the loss of a fat wether, from the long walk. The consequence of the communication was a resolution, on the part of the young man, to lodge informations at once before Mr. Geoffrey Hasset, an estated gentleman and a magistrate, who resided within a few miles of BallyAylmer. The old man acquiesced in the proposal as soon as it was made, not that he entertained any longing for justice on his own despoilers, but feeling a satisfaction at the idea that he might thus be rid of the eternal charges of apathy and indolence which were very freely dealt forth by his aged steward, without the necessity of any actise persotal excrtion. Miss Fitzmaurice, too, enconraged the enterpise, as she would have done any other which was likely to occasion some little variety and bustle of ciremastance in the monotonous thrum-thrum of Kilavarea ke.

Forth accordingly fared our hero; and a few hours' riding bronght him within view of the little village, at a gentlemanlike distance from which the clumsy bulk of Hasset-Ville stood, like a cock-throw, on the summit of a round, squat hillock near the sea-side, with a few leanluoking elms and alder trees at the rear, which served only to make " barrenness visible".

An unusual commotion had been occasioned in the village by the unexpected return of the lord of the soii, the above named Mr. Masset, who had just given his tenantry the first specimen of the benefits of absentecism since the Uniun. The loyalty of the parish was fully manifested by the efforts made oa the part of its inhabitants to receive their monarch with suitable enthusiasm. As his carrage turned the angle of a rock, some miles distant from his seat, the somul of all maner of villanons instruments rattling away to an inspiring national phlansty, anmonced the approach of the villagers, and in a few minutes he was encountered by their advanced guard, m
mounted deputation, headed by a lame carpenter, who filled his seat on the bony ridge of a wall-eyed, mifed gelding's back, with the dignity of an orderly on a fieldday, and with the resignation of a martyr. The music being hushed for the moment into a delicions silence, amb the open carriage drawn up, the schoolmaster of the village inflicted a harangne on the occupant, which was borne with gracious patience, and suitably acknowledged; after which, with tremendons y clls, the crowd bounded on the carriage, emancipated the fou-footed cattle, cashiered the postillions, and fastening two ropes on either side, hurried the lumbering vehicle along the rongh and stony road with a velocity which cansed an expression of real alarm to take place of the smiling condescension which had before diffused itself over the gracious countenance of the pror prietor. As they whirled him along, amid terrific shouts and bursts of wild laughter, toward the demesne gate, the walls and the way-side were lined with gaping and noisy crowds, principally composed of the younger urchins, whose scantiness of stature obliged them to make shift in this manner. One of these had clambered up a gate-pier, and sitting cross-legged on the back of a stune monkey, secured his seat by passing his arm romud the neek of tho dilapilated pug, while with the other he twirled his little hareskin cap above his head, and added his share of noisy triumph to the gencral voice.

Preparations having been made for the day's amusements some time previonsly, there was no pause, no lack of enjoyment after the first burst of welcome had been exhansted. The demesne was opened frecly to all wh:o chose to mingle in the glee of the time. Tables wew spread befure the wooden rustic seats which were scattered through the gromds, and in the interval of the festive preparation, those who chose to withes or partake in the spont; were smmoned to a smooth plot before the drawing-roon winduw, which was fixed on as the secne of
contention for those who chose to put in their claims for the several prizes, which the liberality of the proprietor supplied for the occasion. The great personage was, himself, at the moment, enjoying the scene from the open casem.nt.

Aylmer had formed one of this last mentioned group for a considerable time, and joined lieartily in the bursts of laughter which broke from tie delighted rustics, at the various spectacles of fun which were presented to them; the racing of old women on their grugs for a cotton lankitcher, the grinning through a horse-collar, and many other sports which it would require the pen of the author of the Eneid to celebrate with poctical justice. Suddenly a voice close at his elbow startled him; he turned quickly round, and gazed on the speaker, who, unconscions that he was observed, repeated an exclamation of delight and applause, while the tones of the voice thrilled through the nerves of the student with a momentary influence of terror: a glance at the countenance was sufficient to satisfy him, -he laid his hand softly over the fellow's shoulder, and fixing a strong gripe on the breast of his blue frieze coat, dragged him back from the ring.

The scene was instantly changed. The man struggled to free himself from Aylmer's hold, but the latter clenched his hand the faster; and there was a consciousness about the stranger's efforts which enfeebled his strength, and beat him down almost to a level in point of bodily power with lis captor. Astonished at the sudden confusion, Mr. Hassct disappeared from the open window, and presently harricd forth upon the lawn, followed by the seneschal of the parish, and a posse of domestics.
"Murder! murder! is there nobody for the O'Deas?" exclaimed the prisoner.
"Man alive! let go your hoult!" shouted a young comitryman, s.aking a smoke-dried blacisthom at Aylmer's head.
"Will no one help me to secure a thief and robber? Ha!-Mr. Hasset!"
"Lewy-Oh! Lewy-darling, must it be this way with us?"
"Let go your hod!"
"Help! help! for justice-_-"
Before another instant Aylmer lay senseless on the earth; and in the same space a well directed blow from behind had done the same rongh oflice for Lewy.
"Shasthone! Sandy Culhane, stick by the master!"
"Aisy, av you plaze!" cried Sandy, after he had fixed a similar gripe on the sheep-stealer's throat to that which his young master had been so unceremonionsly compelled to relinquish: "Wasn't it in high time I come? -Mr. Hasset, here's your prisoner".
"What has he done?"
"'Pon my life that's more than I can tell-only it's something, no doubt, and the master to scize lim: stand a one side, some o' ye, and let us rise him a little - therepooh! it's nothen. What is it the villian's done to yon, Master Will, darling? Mr. Hasset wants to know-"
"Better ask questions within-keep both these men in custody-and remove the young gentleman into the house; he does not appear conscious yet".
"He isn't himself rightly, sure enough ; for the cye do be shutting and opening upon me as if it was blind-mark. Iudeed I'm but a poor hand at a kippen in a fight, and to say that born regue is able to walk already ", as he observed the younger prisoner led off withont much assistance, together with his companion, toward the house.

The orders of the magistrate were put in execntion, and Aylmer, still half stupetied from the effects of his hurt, though not serionsly injured, was assisted to the honse ing two of the domestics.

It was long before Aylmer had sufficiently recovered himself to identify the mountain marauder, and to explain
to the wondering administrator of petty justice the carse and manner of the extraordinary scene which had passed before him.
"And it was by Mr. Fitzmaurice's good will that you came to lodge informations this way again' me, was it?" said the sheep-stealer, when Aylmer had concluded.
" Ile certainly will not be sorry to hear that a thief has been brought to justice".
"Justice, inagh ? O it's justice Cahill is looking after, is it? Why, then, the Vergin speed him, -and tell him from me that he'll come by more of it than he's bargaining for, may be ".
"What do you mean, ruffian?"
"Is it asking me what I mane you are? Aisy. Tell Cahill-cruv-darug, that Lewy Histin, Vanria Histin's first cousin, that is rearing her this way, said it 'll be a sore day for him the day that Lewy enters Tralee gaol, barring he doesn't enter it at all, on his informations".
"Yun may be very well satisfied that insolence like this will do you no good with my friend".
"May be not, then. Only you asked me fot I meant, you sce, and I told you plain out. Tell Cahill I said, fot hurt was it to draw the blood of a little wether, in comparishun of an old friend's? -And see if Cahill will ask you what I mane, do ".

As Aylmer was turning away with an expression of disgust, the prisoner seemed suddenly to call something to mind, and planging his rough hand into the pocket of his* frieze, drew from it a dingy piece of paper, folded and wafered like a letter, which, after sundry efforts to rmb it white again with the slecve of his coat, a process which by no meass improved its appearance, he handed to the Fentleman. Notwithstanding its piteons condition, Aylmer was able to recognize the letter which he had received from the unknown stranger in the mountains, and the ro
cognition became immediately manifest on his comnterance. It did not escape the observation of the prisoner.
"Aye-it's the very same, indeed. Fon left it in the old Caroline as it was drying before the fire, and you see how honest and safe I kep it, alhough 'tis unknown to me whether there baint a halter for meself within in it ".

The magistrate, who had been, during the above conversation, buried alive in a digest, now broke in upon it, to declare his conviction of the sufficiency of the evidence to warrant a committal. This was made out accordingly, and Aylmer, declining a handsome invitation to stay the evening, returned the often neglected letter to his pocket, without even looking at its superscription, and prepared to depart.
"You'll not forget to take my words to Mr. Fitzmaurice, sir?" said the sheep-stealer.
"I shall tell him what you have said, as yon seem to dcaire it, although I think it would be better for yourself that I should be silent on the subject".
"Not at all, indeed!-0, no. Do you mark my words for it, Cahill will say 'yes' to my bidding; and a wise man he'll be when he says that. If he won't say it, come to me again, and Ill tell you a story that it concerns your futher's chide to hear".

The few sentences which had been dropt in the monntain-hut by tise prisoner and his female companion, now recurred to Aylmer's mind; and as he proceeded along, on his way homeward (a companied by Sandy Culhane), the uncertain and uneasy feeling of mingled anger, fear, and curiosity, excited as it had since been by the scene of the evening before, pressed itself upon him with an almost irresistible force. Fully conviuced as he was that the threats and insiuuations of the man originated in mere malice, he could not yet restrain the ardent, and, to himself, unaccountable longing which he felt to search the matter to the very heart, and pluck the plain truth from its hiding-place. Although he had not yet
thought long enough upon the subject to encourage even a shadow of momentary suspicion, the misty and uncertain doubts which he had flung from him with indignation on their first occurrence, now crowded back upon his mind, and tortured his imagination with vague and cloudy apprehensions of some approaching horror, while his excited fancy wasted itself in idle efforts to discover what that horror conld be.

As he approached the house, the appearance of a muff and bomet at a little distance directed his meditations into another channel. He dismomted, gave his horse to Sandy, who looked a volume of wit and prophecy, as he saw his young master vanlt over the stile, and run along the walk towards his mistress. He leaned with his arm across the saddle for a few moments, and continued with mouth expanded, and smiling, gazing in the direction of the youtliful couple, whom he had already paired together by anticipation in "the incommunicable tie". Aylmer ran for some time before he overtook Miss Fitzmaurice; she had the coquetry to quicken ber pace as lie approached, and at last feigned a fair flight, which gave opportunity to a world of langhing, romping, and adjusting of pelerine and tresses, when she was overtaken. Then there was a pretty battle about aceepting his arm ; she drew her little white hand from the muff, and with a sweet shrinking of the frame, as she felt the cold air, planged it again into its warm nestling-place, from which, however, she was finally induced to withdraw it, and submit to her fate with the air of a martyr. None of these mancoures, delicate and fine-drawn as the sentiment was in which they originated, were lost on Sandy.
"Isn't it 'cute she is, then, for all?" he mnttered in eoliloquy, as the luvers, arm in arm, glided off and disappeared in a torning of the walk. "E'then, do, look away", he continued, addressing the horse, whose eyes happened to be thnied in the same direction, and pat-
ting the animal on the face, "indeed it's no nse for yon to be throwing the eye after them. 'Tis to Bally-Aylmer the'll be going before long, mistress of yourself, and meself, and all belongen to us, my hand and word to yon, ma copnleen beg". And flinging himself lazily over the back of the animal, he turned off in the direction of the avenue, quickening his pace a little as the lengthening shadows, east by the hedge-rows across the plain, gave intimation of the approaching nightfall, for Sandy had no wish to be overtaken by darkness on his way, in a country so haunted as his was with smugglers, peep-o'-day boys, fairies, ghosts, headless equipages, and revenue officers. This excessive precaution may not appear to coincide with the account given of Sandy's prowess in the forenoon; but the fact was, that as there are many men who endeavour to conceal a conscious timidity beneath the affectation of nonchalance and braggadocio, so Sandy, on the contrary, was gifted with a much hardier temperament than he himself believed, or was willing to allow. His general anxiety to avoid danger was not merely assumed, but it was never suffered to be evident except in circumstances where no real peril existed. He was naturally nervous, and fond of quiet; but when once convinced that promptitude and exertion were absolutely necessary to his personal safety, or to that of any other individual in whom he was interested, he seemed by a sudden impulse to start into a totally different being, and many instances were recorded of his heroic prowess, while under the influence of these chronic affections of valour, which would not have been muworthy the most daring spirit in the neighbourhood. Sandy, however, was by no means rain-glorious, and dreading above all things a reputation fur valour, on account of the many troubles he feared it might induce, he invariably disclaimed in his cooler moments all merit for that which he had performed, as ho believed meder the impulse of some supernatural agency.

As he turned into the avenue, he was suddeniy accosted by a man who, from his position in a corner of the way, appeared to have been awaiting him for some time-he stept quickly out upon the road, and laid his hand on the hurse's bridle.
"Cnlhane, stop! I have some questions to ask".
" Blessed saints! but you startled the heart within me, sir! Isn't it a droll way, that, for you to make out upon a body, as if it was itself that was there '.
"No nonsense now, Sandy, we have too much business on our hands. Have you seen old Evans?"
"I did your honour's bidding. But he says, the only way for him, says he, is to deliver himself, round and sound, before the judge at the next assizes, and tell the whole story out 0 ' the face. It's the greatest nonsins in life for him to be afeerd, for though the warrant is still out against him, all the evidence is scattered and lost, and moreover the affair is forgotten a long time now : so that he had best make one bould stroke for his own again ".

The stranger seemed lost in meditation for some time, then suddenly accosted Sandy:
"And the affair here at Killavariga, how does it go on, Sandy?"
"Why thin, smooth enough. I seen himself and herself funnen together a while ago, like two that would be coorten, and not far from the end of it, neither. Av they don't have a hauling home before next Sherrove, call me an honest man".
"Never, by this book!"* exclaimed the stranger, with vehemence, slapping his hand upoa the pommel of the sadule: "I'll prevent that, at all events".
"And what do you say to Mr. Evans's advice?"
"We'll talk of that another time. You will take care

[^4]to be in the way to-morrow, and let our friend Ally have a bed for me to-night, and keep the tire awake until I return, whatever hour that may be".
"But I have something more to tell you", Sandy called out, in an under-tonc, as be saw the stranger prepare ro depart.
"Reserve it for this evening, or to-morrow".
"'Tis regarden the Histins".
"Hang them all up, high! I want to hear little more of them now".

The reiterated " But, sir", of Sandy, was lost upon the retreating colloquist, who, as it then appeared, had taken his departure in good time to escape observation, if, as his manner indicated, he were in reality anxious to avoid it. As Sandy turned his horse's head to proceed towards the house, he encountered the plump, little, rosy-checked maiden whom we have before mentioned as one of the household of the Fitzmaurices. An Irishman, of whatever rank or grade he may be, thinks it always a serious part of his duty, whenever he meets a woman alone, to begin with a compliment, be it good or bad.
"It's commen out rubben snow-balls to your cheeks you do be, this way, that makes em so rosy, l'll be bound", with a smile which he intended should be an arch one.
" Never mind Norry's cheeks, whether they do be rosy or no", replied the fair one, with a smile that dimpled them into the similitude of buds half-blown, and which, at the same time, confessed that the flattery had not been thrown away (when has it ever been?)-" only come, as fast as hops, to the master, and don't unsaddle the horse, for he's going to send you of a message ".
"A'then, what's the murder now, Norry, eroo?"
"All on the 'count of young Master Aylmer, thin. IIe to come in and to give tidings to the master about how he took the Histins, the sneep-stalers, and to make out a narraytion o' what Lewy Histin, the born rogue, said concar-
ning the master-and the master to be taken ill, just as he was, there isn't only a day there sence, when he seen Mr. Aylmer in the sailor's clothes. The master is like an innocent, mad intirely above in his bed-room, and the young missiz with him, fare he's callen for you, all so fast, there's half an hour there sence."
"It's a droll bizness, Norry, isn't it ?" said Sandy, as he dismounted, and placing the bridle rein on the hasp of the kitchen door followed his fair conductress into the house.

In the meantime Aylmer was left in the parlour, to ruminate on this repetition of the wonders of the previous evening. He could scarcely persuade himself that all this could be fortuitous, and the deep and festering suspicion had already begun to lodge itself upon his heart, and to darken on his brow, and in his eye, when it was again met, and disabled by a piece of frankness on the part of his guardian. He had, after the first access of agitation had gone by, freely admitted the occasion in which it origimated. Those very Histins were the only persons present, when the fatal dispute took place between him and Robert Aylmer, and his young friend surely could not be surprised, that so powerful a remembrancer of that dreadful night, that night which had been to him the cause of so much grief, shame, and suffering (not the least of which might be accounted the loss of an old and dearly loved associate, should exercise a more than ordinary influence upon his spirits. Aylmer could not but be affected by the justice of this representation, as well as by the agony of mind in which it was delivered by the sufferer; and he had separated from lim and his daughter. after a thousand assurances of perfect confidence and affection, and various efforts at condolence, which, however, the old man seemed to receive, as was most natural, with sufficient impatience.

Still, however, there was a restlessness and a working
at his heart, a craving and hungry curiosity, which told him there was much yet to be learned, and resisted all the efforts to persuade himself that he was satisfied. While he leaned on a table near the window, which looked into the yard, he heard the clattering of a horse's feet over the pavement, and presently after the voice of Sandy, addressing some words of grumbling indignation to some person near him, and alternating his complaints, as was his manner when under any excitation, with snatches of an old piece of chimney-corner croonery.
" A fine time o' night it is, indeed, to be senden one a lonesome road off to Hasset Ville, all a' one the day isn't long enough. Stand aizy, you ugly baste (to the horse). And the O'Deas, the Histins's faction, vowen vengeance again me early and late, for given Lewy to the law".
"To Hasset Ville!" said Aylmer, starting from his seat, and looking out into the yard, where Sandy stood tightening the girths of his horse, and grumbling and singing alternately.

> " ' There was an old 'oman toss'd up in a blanket
> Seventy times as high as the moon: Fare she was -'
" Aye, and the rivinue min out, too, not knowen is it for a smuggler they'll take me.

> 'Fare she was gnen I couldn't emagine But iu her hand
"To shoat me, may be, unknownst, murdcr!
' But in her hand she carried a broom'.
"Isn"t it what they done to Tim Dalton, near the cross in the bog, and I have to pass that cross, too, and in the dark, fare they say Tim do bo goen about with his head under his arm doen penance, in regard of cutting corn of a retrenched holliday; murder!
"' Yuld 'oman, ould 'oman, ould 'oman, siz I, Erra, fare are you goen up so high ? To sweep the cobwebs off o' the sky, And ar '"

He was cut short in the melody by Aylmer, who threw up the window, and beckoned him close underneath.
" Who is sending you to Hasset Ville, Sandy ?"
"Himself, thin."
"With what message?"
"With a letter, see, in regard o' the Histins; and I abn't to show my face, av I don't deliver it to-night-a poor case."

The recollection of the prisoner's words instantly flashed on Aylmer. There was a message for their liberation! There was a ground for the man's threat! Aylmer paused a moment, like one who has received a stunning blow, then, addressing Sandy:
"Wonld you wish to have a brace of pistol bullets in your brain befure morning ?"
"O fie: murder! Master William darlen, fot do you mane?"
"That you must not, as you value your life, go to Hasset Ville to-night. Take the horse off to Bally-Aylmer, and have him ready for me to-morrow morning. In the mean time, keep the letter safe until you are called upon to deliver it up."
"And what'll I say to Mr. Fitzmaurice, sir, when he'll ax me concarnin his orders to-morrow?"
"Keep out of his sight altogether, and I will take all the blame upon my own shoulders?"
"Murder! murder! but it's a droll story," muttered Sands, secretly rejoiced in his heart at the countermand.
"I'll do your honour"s bidden, any way, without any questions. Allilu, murder alive!" and off he rode in very good humour, leaving his young master in a state of mind by no means similar.

On inquiring from a servant, Aylmer learned that the old man still continned ill, and that he had even requested his daughter to retire to her apartment, and leave him alone for the night. The young student's wish, in the first heat of his agitation at the discovery he had made, was to instantly fathom the motives of the old man by a personal interview, but a moment's consideration snggested to him the propriety and advantage of a little caution. He resolved to use every exertion in his power to obtain something like a corroboration, if not confirmation of his doubts. He took the light from the hands of the servant, and proceeded with a loaded and anxions heart toward his sleeping room.

Before we proceed to detail the occurrences of the night, it may be necessary to say something in the way of an apology to the enlightened reader, for what must at first sight appear to be a childish and threadbare essay on his credulity, more particularly as some little efforts have been hitherto made to give the uarrative a hue of verisimilitude. We beg to disclaim any unworthy purpose, and only, like faithful chroniclers, record every event, be it wonderfil or otherwise, even when we are ourselves unable to find a cause for it "in our philosophy". It will be much the better way, if the reader will suffer his judgment to travel quietly along with the narrative, suspending it where it is offended by improbability, and awaiting the occurrence of fresh incidents to atone for and explain the past.

The side of the bed in which Aylmer slept, was placel towards a large window, at abont two yards distance, and the room itself was large and half wrapt in gloom, on which the light which he held in his hand had but a very partial influence. Perceiving that the moonlight fell with an unusual bightness (the natural consequence of the snow showers which had covered the groand and the roofs of the houses within the last few days) upon his bed and im-
mediately around it, Aylmer threw down the heavy dark curtains on that side, and after having endeavoured to compose his mind to prayer, procceded to undress. In the progress of this ceremony, he happened to put his hand into the pocket in which he had deposited the mountain stranger's letter. He resolved, at length, now that he was perfectly at leisure, to examine it. The superscription, though half erased by the rain and ill usage, was still sufficiently legible to satisfy him that it was directed to himself, and with a passing emotion of surprise at the stupidity of the man, who took so little trouble to make himself certain into whose hands he was committing the paper, he broke the wafer, and read the following words:
"Mr. Robert aylmar. sir, there Is A Scame goen on bee Trunc Cahil-cruv-darug an His datur For you to mary IIer, and make Her missis uv bally ayl Mur. wiliiam deer dont Take the haud Thats redd wit your fathers Blood. If you Wont bee sed be me yool heer moar in Time frum

an Ould follyer o The famalec".

With something less of persevering industry than might have enabled him to make tolerable progress in the farfamed Babylonian slab, Aylmer contrived to extract the above from the strange mass of hieroglyphics which the letter presented to him. Had he opened the paper but one day sooner, he would have flung it from him with contempt, and thought no more of its contents; but the oceurrenecs of the last twenty-four hours had lelt his mind in such a state of excitation, that he would have caught with eagerness at a much mure slender elue to an explanation. The suspiciou was not, at all events, peculiar to his own breast, and it seemed to be more than a suspicion with some. He determined, as he had at length obtained a gride, that he wonld thid this labyrinth to its centre,
and after muttering this resolve between his teeth, he extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed.

Still it was long before he could sleep. After exhausting all the customary modes of inducing slumber, withont producing the desired effect, trying in vain the right side, and the left side, and the right again-pummeliing the innocent pillow, and railing in leart at the equally innocent chambermaid, he fairly abandoned limself to his waking meditations, and gave up the attempt to conquer his restlessness altngether. This show of non-resistance, however, he soon found was the very surest mode of achicving triumph in such a case. Sleep, like good fortune, is not always to be taken by a coup de main-she will more frequently shed her blessings on the brain that is neglectful of her, than on that which is busy in devising means to accomplish her favour. He lay gazing on the curtain, which the moonlight rendered almost transparent, suffering thought after thought to glide quietly through his brain, each waxing fainter than the other, until at length the power of discrimination became inert, and conscionsness itself began to fade away into that soft and gentle delirium which preceles the access of perfect mental repose, and forms one of the most luxurious and exquisite enjoyments which the weary spirit can reccive from absence of active exertion. His cyelids were just drooping, and the visual faculty itself was just dormant, when he was suddenly startled by observing the shadow of a human figure thrown upon the bed-curtain that hung between him and the window. It flitted across, and was lost, almost before he had sufficiently roused himself to be certain that it was not a creation of his fancy. After drawing the curtains aside, and demanding: "Who was there?" withont receiving any reply, he dropped them again, and in the moment of their fall, as they rattled on their brass rings, lis car caught, or fancied it caught, a sound like the turning of a door-handle. He listencd
again, but "heard nothing only the silence". Satisfied that his auricular as well as his optical senses had been playing the antic with him, he flung himself back on the bed, and was speedily lost in the world of dreams.

In a short time his visions assumed a turbulent and anxions, thongh rather whimsical air. They were crowded with all the horrors of the three last days. He dreamt first that the letter before mentioned was written in Greek, and that Doctor ——, one of his college superiors, was rating him for not being able to read it off at sight; that it suddenly changed into Gælic, and the Doctor into Mr. Fitzmanrice, who seized him by the throat, and plunged him into a bog-hole, where he attempted to stific him, while, in endeavoming to remonstrate, he conld do nothing limself but bark and bay like a homnd, until at length a burst of langhter from his tormentor made him look up, when he saw that it was his own dead father who stood above him. Ile was impressed with this eonversation from no other evidence than the arbitrary feeling of a dream, for he neither remembered his father's countenance, nor was there in that of the vision the least resemblance to any one that he had ever seen. The terror which the sight occasioned him went on deepening in rapid gradations until an oppression scized him which procceded almost to a point of suffocation. It was, in fact, a fit of nightmare which had been induced, and he specedily fell into that state of mental consciousness, and mental as well as bodily impotence, which constitutes one of the most terrific stages of the discase. His brow and limbs became bathed with perspiration in the vain efforts which he made to relievs himself. His eyes opened, and he distinctly saw the material objects which surromnded him; yet the visions of his sleep not only in part continned, but began to assume a frantic sort of reality, from the manner in which they became combined with these objects. Ilis waking eyes began to take the part of his yet unregulated
and delirions fancy, and he beheld, or at least strongly imagined he beheld, the figure of an old man standing by his bedside, hotding back the curtain with one hand, while the other hung in perfectly motionless repose by his side. His form was so placed, that the dreamer could see little more than the strongly-marked outline of the shape and face, which the intercepted moon-light had pencilled out with the most perfect distinctness, and mellowed by a silver line of light, which corrected its harshness, while it revealed its character and expression in all their vigour. By degrees Aylmer's glance became suttled and fixed itself full upon the figure. The lips, which were before parted with an expression of kindness, began to move at length, and another of the young man's senses was called in to bear testimony to the reality of the appearance.
"I am come to warn you, William Aylmer, of a danger in which you are placed. Listen to me, for it is your father that speaks to you".

The young man attempted to stretch out his hands, and speak, but the effort failed, and the words died in indistinct murmurs upon his lips.
"Listen, but do not speak", continued the figure, "for the night is flying fast, and the clouds are already gray in the east. You lave heard of your father's death-the land that plunged him living into the waters, was that of Cahill Fitzmaurice. Beware of him, for he called himself my friend for five-and-twenty years, and yet was not ashamed to take me unawares in an hour of weakness and of $\sin$. He sought my life while I staggered in drunkenness upon the deck that I had died with unatoned blood".

Aylmer's countenance expressed the horror mingled with curiosity which this last intimation had excited within him. His informant perceived the meaning of the gesture, and proceceded :-
"In that affair Caliill had no part. I had taken out the vessel unaccompanica by him, and in the enterwrise that
followed, the blood of a king's servant was shed. We thought more of the peril, then, than of the crime. I have since learned to think more of the crime than of the peril. Mine was not the hand, thank Heaven, that dealt the blow, nor mine the tongue that directed it ; but in me, nevertheless, the guilt originated, and the hand of Fitzmatrice only anticipated the vengeance of the law. But these things are past. I have come now to warn you of another matter. Avoid the company of your guardian's daughter! Let all things rest as they are at least for two months, in the space of which time you shall see me again. Till then touch not her hand nor listen to her voice, as you value your parent's peace. To Fitzmaurice I would have you say -"

The slapping of a door in another apartment suddenly cat short the intended commission, and as the figure

> "started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons-"
Aylmer had a momentary view of the face, as the moon shone full upon it. There was an appearance of age, a palcuess in the complexion probably heightencd by the peculiar light, and long flaxen locks depending around either temple. The expression of the comntenance, during the instant, was that of anxicty and intense attention. On a repetition of the sound, the strange midniglit visitor dropt the curtain which he had been holding, and with a low and gentle farewell blessing, uttered with the softest and kindest tone in the world, such as the lip of a parent alone can breathe, and the heart of a child alone can appreciate, the appearance fled.

Aylmer, in the effort which he made to detain the vision, both by voice and action, found that his nightmare had completely left him, and that, in fact, he had been lying wide awake for a considerable time, though consciousuess had stolen by such imperceptible gradations
upon him, that he could not tell at what period of the scene that passed he had been waking, and when he slept. It did not, however, escape the metaphisical eye of the young collegian, that the bed curtain had become wrinkled in the grasp of the spectre, precisely in the same manner as it would have done if the limb had been composed of material flesh and blood. He sprung from his bed, and rushed in the direction by which the appearance had departed. There was no person in the room, but a little search satisfied him that there existed no necessity either for a sliding panel, or the other resource, an impassible state of being, to aid his visitor's flight, for the room door stood a-jar. It certainly was a very vulgar exit for a ghost, but the probability that it had been used was more than feasible.

The morning broke before Aylmer was enabled to subdue, in any degree, the feverish excitement which this occurrence had induced. The dawn was cold and comfortless, and the cold drifts of snow, amid which it was ushered in, prolonged the greyish mistiness of its twilight a considerable space beyond its customary duration. Without waiting to form any resolution as to the immediate line which it would be necessary for him to pursue, further than might be suggested by the feverish impulse of the moment, and with his heart and mind and frame all glowing and trembling with the energy of the terrific discovery which he had chanced upon, he found himself hurrying ahnost instinctively along the passage which led to the sleeping room of Fitzmaurice, in a distant corner of the building. The chamber of the murderer!-his father's murderer! He scarcely knew-he never once thought of asking himself what his design was in thus breaking in upon the morning slumbers of the old man; but he had an indistinct, unsifted motive within his breast, which prompted him to take the criminal (if the spirit had not lied), by surprise, and startle the truth from its resting place within
lis soul. A semsation too, perhaps, similar to that which is uttered by the ill-fated Danish prince, in a situation of equal perplexity, might have mingled itself with this unde fined purpose:-

> May be a devil ; and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea-and, perbaps, Ont of my weakness and my melaneholy (As be is very potent with sueh spirits), Abuses me, to damn me: I'll have grounds More relative than this-"
"The sudden "Who's there?" that struck his ear as he stirred the door-handle, showed him that the old man had not been surprised in slumber by the awaking day. Without making any answer, he burst in tremulous agitation into the apartment, when the excess of feeling which swelled his bosom and rushed into his throat, compelled him to stop for a moment, and almost gasp for breath. IIe flung himself at last into an arm-chair by the bed-side, where he lay back for a few moments, oppressed ulmost to suffocation with the host of fearful and conflicting sensations that had been stirred up within him. The horror of his guardian's crime-the menory of all his kindness-pity for his present sufferings, and the natural instinct that prompted him to the course of justice, all contended for mastery within his soml, and made havoc of the region in their strife. It was the first time that the spear had been struck into the dwellingplace of his stormy passions, and they bounded from their hold with all the ungovernable fury which the novelty and fierceness of the excitement was calculated to produce. The old man had flung back the bed-curtain, and sitting erect, gazed with an expression of amazement, of terror, and cruel ansiety, upon the strange emotion in his young friend. Fear, and (an uncharitable observer might say an instinctive consciousness of its cause, prevented his questioning the
latter, on whom his wild, flickering gaze continued tc direct itself while he waited with panting heart, gasping lips, and cheeks and brow made cadaverous with the dread of the coming horror, for the first specch of the youth.

At length their glances met, and the effect was electrical. Rising slowly to his feet, and uplifting his clenched hand above his head, while that and every other member of his frame shook with convulsive energy, and his voice became thick and hoarse, and his cyes grew red and watery with passion, he said:-
"Cahill Fitzmaurice, confess to your God and to me, for the time is come at length. You are the murderer of my father!"

A low muttering groan, and then a gurgling in the throat of the accused, were the only answer which the accuser received. The curtain fell from the hand of the former, and he lay back motionless on the bed. Fully prepared, as he had been, for the conviction of guilt, which the sceming criminal's conscience thus afforded, its effect on Aylmer was not the less powerful when it flashed upon him in all its certainty. He felt a sickness at the heart, a sudden shooting at the eyes, and a recling in lis brain, which nearly made him stagger from his balance. Pressing both hands close upon his brow, as if to crush the burning thoughts that were rioting within, he hurricd out of the chamber, just as Miss Fitzmaurice, in a nightdress and slippers and with a countenance full of alarm, entered it by another door.

When he reached his own apartment, he gave full vent to the whirlwind of emotions which he had been endeavorring to restrain during the last half-hour, and flumg himself upon the bed in a convulsion of fecling. It was one of those great and extraordinary occasions which, occuring when the character is matured by time and experience, serve only to strengthen or call forth its peculiarities, and wear their channels deeper in the heart;
but which, when they come into contact with a youthful, undecided, and susceptible mind, can slake it to its very foundation, and mark its course for gocd or ill through life. The young man, who had lain down to rest the evening before, a raw, unformed, unfledged spirit, now rose from the bed, a fiery, austere, and resolute being, with a shadow of stermess and gloom struck into his heart, which clung to it during all his aifter-life.

After the first shock of lis agitation was at an end, and he had, not withont a passing emotion of shame at his own weakness, reduced his over-wrought spirits into some degree of calmness, he determined instantly to repair to Bally-Aylmer, and there deliberate on the course which it would be necessary for him to adopt.

He flung his loody about him, and regardless of the snow which drifted in large flakes into his face, he procceded towards his family residence.

In the mean time, Katharine had hurried to the bedside of her parent. She had been awakened from her light sleep in the apartment next his (which she always ocrupied) by the first sound of Aylmer's entering; and mankowing the cause of the intrusion, while she felt indignant that any disturbance should be made in his chamber at that early hour, she hurried on some careless additions to her night-dress, and entered the room at the very moment the door closed on Aylmer's receding figure. Her anxicties being, in the first place, aroused for the immediate condition of the old man, she walked rapidly to the bed, and removing the hangings, discovered, in the gray morning light, a spectacle that made he: heart recoil with horror. He lay, half supported by the head of the bed, his jaw hanging, and his eyes watery and motionless, fixed in a stare of stolid terror upon the ground, his forchead covered with a death-like moisture, and his cheeks and lips tinged with the cold, bluish colow which is cast over the features in the extreme agony, and is recognized
as the livericd hue of the grave. Uttering a halfsuppressed scream of anguish, the affrighted girl wound one arm aromed the head of her parent, and supported it upon her bosom, while she pressed the other in an agony of saspense upon his heart. The organ of life had suspended its function for a short time, and was now, thrub after thob, slowly resuming its office.

The chamber-door soon after opened, and Norry hurried to the assistance of her mistress. While the latter endeavoured to recal sensation by the usual physical applications and resources, sprinkling the face with cold water, chafing the temples, and placing the body in a horizontal position, the unsophisticated attendant took the more effectual course of forcing open the stiff clenched fingers of the right hand, and making the sign of the cross with her thumb upon the palm. This feat accomplished, she stood thumping her bosom, and awaiting its effect in perfect faith, at the bed's foot.
"Don't mind any more o' the water, Miss Canthleen; the little criss-crass I made in his hand will soon lift him out 0 ' the fit: it's the gentlemen, God speed 'em (here she crossed herself, and curtsied with much devotion), that were wantin to hoise him away with them this mornen".
"Hush! hush! girl! fall back out of the light-he is recovering, God be thanked and praised!"
"Guilty—aye—guilty!" muttered the still unconscious object of their solicitude.
"God save us! Do you hear him, miss?"
"Ilis senses are wandering yet".
"Where-where is he? Kate, my girl, you shall bear witness to this-cail him! call him back!"
"Whom, my dear father? -William?"
"Mister Aylmer is gone oft", miss", said Norry.
"Gone! I am lost! Ungratcful boy! If I wronged the father, did I not serve the son? Haste! call him back! he has my life in his hands".
"Quit the room, Norry!" exclaimed Katharine, stamping her foot against the boards with an expression of anger which was forcign to her nature. The servant obeyed, after a world of wondering gestures, crossings, and muttered cjaculations.

The violence of the amion served, in some degree, to recal Fitzmanice to a perfect cousciousness of his situation.
"What! Kate, my gentle Kate, grown passionate?" he said, in wonder and tenderness, as he took her warm hand in his, and gazed still with some expression of listlessness into her eyes: "These veins have young and boiling blood within them, my little girl. You must learn to temper and subduc it in time, or it will lay the seeds of a bitter old age, and a fearful deatil for you".
"I will, sir-you are better, are you not, father?" said the daughter, regarding the speech as a part of the lingering delirimm which had seized him, and affecting to coincide with it, in the light and emrsory manner which one uses to satisfy the sufferer on all such occasions; and than which nothing can be more irritating, if the person towards whom it happens to be adopted should at all suspect its motive.
"You treat me like a child", said Fitzmaurice, with sharpuess; " no matter. It may be the time is not far distant, when it will be the act of a fool to mutter a word of reason in my ears", he continued, passing his hand over his brow, and turning his eyes wildly from her glance. "Yes. Many that have ate and drank at my boart, would only eat and drink the freer, when the master of the house was in Swift's Hospital. And the mistress of Kilavariga would smile as merrily too. She would be her own mistress then. Go, go! You are like the rest. Go from me, ginl, go from me".

Shocked and womded as she was by these expressions, the horrible indications by which they were necompanial were more than sndicient to stulle all the sellish fiechings of
wronged and undervalued affection, which would at any other time have bumed like a fever stroke within the breast of the devoted girl. Persisting, notuithstanding his pettish repulses, in clinging around leer father's neels, she sobbed and wept upon his shonlder, until she felt an assurance of relenting in the renewed pressure of the hand, which he still retained.
"I did not, indeed, think of what I was saying, sir", she exclaimed, in her most repentant tones, perceiving at once that the surest way of redeeming her error, was by adopting the directly opposite course. "But why will not my father confide in me? I am no longer a child, in whom one should fear to repose a trust, nor am I incapable of feeling and participating in the grief, the secret grief, whatever it is, that is weighing down your heart. Do you not feel I love you, father? Have you not been my only fricud from my very childhood? Has not all that I prize and reverence most, my knowledge of right and wrong, my perception of virtue, my rehgion, been all tanght me by you, and you only? and how conld I, if I were of the worst nature in the wordd, do otherwise than dearly love and honour you?"

Surprised, and not a little pleased with the energy and fervon with which the gentle girl made her appeal, the old man paused a monent, while he surveyed her with a moistened and affectionate eye. The very last phrase which she used, however, appeared to jar against his thought, and interrupt the kindly feeling that had begun to ditfuse itself over his breast. His brow contracted, and he mused for a momert.
"Aye, Kate", said he, "but will you continne to hold this sentiment? Suppose the time should come when none but you could or would do wher than revile and hate me, do you think yon woald continue to honour your old, and perhaps eming, bat fond, fond parent:"
"It was the commandment of the Eterial God Him.
self", exclaimed the maiden, in a burst of staid enthusiasm, "delivered amid the lightnings and thunders of the IIoly Mountain, 'IIonowr thy Father and Mother!' and there was no reservation found upon the tablet of stone. Man may persecute, sickuess may change, grief may depress, poverty may chill, or guilt may blacken the leart of a parent, but the bonds of the child are never loosened".
"Then, should the world call me a guilty wretch, and prove me little less, I may still have a daughter ?"
"When that day comes, father, I will say my eves and ears are false, and trust my heart alone, that will speak for you against them ".

The old man reclined against the head of the bed for a few moments, while his eyes closed and his lips moved in silence. Then, withont altering his position, he waved his hand gently, and said in a soft and broken tone:
"Leave me, Kate, for a few minutes to myself. I will look for you in the parlour. Clear all signs of anxicty from your countenance, and prepare yourself for a monrnful confidence".

Katharine obeyed in silence, and her father, after performing the duties of the toilet, began to deliberate within his own mind the events of the morning, and their most probable consequences.

It was a passing comfort to him to know, that he had at last found one to whom he might show himself such as he really was, without mecting that quick repulsive horror and distrust, which he feared worse than conscience ; and yet it was a bitter homiliation to be reduce? to the necessity of lowering limself in the eyes of his own child, and directing those feelings of terror and detestation at vice which his own instrictions had generated in her mind, against himself in person. Fur one monent, an involuntary wish escaped him, that be bad reared his datighter with a some what less acute susceptijilicy of the
hideousness of crime, and a more qualified admiration of its opposite, than now furmed the groundwork of her character. It was but a glance of thought, however, in which neither his reason nor his feeling hat any participation, and was forgotten even before it was condemned. He concluded by determining to make the conflenee which he meditated, and after praying, for the first time in many a year, with a somewhat lightened spirit, he descended to the parlour, where Katharine was awaiting him.

The young lady in the mean time had been oceupied with doubts and conjectures of an equally agitating, though a less gloomy character. Notwithstanding the warmth of feeling, into which she had been hurried by the enthusiasm of her affection during the preceding scene, she was very far from anticipating, even in thought, the possibility that her filial love could be put to so extreme a test as her words declared it capable of surviring, and she looked for nothing more in truth than her father had himself led her to expect-"a mournful contidence". Even the wild and haggard air which was about his features and actions as he entered the room, were insufficient to lead her to suspect that his promised secret could comprise any thing of a darker or more fearful hue.

He motioned his daughter to keep her seat, and after glancing along the passage by which he approachel, closed the door and sliped the little bolt into its piace. Then, after pacing up and down the rom several times, as if debating with himself the easiest mode of opening a conversation so replete with hmmiliation to one party, and horror to the other, as that which he was about to enter upon, he stopped opposite his danghter's char, ant fixing his eye, all lighted up as it was with a thousand fearful emotions, on her mild and tendenly anxious glance, he said:
"Youknow not, perhaps, or have not conille:e 1 the fill extent of the consequence which you draw tipu youre.f
by urging me to this confidence. You have not had time to think on the subject, how decply and elosely it will involve your peace of mind, nay, perhaps your health of soul-how intimately and perfectly your fate must become intertwined with that of him, into whose secret heart you are now about to penctrate mbidden".
"There most be safety, father", said the girl, a little startled and confounded by the strangeness of his mamer, "there must be peace, wherever yon lead me".
"Do notling on presumption", was his reply. "I wish you to pause, and ponder well, before you have my secret, for when it is once told, I shall hold you bound to me, and to my service, more firmly than ever, though perhaps not equally to my love".

The last words were uttered in so mournful a tone that the current of Katharine's feelings, which had been a little disturbed and qualified by the mysticism of the previous speceh, again rushed into their old channel. Her cyes filled up as she grasped her parent's hand in hers, and wetting it with tears of filial love and reverence, she said, in huried, and yet irresolute accents:
"O father, I do not know what you mean, or what I am to fear; but speak-speak, in God's name; whatever it is that troubles you ought not to be spared to me. If it be a sorrowful tale, I may make its memory sit lighter on your heart, and two, at least, can bear the barden better than one. If it be guilt that-gnilt" (she shaddered and was silent one instant, as she detected a word on her lips, which her will had not directed them to utter) --"forgive me, sir, that camot be, I know-No, father, no", in increa-ing agony, as she read not the indignant demial she looked so cargerly for in his culd and marbly eye -"you have tanght me to love virtue, to adore God, to fear His anger, to deserve His merey. Father! speak! spak to me-"
"Peace, ginl!" said the old man sadly, yet sternly;
"attribute not to the inactive instrument the music which was made by the divine breath that filled and the hand that governed it. He who holds a light to another, is most like to fall himself. Sit still, and hearme". And replacing the trembling girl in the chair, which in her agitation she had left, he stood close at her side, and after a panse, began:
" Yon have heard of the circumstances which attended the death of William's father?"
"Yes, yes, sir!" replied Kate, in a low and hurried tone, with a horrible failure and sinking at her heart.
"When he died, there was but one friend at his side". As he procceded, the sallow and ashy countenance of the old man became decpened in hue by the rushing of the scanty currents of life into channels which they liad long ceased to visit, and his eye became gradually fiercer and fiercer, as the fear and horror that oppressed his daughter became more manifest in her look and attitude. "Sit erect, girl, and hear me steadily. You have forced me to say what, except in madness, I thought mortal ears should never hear me ntter, and you must abile the consequence. Sit still, then, and do not flinch or waver, while I speak to you, as you value your father's reason".
"I will, sir. I am not terrified", whispered the bewildered girl, while a strange mixture of anxiety and listlessness became blended in the gaze which she now bent on the old man.
"The two friends", he continued, after a pause of fearful recollection, "were sitting together by the little brick hob in the hooker's cabin, and talking gaily enough about the work they had both been about. Friends leagned in crime are but light lovers, thongh their bonds are the stronger by the andition of fear and community of guilt, than those which simple liking ties. Few worls were necessary to bring the frown and the taunt where the laugh and the jest were seen and heard a little while
before. A sharp speech provoked a blow, and the friendship of a loug life was dissolved as suddenly as life itself, when the deathstroke tonches it. The man who received the indignity remained silent and gloomy during the remainder of the evening. Although he did not refuse his hand when the aggressor sued fur reconciliation, the diegrace was festering at bis heart. Soon after, a dark and forgy night came on. Both these men ascended on deck to speak at greater freedom, and draw a somewhat purer air than that of the close and smoky cabin where they had been lying just before. At a moment when the vassel heeled more deeply than usnal before the blast, while the steersman was busy at the helm, and his mate with the foresheet-and while the two stood alone and unseen (though not unheard) upon the forecastle-one roaring, laughing, and unsteady with drunkemness and with triumph ; the other equally intoxicated, but after a darker and more sullen fashion, and trom a different cause, the aggressor staggered a little, recled, and overhung the lee-gunwale. The opportunity flashed like lightning upon the heart of his enemy; he darted on him, and in the fierce effort almost precipitated his own fate and mingled it with that of his victim. The fluke of an anchor, however, caught in a part of his frieze great coat, and he hung suspended between both worlds, while the dying shrieks of his victim, the gurgling of the death struggle, the angry dash of the waters, and the whirring of the wild gale, somuded in his ears like the din of the last judgment. Ile was saved, however. The vessel swept on, aud the voice of the dying man was speedily lost in the distance. A lie protected his destroyer".

The old man here pansed and sunk back in his chair, exhausted by the fiereness and homor of his recollected sensations; while his daughter sat stooping furwarl, her eyes fixel in mutionless horror upon his, and every feature bent up, and set hard in an expression of de.
vouring attention; her limbs and frame stiffening with the anguish of the dreadful suspense in which the old man's pause had left her,

## "-as if each other sense

 Were bound in that of hearing, and each word Struck through it with an agony ".At length he resumed in a faint and hoarse tone, without daring to lift his eyes toward his auditor: "The man who died on that night was Robert Aylmer; and his murderer was-".

Uttering a low, yet piercing scream of agony, the wretched girl cast herself at the feet of her guilty father, in an attitude of deprecation and entreaty.
"No, no, yon will not say it, sir. Oh! do not, in the name of the IIeaven you have tanght mie to venerate, plunge us both into such a gulf of horror. What! my father! my kind, good father, in whose bosom I have been fundled-whose lips I have kissel-whose hand has blest me morning and evening for fifteen years-my dear, dear father, do a deed so full of horror and crime-a murderer, a secret murderer!-Ha!" with a cry of exultation, as a momentary flush of burning pride and shame, the impulse of an uncalenlating instinct, passed over the brow of the old man at the branding epithet,-_I see it there-I knew it conld not be; you are not he of whom you spoke, father? Forgive, forgive me, sir, for so cruel, so insulting an anticipation of your words".
"It is too late for recanting them now", said Fitzmanrice quietly, but with a dreadful ghastliness in his eye: "the blood of my oldest friend is on my hands; I have told my sin, and my sonl is lighter".
"Good Heaven! blessed mother of God!" muttered Katharine, as she rose from her knees, and passed one fand in a trembling and hurried manner over her forehead and about her loosened hair, white her eye became
fixed in stapid terror on the earth. A silence of terrible reflection to both ensucd. Fitzmanice perceived, at a glance, that he had for ever lost the esteem of his child. That was litter. Katharine beheld, in one short hour, the peace, the happiness of her whole existence withered and parched up; her duty made burdensome as crime; her heart's warmest and best affections made grievous to her soul, its faith disproved, its idol broken down, and the shrine of its worship polluted and made desolate. This was more bitter still.

After a pause of some minutes, Fitzmanrice approached her and held out his hand. She shoddered, and shrunk back upon herself with an involuntary action and a halfstifled exclamation of repugnance. He attempted to smile, but his lip grew pale, and his brows were knit in anguish at the change.
"I thought this, Kate", he said, sadly; "but I do not blame you for it. And yet it is a sad promise to me of what 1 am to expect from a malignant and suspicious work, when my own daughter, whom I have reared and cared for now sixteen years, shrinks from my touch as if it were that of a viper".

Perceiving that this appeal was ineffectual, and that the stroke had been too hardly dealt on his danghter's heart, Fitzmaurice continued, rising: "And now, Kate, though I put your affection to a strong test before I spoke to you on this, you shall not find me ungenerons enough to profit by the hasty entlusiasm of the moment. I have lost your love. I grieve for it, but I do not blame yous. Yet, without your love I will uever allow your service nor companionship. Go yon out at that door-I will take this; and let that be our final parting. Go, my loved, my injured child; forget your miserable father,--think of him as of one departed, but not in crime-for that would make his memory bitter to you, - but as one who erred, and found the grace that IIcaven treasures for the penitent. Auother
land must be my refuge from the retribution which my guilt demands, and must afford me time to labour for that divine grace. Farewell, Kate; go and be gay, and happy, and innocent as ever, and leave your old parent to his guilt, his sorrow, and his solitude".

This speech had the effect on his hearer which the speaker wished and intended. The sluices of her soft and feminine passions had been all dammed and choked up, almost to suffocation, by the grand and overwhelming horror that had been thrown about her, and only wanted a single pressure on the master-spring, one whisper in the ear of the heart, to set them flowing again, in all the impetuosity of interrupted feeling. She flung herself into her father's arms, and twined her own around his neek, while she leaned her head against his bosom in a hysterical passion of grief.
"No, no, father!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could give words to her affliction, "part we shall not, at least. Whatever you may have been to others, you have been always kind, and tender, and good to me, and my hand must not be the first to cast the stone at my only friend. The changes of the world can affect us but little, for we have always lived more to ourselves than to it; and a life of loneliness will be nothing more than a prolonging of past quiet. Yes, father, my resolution is taken. If you must leave home for ever, you take all my home with yon; and, for my own heart's ease, I must follow it". It can hardly be said (for thoughts will often come unbidden, and make obstinate battle with the will), that we charge the gentle and affectionate Kate with any selfishness of feeling, in acknowledging that, while she spoke the last sentence, a new thought, a new fear, and a new pang, darted into her heart, and seemed for the moment to have almost cleft it asunder. William Aymier! She gasped for breath, while her aged parent folded her to his
breast, and moistened her neck with the first tears he had shed for many days.

We will close the scene on this afflicted pair, and cast our eyes for a short while in another direction.

It will be recollected that Sandy Culhane had received directions from William Aylmer to hold in readiness for him on this morning the horse on which he was about to bear the intercepted letter to Hasset Ville. The winter dawn had scarcely whitened in the east, when he was at lis post in the old stable, preparing the animal for the appointment. IIe was busied after his usual fashion, rubbing down the pleased and sleek-coated beast with a "wisp" of straw, while he puffed away the clonds of dust that enveloped his person and hummed ont an occasional bar of his favourite madhereen rhu,* interrupted by "hirrups! stand over eroo! hiss-ss-ss-ss-the little 'omaneen you were-aizy!" when a "God bless all here", from the darkening doorway, suspended his labours; he looked up and beheld an old man in a gray frieze dress leaning against the jamb, and throwing his head on one side, to screen it from the snow that drifted across. It was the herdsman of Kilavariga.
"Yeh, then, isn't it airly you're goen roven this mornen, Mick? What's the murder now?"
"Whist! whist! Sandy. I have something to say to you. Will she kick?"
"O, sorrow a taste! Aizy, you born jade, and let the nayburs come in ", as he observed the animal throw back its ears, and use a menacing gesture towards the intruder. The latter shook down an armful of the sweet hay in a comer of the stable, and seating himself on it in a fair-andeasy Irish way, commenced business at once.
"Have you air a thief in your house, Sandy, that wears brogues and pavers?"

Sandy stared as he replied: "A thief, Mick, eroo? Bad - Little red fos.
'cess to the thief at all in our house, wit or without the pavers".

The herdsman paused, and seemed to take thought for a moment; then glancing at Sandy's well greased dog-kin shoes, he beckoned him to follow to a little distance, where a long track of footsteps intersected the plain, white surface of the snow-covered lawn.
"Would you look here, Sandy?" said he. "The master's turf-rick, the slane turf, was broken last night, and I traced those steps over the little haggard wall, and through the paddock, and by the forge, and here, all the ways to Bally-Aylmer. 'Tis hard to tell the marks o' these steps now, for it was snowen since they wor made, but here's one of 'em close be the wall, put the print 0 ' your crubeen a-nigh that, av you plase".

Sandy indignantly stamped his foot in the snow, and the investigator, after viewing both impressions, shook his head, as if disappointed.
"They are quite different. There's pavers here wit heads as big as tin-pinnies, and yours hasn't only toe-tacks in 'em, like the gintlemin".
"Why then, you lahu-muthawn* o' the airth!" exclaimed the insulted Sandy, now that the cause of the herdsman's action was so unmincingly announced, "is it maning that it was meself was at your ould turf-reck you wor?"
"Aisy, aisy, now, Sandy!" said the other, moving on before him towards the stable, with one arm resting on his back, under his long coat skirts, and motioning him back with the other. "There's no offince. I seen the priut of a handsome, clever foot in the snow, and where was I to look for it, av it wasn't with Sandy Cullane? Bat sure I ought to know better, for you shamed it out intirely whin you put your own a-near it. Sure av I wasn't blind, I ought to know, that it isn't sech a plob of a fut * Half-natural.
as that abroad, that could bother Norry Kilmartin's dreams".

With a heroic effurt at forbearance, Sandy mastered his indignation, and complacently glancing down at a hideously formed foot, followed the herdsman into the stable, where he recommenced his labours on the ecclesiastical sides of the well-conditioned quadruped, while the former resumed his seat and meditative air on his heap of fresh hay.
"It's droll still who the brogues belonged to", he continned, after a pause, "but all is one; for if I was to bring him in bound hand an fut to the master, he'd be the first to let him off himself. What do you think did he do the other day, only relase the Barret's pzatics from the cant, and bid him say nothen about the trifle o' the rent that was due, but to set to work agen, fresh on a clear gale?"
"Wioha, the Barrets are poor craturs!" was all Sandy's reply.
"More's the pity to be losing to 'em, since it does 'em so little good".
"Did you ever hear the ould fable of Jack Finnane and the white-eyes?" said Sandy.
"To be sure I didn't ; for what should I ?"
"Sit aiey then, and I'll tell you it. This Mr. John Finnane, you see, was a kind of a half-sir, a middleman, that used to be great long ago, letting out land in acres, and half-acres, and quarter-acres to the poor people, that would may be want a gwal* of pzaties coming on the idle season; and a hard and a bitter landlord he was to the poor fellows that wouldn't have the rent agen the gale day, and good care he took, I'll be bound, that not a single comopp $\dagger$ ever left the airth ant'l every camack $\ddagger$ was paid, dead gale and all. Signs on, it often chanced, as mont like it was, that the poor tinants, not having the difference o' the rint, used to go into the pzatie fields at night, pulling up the stalks and filling thicir little Jack * Arniful. $\dagger$ Potato. $\ddagger$ Penny token.

Daws* with what Gol sent up with the roots, which being made known to John Finnane, you see, he sat up a night to know would he catch any of the plunderers at their doings, which they having notice of, didn't come, as why should they? being marked for the quarter sessions, surely.
"Well! 'twas coming on midnight, and Mr. Finnane being as it were tired with himself, sat down on a ridge of the pzaties, with his feet in the furrow, and he very sleepy, it being Jerry Graham's quarter. 'Tis aisily known he opened his eyes wide enongh, whin he heard, what do you think, only Jerry's white-eyes talking to one another in the ground under him! He stooped his head down, and began to hearken. 'Will you grow any more?' says a little pzatie to a big one.-'No, a gra gal', says the big pzatic, 'its big enough I am already'.-'Well, then', says the other, 'move out $o$ ' the way with yon a piece, and let us grow for Jerry Graham and the craturs'. - 'l'd be happy to oblige you then', says the big pzatie, 'but sure it's well you know none of us can stir from our places an inch ontil John Finnane gits his rint'. 'Murther alive!' says John, crossing himself and thmmping his breast about, 'are the pzaties themselves eryen out agen me? Murther, but that's great intirely'. Home he went, wondering, and people say Jerry Graham was bid to dig his quarter and welcome next mornen".
"E'then, thanky for your parable, Sandy", said the herdsman, "but may be we'd find one on the other side, for an open hand isn't always the luckiest after all ".

Sandy suffered his arm to rest on the shoulder of the animal he was tending, and placed himself in an attitude of attention, while the other, throwing himself back in an easy reclining posture, commenced his "fable".
"Mr. David Foy had a great heart, bit, like the master, there was too much of it, for there was no bounds at all to his doings, when he took it into his head to spend * John Doe, a small bag.
his money; an having no famaly nor air a wife that world look after the house and things, every whole tote went wrong intirely. Besides, he was great after the hounds; and a fine rider he was, and with sech a dawny darland of a horse, that he one day left the hounds, hunt, hare, an' all behind him. On he went, an' he was goen, goen, goen (as the ould gossips say), ont'l he came to a great valley iutirely. And there he saw themselves, in their little red jackets, and with caps on their heads, and hurlies in their hands, and they playen goal. Well, an ould hag that was sitten as it might be this way like meself, see David, and made to-wards him with a piggin of something that's good, which he refused, and well became him, knowen it was not good to take drink from the like. 'Take it, heart', says the ould hag, 'and don't spare. It's David Foy's cider, and long may he live and reign; we don't want for the best he has, for it's we that get all that's wasted in the house by bad looken after, and it's good liven we have here, while the poor Christians are starving at his door. Take the drop and be comfortable'. 'Thauky kindly, ma'am', says David, 'but I rather not, av you plase, wit the same thanks to you as if I did; my stomach is not well indeed this mornen, saving your favour'. 'No offince in life, sir', says she. So they sat down together. By an by, in comes a strappen young Clooricaun with a pailful o' sweet milk. 'Where did you get that, eroo?' says the hag. 'E'then long life to Davy Foy, where shond I get it only out of his dairy? He was out hunten, an Bridget was in the haggart wit Tim Fonloo, so I came in fur my share wit the cat an the dog'. 'Sha guthine! is this the way of it?' says Davy to himself. Then comes in another of the gentry with a firkin o' butter, and another with a gammon o' bacon, and all in the same story, and Davy himself by all the time, and not one 0 ' them knowen him, in rigard of his never being aiout the house, hadly. s'lis little admiration for ye to
be so fat, gintlemin', says he at last, as he was wishen 'em a good mornen, at which they all laughed hearty, and nodded and winked their little wicked eyes at him, mighty merry intirely, as much as to say: 'True for you, lad'. In a year after he came to the same place: the little gnalplayers were nothen but skin and bone, and the old hag was scrapen a raw pzatie aren a grater to make a cake for their supper. 'Oh, then the Cromaylian curse upon your head, David Foy, for we know you now !' says the whole set of 'em together-' there's all we got losing after you this twelvemonth', showen the raw pzatie the same time. 'The more my luck', says David, 'wasn't it yer own taiching?'"

Having, as he believed, fully discomfted Sandy at his own weapons, old Michael rose to depart, with the view of iustituting an inquiry at the neighbouring village relative to the owner of the mysterious brogues and parers.

He was scarcely out of sight, when the back door of the dwelling-house opened, and the stranger who had on the preceding evening accosted Sandy in the avenue of Kilavariga, made his appearance. The latter was busily occupied in polishing a stubborn fetlock when the old man huried into the stable.
"Come, Sandy, saddle the horse, and lead him out here", he exclaimed. "I have received a piece of intelligence from Mr. Evans which will render it necessary for me to travel fifty miles before night fall. Is the animal frost shod?"
"Quite complate, yer honour. But that's a thing o' nothen. Mr. William Aylner that bid me have the cratur convanient for himself this moruing".
"Where is he going?"
"Sarrow a know do I know".
"No matter. Give me the horse, and make out what excuse you can for your young master".
"The best I can offer, then", said Sandy as he assisted the stranger to momnt, "will be to keep ont of his way intirely, for indced he's not over honest* when he do be crossed".
"Kind father for him", said the stranger laughing.
"Wonst in his day, sir", replied Sandy, "but time and trouble changes the people".

The expression of merriment was instantly quelled on the lip of the stranger. He fetched his breath hard, and, cheeking the bridle, rode through the yard gate just as Aylmer, wrapped in his great coat, and covered with snow-flakes, made his appearance on the avenue. The latter used a slight action of surprise, as the other passed him at a more rapid pace than he had before employed.
"He knows the horse!" said Sandy, " time for me to be moven ". And he was about to depart, when the young gentleman's voice arrested his flight.
"Who is that man, Sandy?"
"That man sir? is it ?-_It's_Mick Donovan, sir, Mr. Fitzmanrice's herdsman".
"He looks more large, and rides better than he used".
"Thiving with him the place is, your honour.-Not a word about the horse!" he added, in some astonishment, as Aylmer, with a look of some disappointment, turned off in the direction of the house. "Some trouble at Kilavariga, I'll be bail".

The limits which we prescribed to ourselves at the commencement of this little tale, render it impossible fur us to enter into a minute detail of many unimportant ciicumstances which occupicd the principal personages during the several days which followed the eveatful morning of Aylmer's discovery. It will save the reader a great deal

- Honest is a synonym for mild or gentle, in Ireland.
of heavy reading, and the historian of the parties a great deal of analyzing matter, of speculations on impulse and motive, and cloudy talking, if we proceed to the next situation of the story with as little preface as possible.

Fitzmaurice and his daughter having heard nothing more of Aylmer, concluded that his resolution was fixed, not to enter the house of his old benefactor from that time forward. Although the canse of this determination, and the apparent probability of her young friend's persevering in it, lad produced a mouruful change both in the heart and in the appearance of the lively Katharine, she had exerted a sufficient degree of mastery over her wounded feelings to conceal at least the voluntary expression of her suffering from the eye of her parent. Convinced as she now was of the depth and intensity of her love for the haughty fugitive, and satisfied, even to the very limit of utter hopelessness, that no chance or change of circumstances could ever again restore the hearts of both to the relative position which they lad occupied from child-hood-satisfied, in a word, that, loving as she did even to sickness of soul and frame, she yet loved in vain, it was touching to witness the quict fortitude with which she disguised those feclings when in the presence of her parent. Frequently, indeed, in her wanderings about the lonely mansion, when a scattered remembrancer of "past, happy hours" caught her eye; when she looked from her window, in the calm and silent even-fall, on the scenes of their youthful sports; or when her hand, unconsciously straying over her neglected harp, happened to awaken a cadence of one of his favourite melodics, in those moments it was that her bosom would swell and tighten, while the sudden passion laboured in her throat, and relieved itself at length in bursts of overwhelming grief. But the moment her father's footstep sounded on the flagged hall without, these signs of anxiety disappeared, and the note of the harp was changed to one of a lesser interest and neaning.

The change which had taken place in the disprosition and manner of the old man was still more striking and more rapid. It seemed as if, instead of experiencing any reliief from the confidence he had made, it on y added fresh terrors to those which he had so long confined in his own bosom, and multiplied the chances and fears of detection that lad made the last years of his life one long and weary clain of anxiety and sorrow. His eye had lost its heaviness and gloom, while it assumed instead a restlessuess of glance, and a wildness and distrust in its most ordiuary expression, which furnished his now more than ever vigilant and affectionate daughter with a more startling subject for alarm, than even the increased paleness of his lips and brow and the rapid wasting of his sallow cheeks afforded. The sound of a strange footstep, the shatting of a door, the whistling of a sudden gust aromd the dreary mansion, any unexpected sight or sound, seemed to shake his being to the very centre. At those times, too, he was wont to receive the accustomed cousolations of his daughter with expressions full of a sharp and pettish asperity, which, continued, repeated, and unatoned for, as they were, by any after-kindness, put the devotion of her filial love to a severer test than even the revolting cause in which they originated. With the fineness of perception which is so peculiarly the characteristic of her sex, she quickly arrived at the mode of treatment best adapted for the novel turn which the disease had taken. Like the minstrel of the Israclitish monarch, when the evil influence came over the mind of her patient, she abandoned all efforts to combat it by argument, or even condulence, and affected an air of perfect abstraction and security, while she ran, as if in careless practice, over the chords of her instrument, varying and accommodating the character of the melody to the changes which were visible in the comntenance of the listencr, with a tact and fidelity which would not have been
nnworthy even of the mighty name which we have before mentioned. Yet all this was far from beiag remedial, and it was even palliative in a very inconsideralle degree.

They had been sitting together for some time, on the morning of the eighth day from that of Aylmer's departure, withont interchanging a single sentence beyond the customary domestic greetings. The old man sat near the fire, his head drooped upon his bosom, and his cyes fixed with a melancholy expression on the clear light blaze of the turfen fire before him, while Katharive, accompanying herself on her harp, murmured over, sotto voce, the words of a popular "keen-the-caun", the lament of a mother over the grave of a beloved son. We give the stauzas:-

## I.

The Christmas light* is burning bright In many a village pane;
And many a cottage rings to night With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by. is: Their hearts and eyes elate-
I can but think on mine, and sigh, For I am desulate.
II.

There's none to watch in our old cots Beside thy holy light;
No tongue to bless the silent spot Against the parting night. $\dagger$
I've closed the duor, and bither come To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home, It is so desolate!

- The Christmas candle-a light, blest by the priest, and lightea at sunset on Christmas-eve, in Irish houses. It is a kind of impiety to snuff, touch, or use it for any profane porpose afier.
$\dagger$ It is the custom, in Irish Ca holic families, to sit up till midnight on Christuas-eve, in order to join in devotion at that hour. Few ceremonies of the religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which, in cities, is celebrated 800 n after the hour alluded to, and long before day-break.
III.

I saw my father's eyes grow dim, And clasped my mother's knee; I saw my mother follow him, -My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain, -His child was left me yet;
But now my reart's last love is slain, And I am desolate!
The song was not concluded when both the melodist and listener were startled by a quick and vehement knocking at the chamber-door. The latter was the first to start from his chair in a passion of terror. Before he could recover the command of speech or action, the voice of the little chambernaid was heard without, imploring instant admission, in accents which showed that all the agitation was not confined to the interior. Katharine hastily slipped back the little bolt, and admitted the cager girl.
" What is the matter, Norry ?" exclaimed her mistress.
"O ma'am we're all zuin'd intircly. O master! 0-" pausing, as her eye fell on the ghastly figure of the con-science-stricken Fitzmaurice, and fetching her breath for a moment. "Come, come this way, Miss Kate, I want to speak a piece wit you", beckoning the young lady after her.
"Stay!" cried the old man, hoarsely, "what have you seen? Speak, quickly!"
"Oh, murder, sir?" Norry cricd aloud, wringing her hands in agony, "the army, the army,* intirely !"
"Coming hither ?" inquired Kate.
"Two red conts, wit ould Hasset along wit 'em, miss. Upon the aveny already".

The intelligence seemed almost to have paralysed both the mind and frame of Fitzmaurice. He did nothing, proposed nothing, and was even listless, heipless, and passive, while plan after plan, both of escape and concealment, was suggested and rejected in rapid succession

[^5]by the agonized daughter and her faithful and anxions :attendant. "The back window", "the loft", "the turfrick", "between the bed-ticks", "the chimney", were all cast aside as stale and hopeless, when, her eyes suddenly flashing with a gleam of intelligence, Norry slapped the palms of her tough hands together, so as to produce a report that echoed through the honse like a pistol-shot, and startled the old man himself from his lethargy of fear.
"The ould makings of a cupboard", she exclaimed, pointing to the pier-glass, "the same place fare I hid the little dog the day the taxman was here, whin he began barken in the wall within".

The proposal was caught up and acted upon instantly. The large glass was removed, and a square niche in the solid wall, originally intended for a enpboard, was disclosed. Into this recess was the terrified old man hurried by the two girls, himself too perfectly overwhelmed with apprehension to offer either opposition or assistance to their movements. The mirror was then carefully replaced, and Katharine, after crossing her hands on her bosom for one moment, in a strong effort to master her struggling anxicties, and murmming a brief and anxions petition to the throne of mercy, prepared to act her part in the coming emergency with the necessary firmness and composure.
"If he doesu't behave quieter than little Minos, there's little chance for him ", said Norry, as she left the room.

The recollection of this circumstance was a new sulject of alarm for the sensitive danghter. The story of Miss Fitzmanrice's dog, concealed from a tax-gatherer in a recess behind the pier-glase, and betrayed by his own barking, at the very instant when the ohl steward was leaving a blank for the article "dogs" in the inventory, had been so generally circulated, and excited so much amusement throughout the country, that there was little hope of its having escaped the ears of Mr. Hasset. For
this, however, she had to trust to fortune, as it was now too late to alter the position of the old man.

In a few minutes the magistrate made his appearance. He had the delicacy, or the wariness, to forbid the approach of his armed attendants, and if it were not for the previous intimation of their approach, the young hostess would have had no reason to judge this other than a visit of mere ceremony. Katharine found herself, for the first time in her life, compelled to violate the truth, in the answers which she returned to this unwelcome guest. She did it, however, with tenderness.

Was her father at home?
He had ridden out (very frequently, understood).
Whither?
She had not asked him.
Did she soon expect him?
She believed his return was quite nncertain.
The magistrate was silent for a few seconds; then seeming to have formed a sudden resolution, he said:
"Miss Fitzmaurice will pardon me, but I have a very disagreeable duty to perform. The presence of her father is absolntely required-and that duty slaall not be discharged until every possible means has been resorted to in order to secure it".
"The doors are open, sir", said Katharine, rising, with an assumed hanghtiness in her carriage, while her heart bounded with terror; "you are at liberty to use your authority as you please".

The young lady left the room, and the soldiers were admitted. She remained in the next apartment, listening in an agony of the cruelest suspense to the movements of the scarchers within. They prolonged their scrutiny in a manner that showed how little reliance their director placed on the equivocations of the fair hostess. At times, a thinil of fierce terror shot to the very centre of her heart, and suspended its pulsation, when the foutsteps of
any of the party approached the hiding-place of the criminal.
"To the next room I" said the voice of the magistrate; "don't mind the mouse-holes". Katharine felt relief.
"Easy, sir", exclaimed a fourth man, who had just entered, and in whose sharp, angular, cuming tones, the trembling Kate recognized the roice of Hasset's elerk, a gentleman who, to establish his qualifications for the situation he held, would very gladly have hanged half the parish, if necessary, "you have not done all the bizniz elean yct".

Kate grasped the back of a chair, and drew her light handkerchief tightly around her neck, while her whole frame shivered with a ehilling anxiety.
"Well for ye", she heard the new comer continue, in a jeering way, "to have a lad that know's what he's about to guide ye. Did none o' ye hear the little matter about the dog and the tax-gatherer? Poh!"
"I remember something of it, I confess, Linehan", said Hasset, startled.
"Try it then now".
Almost delirious with fear and disappointment, the miserable daughter fetched a quick and hoarse breath, and bit her lip until the blood forsook it, to prevent her screaming aloud. Her limbs shook convulsively, and her eyes wandered with the wildness of despair around the chamber, while she waited the next movement of the inguirers.
"What are you abont there?" exclaimed the informer. "Is it going to piek yourselí out o' the glass you are for a prisoner? Behind the picktur is the place, you fool!"
"Never fear, Miss!" whispered Norry, who had jnst before slipped into the apartment, "that'll bother 'em. 'They'll find nothen there, barring pusheen and her kittens, for she has a way of her own up into it".

A suppressed burst of laughter among the men con-

## 102

## THE AYLMERS OF BALLY-AYLMER.

firmed the truth of this anticipation; and the hissings, spittings, and growlings of the indignant occupier of the recess, as she placed herself in front of her squeaking brood, seemed to increase their merriment. The magistrate, however, quickly restored order.
"Hush! hush! come along, lads. Linchan, the place 13 there sure enough, and your hint was a good one: but Richard Hasset's name to a warrant for such a prisoner as this, would scarcely look well in the county calendar".

The discomfited wit made no reply, and the party left the room. As soon as she heard the door close after them, the daughter sunk exhausted into the chair beside which she had been standing, and gave vent to her excited feelings in bursts of mingled tears and laughter, while her hands clasped, and raised, all trembling as they were, to Heaven, gave all the evidence she could then furnish of her deep and burning gratitude.

Buth mistress and attendant then returned to the pallour, where they were soon after rejoined by Mr. Hasset and his downeast sceretary, the soldiers this time remaining without. It is needless to say their search had been unsuccessful. After apologizing for the uneasiness which he had given her in the performance of an unavoidable duty, etc., the former gentleman took his leave, and was followed by the clerk.
"I wonder what is it that thief o' the world, Linehan, is whisperen in ould Hasset's ear", said Norry, as she wathed the party pacing slowly down the lawn.
"Are they returning lither?"
"They wor thinken of it, I'm thinken, but to change their mind they did".

After having watched them fairly out of sight, the viciorions pair proceeded to rdease their captive. He had si ficiently recovered from the stuming effeets of the first amouncement of his danger, to be now fully a ware of its extent, and be descended from his lmbing-place, the most
perfect picture of guilt and horror that a stricken conscience ever made. Norry was extending one arm to support him, and with the other whisking the dust and mortar from his coat, when a deep and rapid inspiration of the young lady near her startled them both. Tle erin. ciple of life had been strained to so extreme a degree of excitement by the varying emotions of the last hour, that it was proportionably depressed on the restoration of security. The sight of her father, safely protected through the imminent perils which had during that time surrounded him, effected more than the immediate presence of those dangers themselves. In the effort which she made to cast herself into her father's arms, her powers suddenly failed her, and slie smak at his feet in an access of syncope.

The old man raised her from the ground, and supported her across his breast, while tears of grateful affection fell down in rapid showers upon her neek and bosom. The attendant, while she supplied the necessary means for the revival of her mistress, did not refuse her sympathy to the sufferings of the aged parent.

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Secretary Linchan reëntered.
'I beg pardon, but I dropped a lundlitcher somewhere, -_O, murder! what's this, intirely:" as his eve fell on the gromp.

All were too completely absorbed in another matter to observe the intruder. Taking a speedy advantage of this circumstance, the honest limb of justice approached the window, and leckoned to some persons withont. In a few minutes atterwards, and white he yet stood concealed in the dark comer into which he had slumk, the whole party were present at his side. Norry, hearing the clatter if footsteps, looked over her shouller, shrieked. started to has feet, and dropping the stiff and clenched hand of her yourg lady, began ciapping her own, and repeating her dolful cries in all the finnzy of trish despair. The father turned

## 104

his wildered eyes on the strangers, and resigning his danghter to the arms of her attendant-
"My child does not hear me", he said in a faint and mournful accent, "but give her my blessings when she wakes, and bid her pray for me. God bless you all! Oue moment, sir-_". As he spoke, he pressed his lips to the cold and marble brow of his still menscious daughter, and untying the light silk handkerchief from her neck, he placed it listlessly in his bosom. Then putting limself in the custody of the magistrate, he was conducted in silence to the carriage which awaited him at the avenue gate.

Another actor was now added to the scene. William Aylmer had juined the party at their return; but, unwilling, for many reasons, to encounter the unhappy object of their pursuit, he had remained without until after their departure, and now eutered the room just as Katharine began to revive.
"IIe is well. Be comforted, Katharine", were all the answers which he returned to her first iuquiries for her parent. She was not, however, so casily to be satisfied. She repeated her inquiries with an energy and determination of manner which made disguise hopeless.
"And what do you here?" she exclaimed, in a delirium of passion, so soon as she had collected from Norry's "O-hones!" and Aylmer's silence, the truth of the event; "you were not with them when they first arrived-he was surprised-and you are lis betrayer".
"You do me foul wrong. I endeavoured, perhaps against my conscience, to dissuade the officers of justice from entering laere".
"Against your conscience!" sho smiled with a ghastly bitterness on him as she answered. "The conscience of an ingrate who cond turn amainst the life of an adoped fither; a man whose bread he ate, whose fire warmed him, whose roof protected him, and whose heart loved
hin for seventeen years! Justice! The justice of a law that would spill the cold blood of age, to make a peaceoffering for the forgotten errors of youth! The law that continues to persecute after God has forgiven! Go, go, sir; you have less heat than I thought. Go, satisfy your conscience, and be just ".
"If my words must not be credited", said Aylmer, "I have only to endure and to be silent".
"Answer one question. Have you not linked your name with those of his accusers? Are you not numbered on their list?"

Aylmer was silent.
"You have pledged yourself to take the old man's life! Aylmer, do not say so. Think where you passed your childhood. Look around you, and upon those scenes where you first learned to enjoy life yourself. Will you make them desolate? Oh! believe me, Aylmer, it is seldom, very seldom, that it is in the power of human juegment to decide between the right and the wrong in cases so doubtful as this. The law of man that cries for 'blood' to the last, may yet be wrong: laws as fierce and cruel have been, and are no more in existence: and a more merciful race of men may alter this. The law of God, that commands mercy and holy forgiveness, may possibly be right. Let your own grateful heart tell you to which of these chances you should incline".
"Katharine-"
"Or let this consideration guide you. Suppose yourself lying to-morrow on your death-bed, and gathering comfort to your soul from the memory of your past actions, would you feel happier then in the thought that you had forgiven a wrong, and saved your ohd friend, than if you had gratified your irresolute thirst for vengeance, or jus-

"The Almighty, that sees my heart, sees how clear it is from the tainting sin that you impute to it", exclamed 5*
the youth: "but I have sworn to do what is just between the accused, his country, and his God. That oath I must not break".
" May that God, then, be my poor father's help; for his Earthly friends have forsaken him. It is enongh-Aylmer, farewell!" She placed her hand in his. "May he or she who acts ill in this, find mercy and pardon at the throne of grace. I leave you withont anger; for you and I, whatever be the issue of this heavy trial, must never meet again".

Before Aylmer could, by act or word, return any answer to her farewell, Katharine had glided out of the apartment. Wishing, nevertheless, to leave some message for her, which might possibly have the effect of vindicating him in some degree from the charge of wanton ingratitule, which she had urged against him, he turned towards Norry, who still remained, her back supported against the wall, clearing away, with the comer of her check apron, the tears that were pouring fast from her red and heavy eyes.
"Norry-" he was about to procced.
"Oh! Go from me, sir!" cried the faithful attendart, with a fresh burst of grief; "go from me, you contrairy gentleman-I rise out o' you!"

And throwing her arms aloft, as if to give increased force to the expression, the indignant soubrette followed her mistress.

The next day's noon beheld the father and daughter inclosed within the prison doors of an inconsiderable assizetuwn on the we:tern coast.

The firt mouth of a mild spring had passed away, without inducing any material change in the condition of the persons of our history, and the little town above ahmed to began to put on an appearance of life and U.side as the assize-week drew nigh. The generally silent and sunshing streets were now male to echo the frequent
tramp of the bespattered and reeking saddle-horse, and the lumbering rattle of the car which brought its loai of corn (stacked until now, the season of scarcity) to the store of the small dealer, a sort of Lilliputian merchant, who made a new profit by shipping, or rather boating the grain to the next trading city. The fronts of the ims and shebeens were screwed up, and the rooms made ready for the temporary convenience of petty jurors, summoned from the furthermost limits of the connty; strong farmers ansionsly looking for the success of their road present. ments; Palatines seeking compensation for burnt hayrieks and out-houses, fired by the land of the ubiquitous Whiteboy; rural practitioners demanding the legal graut for the support of a dispensary; middlemen in the commission of the peace, eager to curry favour with the mighty sajourners by the number and the importance of their committals; gray-coated rustics, who had come up to town to stand by a friend and relation, whese black-thorn perhaps had been a little too fatal among the neighbours at the hast fair; country gentlemen willing to show off as lords of the scene, and ambitioning a niche on the grand jury list; and last and first and best, young and blooming speculators of another order, armed with as many terrors, bent up to as fatal a purpose, and with as fair and philosophical a principle for their motive, as that which governed the awful sword-bearers of the law itself.

The concourse of in comers on this occasion was more nmmerous than usual, a circumstance readily accounted for by the singular case which was to be decided during the ensuing week. All intercourse with the prisoner was interdicted, and even his daughter, in order to retain the permission, which had in the tirst instance been granted h.r, of attending to her father's wants in person, was obliged to restrict her own movements to the limits of the prison.

A calm, breathless morning beheld the small fishing-
smack in which Aylmer had taken his passage for the town, drop her peak in the small inlet which glided by tine rillage of Blemerville, a kind of pigmy outport to the larger, or capital town. Nothing could be in more perfect accordance with the state of the voyager's mind, than the seene which was presented to his eyes when the lond call of the boatman simmmoned lim on deck. The air, as before mentioned, was perfectly still and breathless, and the clear stmless serenity of a spring forenoon rested on the landscape. On his left hand lay a flat champaign of grayish marl, covered with numbers of sea-birds, who were busily angling in the little inequalities of the plain for the juniors of the scaly tribe, deserted by the tide in its retreat. Between him and the ocean, this marl or sand elevated itself into monnds of so considerable an altitude, as to leave only an occasional shimmering of the mighty sea withont visible between their obtunded summits. On the right hand the bleak and baren chain of momntains, which form the distance of the Killarney seenery on the other side, rose suddenly in abrupt masses, to a height which left the sunthern prospect entirely to the imagination, and thew an air of softened gloom and solitude around the handsone villas, which were scattered over the richly wooded and improved country at their base. The faint hum of the little town, in the distant inland, the twittering of the carly swallow, the cry of the red-shank, the occasional wild scream of the horse-gull, the whistle of the curlew, and the soft and plaintive cry of the green plover, all heard singly, and at long intervals, formed a fitting accompaniment to the scene, miless when the report of a shoregun, directed by the murderous eye of some fuslian-clad prowling duck-shooter on the coast, reverberated like a thunder-peal anong the colloes of the memtain, and tilled the air with a thousand whirring wings, and eries of terror and reproach. Above the little bridge of Blemerville, a group of boys stood knce-deep in the stream which
flowed from the town, groping for "flukes", while their occasional exclamations of success or disappointment, somnded as distinctly in Aymer's ear as if they had been uttered by his side. Toward the offing of the little inlet, the drooping sails of the sloops and cutters, the sluggish heaving of the bulky occan, and the jeering of the wits and master-spirits of the different crews, as they sat dangling their legs orer the sides of their vessels, formed no unworthy balance to the inland portion of the picture.
"The two tin-pimies, ye'r honom?" sain the boatman, touching his hat, as Aylmer, with the privileged abstraction of melancholy, was turning off in the direction of the town, forgetful of his fare. llaving rectified his error entirely to the satisfaction of the other party, he pursued lis way to the town, which lay about a mile distant.

The flourishing of trumpets and the trampling of many feet, announced to him as he entered the suburbs of the place, that the judges were already on their way to the court. As he hurried along the crowded street, obstructed in his career by persons as eagerly bent to accomplish the same end as himself, he fell in with a scene which presented as singular a contrast to that which he had just been admiring, as his imagination could possibly have anticipated. The rushing of the anxious mulitude in various directions, the rattling of outside jaunting-cars, empty turf-kishes, and grand jury men's decayed and mud covered carriages, the clattering of brogues and horsehoofs, the shonting of one party at the release of a clausman from the clutches of the law, the shrieking and cursing of another group, who saw in the drooping head and manacled hands of an equally valued kinsman the fearful annomecment of a contrary judgment, the warwhoop of a drunken faction-leader, as lie made an effort to calper in the air and wheel his seasoned black-thorn above his head, the yelping of dogs, the squalling of chiddren, tie shrill remonstrances of shrewish mothers, the yet

## 110

 THE AYLMERS OF BALLY-AYLMER.more hideous tones of a steam-engine ballad-singer, whose awful lnngs, victorions over the frantic uproar about him, made most distinctly audible the burden of a song on the woes of the then existing colonial war:
"And they powering down their chain balls for to sweep our min away,
0 wasn't that a could riciption in the North of Americay ?"
alternated now and then, in compliment to the naval portion of his anditory, to the more popular doggrel of,

> "A sailor courted a farmer's daatur, Who lived convanient to the Isle of Man".

These, superadled to the ordinary bustle of the town, formed a combination of sombls that would, had he been present, have qualificd Ohl Morose for Hoston; and would have somided strangely in the ears of an election assessor, a common councilman, an M. P., or a writer of overtures.

It was past noon when Aylmer, after bustling his way through the narrow purlicus of the place, found himself placed in the centre of a small, low-roofed, ill-lighted, dingy court, on one side the bench, from which at that noment the final sentence of the law was issuing ; on the other the dock, over the bar of which leaned two or three squalid looking, pale-faced creatures, listening with a stare of wildered abstraction to the annomeement of their fate. The benches at either side were covered with counsel in bine frock-coats and coloured handkerchiefs, the usual forensic insirgia being treated with philosophical indifference on a provincial circuit. In a small gallery at one end Aylmer witnessed an infraction of the inviolable rales of Irish female decorum, the presence of a woman among the audience of a conrt of justice. She seemed sensible herself of the singularity of her position, for her face and persen were completely enveloped in a hood and
cloak, and the place she ocenpied was the most unobtrusive that conld have been selected.
"So the bills have been found against Cahil Fitzmaurice ?" said a voice at Aylmer's side.
"Aye, have they, then", was the reply, "and it's the next on the list. It's a droll* story : they say Counsellor_has instructions to call up young Aylmer, in regard of a ghost appearing to him, and telling him the whole tote, by which token he drew the confession out of the old man next morning. It was a quare thing. They say young Aylmer thran holy-water on the sperit, but it did not mind that no more than the devil would a parson, until he threatened it with the sacrament, when it flew up through the roof in a sheet of flame as big as a bonefire of a St. John's Eve".

A whisper now passed from the clerk of the crown to the judge, and was subsequently transmitted to the turnkey, who bowed and put himself in motion. The little grating at the far end of the dock was thrown open, and the rush which took place in the court showed that all present anticipated the meaning of the order. Heads were throst out, and eyes strained from their sockets to catch the first glimpse of the aged prisoner.

The slow and uncertain footstep at length sounded on the boarded ascent leading from the prison, and the form of the accused emerging from the gloom of the outer dock, was in a short time presented to the gaze of the multitude. The old man bowed as he took his place, and passing his hand once or twice over his eyes to relieve them from the influence of the strong light which fell immediately around him, he remained passively awaiting his fate. Althongh he had been prepared to expect a considerable change in the appearance of his old guardian, Aylmer experienced a shock when he first looked upon his face and person, which contributed very materially to shake his conviction of the

[^6]
## 112

fairness or the justice of the course which he was himself pursuing. The pale and emaciated countenance of the prisoner, the thin wrinkled chceks, deeply indented temples, eyes full of a morbid, sepulchral light, dry, staring hair, wasted fingers, and short hectic cough, seemed to intimate, that it was of little consequence to him, so far as life was concerned, in what way the trial terminated. His intellect, too, appeared to have suffered from the ravages which disease had made on his frame and constitution. It was some moments before his attention could be sufficiently aroused to enable him to give utterance to the plea of "not guilty!" and attend to the opening statement of the king's counsel.

In Ireland, where, from a certain train of causes (the origin of which we leave to weightier judgments to determine), it has been found necessary to appeal more to the cowardice than the generosity of human nature, and where the even-handed goddess, Justice, has been too often accustomed to strike up her balance with her sword -in this strange country, people are not surprised to hear what is meant to be the opening statement of the facts of a criminal case, made the velicle of crucl, unreasoning, and inlmman invective against the accused. Whatever be the evidence in reserve against him, be it so heavy and damning as to make any previous wordy acensation needless and brutal, or be it so light as to leave the wild and empty whirl of blackeming assertions poured from the crown lanyer's lip unanthorized and libelous, still the malicious prosecutor has carried his puint-he hears his victim, whether imocent or guilty, brauded with all the diabolical epithets that a flowery vein of fancy, aided by a tolerable acquaintance with the poets, can suggest. The whole range of imaginative and real history is exhatusted in searel of monsters to serve for his parallel, and every sly and subtle art by which the personal feelings and prejudices of his judges can be enlisted against the
unhappy culprit is relentlessly put in execution. When we look at this fatal engine, which the law allows only to the accusing party, and consider that it is most frequently directed against some poor wretch who is not even acquainted with the language in which he is thus traduced in his own hearing, and consequently cannot avail himself of his privilege (!!) of reply, we may, perhaps, perceive why it is that persons once placed in the dock make their exit more frequently through the back than the front entrance, why ropemakers thrive at a certain season, why the hangman can endow his daughter so handsomely, and why the science of anatomy is so attainable and so practically understood in Ireland.

On this occasion, however, there was some degree of tenderness observed, and the detail of the case was straight forward, simple, and impartial. After going through the greater portion of the evidence which he had in reserve, the counsel was observed to pause as he came to that part of his brief which contained the deposition of William Aylmer. It was a difficult sublject, and one which, if he had had a less erellulous audience to deal with, the learned gentleman might have hesitated yet more abont introducing. The deep silence, however,-the hush which his own pause occasioned among his auditory, showed him that they anticipated the tale (which was, indeed, already in circulation, with various embellishments similar to that overheard by Aylmer in the court), and that he would at least have to tell the story to grave and attentive ears. He was now coming, he said, to a portion of the evidence which would, perhaps, require a severer exercise of their judgments than any which had been hitherto submitted to their consideration. He believed-ho knew, that he was addressing limself to Christian hearers, to men convinced as he was himself of the divine origin of those sacred records which tuld of the last warning of the buried Sumuel, the supernatural re-

## 114

vealment of the murder of Uriah, and a thousand other interpositions of the Almighty Being, setting aside, or suspending, for some immediate end, the ordinary processes of nature. Justice, he remarked, was the same now as in those days-it was the same God who watched over the actions of all generations, and although the completion of the divine code, left perfect by the Founder of the Christian religion, rendered those miraculous interventions less needtinl for the interests of mankind than they were while revelation was yet partial and defective, still there was no ground on wheh a man could be justified in declaring such occurrences out of the pale of things possible. He admitted that nothing short of evidence amounting almost to ocular demonstration-a wonderful corroboration in circumstances-and, in short, all the most powerful incentives to belief which could be adduced-would be sufficient to persuade them to do so much violence to their common experience ; but he trusted he should be enabled to bring all the corroborative testimony, which they could deem necessary, before them in the course of the evening.

With this preamble, the learned counsel proceeded to a detail of the deposition made by Aylmer; after which, the examination of witnesses commenced. The listless woman of the mountain, Vamia, was one of the first who were called; but her testimony went no further than to the quarrel of the friends, its termination, and a subsequent muttered threat on the part of the prisoner, as he followed the deceased up from the cabin. She admitted, too, on her cross-examination, that she was instigated to come forward now, after a lons interval of silence, by the desire of her kinsman, who had been imprisoned on the information of young Aylmer, for plundering the prisoner's sheep.-walk.

Night lad fallen befure the case for the prosecution clused. Numbers of the spectators, exhamsted by the
length of the trial, had dropped off one afier another, leaving the audience now comparatively thin and meagre. The voices of the counsel somided more loudly, owing to the emptiness of the adjacent hall and the silence of the streets, while the dull, heavy light cast by the few talluw candles which were placed in sconces against the walls and about the bench, added cousiderably to the comfortless solemnity of the scene.

At length young Aylmer was called on to give his evidence. A heavy moan from the prisoner, almost the first audible sound which had broken from his lips duriug the day, struck on the ear and on the heart of the youth, as he ascended the steps leading to the witness-table. It was too late, however, for panse or wavering. He mustered his spirits, and bent up his soul to the duty which he had to discharge.

At the moment he took the book in his hand, and proceeded to repeat the form of oath, a low, broken scream of anguish, long suppressed, and now in its effurt to relieve itself seeming to rend the heart from which it proceeded, rang through the building, and immediately after, a well-known, thongh strangely altered voice, from the now silent and nearly deserted gallery, exclaimed in a tone of piteous entreaty:
"Aylmer! Aylmer! 0 Aylmer! mercy! for the sake of old times, mercy! Do not swear away the old man's life!"

The sensation which this singular appeal produced in the court nay be easily imagined. The suftness and tenderness of the tones brought te:us into the eyes of many of the hearers, and it was even with some difficulty that the judge coukd compel his features into an expression of high indignation.
"Remove that person, Mr. Sherif", he sail, quietly. "I know it, sir, and can make allowance for $i t$ ", he continued, in auswer to a whisper from one of the prisoner's
counsel, "but it is exceedingly indecorous. It should not have been permitted".

Order was again restored, and the witness, mastering, by a violent effort, the convulsions of passion by which his frame was slaken to the centre, proceeded to make his deposition. He went through all the circumstances of his testimony with a plainness and feeling which won irresistibly upon the sympathies of his audience, and impressed even the most incredulous with the conviction, that, however deluded his senses might have been, the youth was saying only that which in his heart he believed to be true. The chicf ground, however, upon which the counsel for the crown rested his claim on the credence of the jury, was the corroboration which the prisoner's conduct, on the next morning, afforded to the supernatural revelation of the night preceding. The impression left on the minds of those who sat in the box was striking and perceptible.

As Aylmer concluded his cvidence, and prepared to descend, a low whisper, addressed to the ear of the prisoner's leading counsel, caught his car.
"Must it be, Sir?"
"It must. We have no other chance, and it is as well filist as last", was the reply, also conveyed in a whisper.

Aylmer, imagining that he recognized the voice of the querist, turned quickly round, but saw no face that he knew. The counsel was already engaged in earnest converation with a learned brother.

The case for the proscention having terminated with the evidence of Willian Aylmer, the gentleman who was engaged on the other sile was about to sise and proceed with the defence, when he was interrupted by the comt:-
"They had already", his lordship observed, "prolonged the hearing of the case far into the uight, and many hours beyond the customary period of rising. He was
far, however, from wishing either to cut short, or postpone the termination of the case, and he would suffer it to proceed until the whole of the testimony had been laid before the jury, if the counsel on either side desired it. But it appeared to him that a more direct course might be used, in order to arrive at a satisfactory decision. The doubt which remained on his own mind, was so strong as to induce him to hesitate a moment on the propricty of sending the case to the jury, such as it was at that moment. The evidence was of so peculiar a character, that it required an exertion of reason, almost "beyond the reaches" of that faculty in man, to form a conscientious judgment upon it. He admitted the force of the learned counsel's argument, in his statement of the case : he could not, no believer in Christianity could, deny the possibility of such supernatural appearances; but there was one short mode of deciding the question, as to the reality of that which was here deposed to with so much apparent sincerity. The only ground on which the jury could reconcile to their own consciences the possibility of the tale, was the necessity of such an intervention, the dignus vindice nodus, for the ends of justice. "Let then", his lordship continued, elevating his voice to a pitel of sonorous gravity, "let the ghost of the murdered man (if murdered) come forward, and tell his tale here in this court, where his presence is much more necessary than in the chamber of a single individnal.-Crier, repeat the form!"

A murmur of amazement ran through the court at this extraordinary speech, and immediately after a silence ensued, as breathless, anxious, and profound, as if the spectators really imagined they were about to witness a miracle. The crier twice went throngh the form, and twice the call died away unheeded among the echoes of the deserted halls. Aylmer, anxious to observe its effect on the prisoner, turned round to gaze upon him, when a

## 118

 TIIE AYLMERS OF BAILY-AYLMER.startling change which took place in the whole appearance of the man, riveted and fixed his eyes in the direction they had taken. Fitzmaurice was elevatiug his head from the stooping posture which he had maintained during the period of the last witness's examination, and casting a wild and wavering glance around him, when those who, like Aylmer, had their eyes fixed on his, observed them to settle in a stare of frozen horror upon a certain point. His lip grew white, quivered, and then was still as marble-his hair stirred and separated-his brow and cheek became yet more damp and death.lhke than before-a slight shivering passed over his frame, and then every member set and stiffened in a statuc-like repose. There was no start-no sudden change of attitude; there was merely an interruption of the action of the frame, as if some fearful shock had penetrated at once to the principle of life, and left the will and the power of motion paralyzed and helpless; with a suddenness similar to that of a cataleptic attack, in which the patient seems to have

## "- forgot himself to stone"

before any external change is visible. The eyes only of the prisoner moved, following a certain object along the entrance of the court and to the witness-table. Aylmer, terrified by the action of the criminal, looked in the same direction. An old white-haired man was in the act of ascending the steps. Aylmer felt as if a bolt of ice had been struck into his leart, when he recognized in the equivocal and lurid candlelight, the features of his midnight visitor; while the gray frieze-coat and heavy sounding tread of the figure, brought to his recollection the strange letter-bearer of the Kerry mountains !
"You see before you, my lord", said the stranger, "an unfortunate man, who has only within a few montlis returned to his native country, and has during that time
been wandering like a thicf about the precincts of his own estate, in fear of a legal visitation on a charge of many years' standing. I an weary of a life of anxiety and concealment, and even if I were not called upon by the tongne of justice herself to come forward now, I wonld, before long, have gladly delivered myself up to the laws of my country".
"Your lordship will observe", qnickly remarked the connsel for the prisoner, "that this gentleman, Mr. Robert Aylmer of Bally-Aylmer, does not make any confession or admission whatsoever of the truth of the charge to which he alludes; he merely comes forward to meet inquiry, and redeem his forfeited place in society".

His lordship smiled as he nodded an acquiescence, and Mr. Aylmer smiled too, but in a more melancholy sort.
"Gentlemen", said the judge, addressing the jury, "I am glad to inform you that your business is over for this night. You will find a verdict of acquittal and attend tomorrow".
"This beats the witch of Endor hollow", said the crown lawyer, as he threw his brief to the solicitor; "your lordship may take place among the eabalists of Domlaniel after this".

Several other equally admirable witticisms passed among the jmior comsel on the back benches; such as that his lordship was a clever resurection-man-that he had given a grave turn to the proceedings-that it was a dead-letter affair, with various inflictions of a similar nature, which we grieve to say our slippery memory will not enable us to lay before the reader.

No person had yet sufficiently abstracted their attention from the now engrossing point of interest, the resnscitated lord of Bally-Aylner, to bestow a thonght on the prisoner. It was with a general exclamation of supprise, therefore, that they perecived, when the court commanded his immediate discharge, that his place at the bar was empty

## 120

The turnkey, a!l confusion at this unaccountable dis. appearance, scized a candle and examined the dock, when the unhappy man was found stretched on the floor, which was flooded with blood around his head. He was raised gently, and convered, while yet in a senseless state, to his bed-chamber in the adjoining prison; Sandy Culhane, by the direction of Mr. Aylmer, lending his assistance to the officers of the place.

The court immediately after became astir with the bustle of separation, and many a wondering hearer went bome to astoni-h the cars of his fire-side circle with a red-hot narrative of the night's adventures, which have since been transmitted, with sundry decorations and gratuitous incidents superadded, to their children's children.
'The two Aylmers, thus strangely restored to each other, proceeded together to a hotel, where the remainder of the night was spent in mutual inquiries and explanations, with an entire detail of which we shall not trouble the reader. 'The old man would, he said, have prevented all necessity for an investigation before it commenced, had he been aware of the circumstances that had taken place; but a communication from the Flushing contrabandist, who had saved his life on the night of the quarrel with Fitzmaurice, and who was then sojourning at Waterford, had called him suddenly away, the morning after he had visited Aylmer at Kilavariga. He had been induced to take this step by the information given him by Sandy Culhane, that a marriage was contemplated by Fitzmaurice between Aylmer and his daughter; a circumstance confirmed in some degree by the extraordinary care which he observed had been taken of the Aylmer property. 'This arangement was not only unpleasing to him in itself, but doubly so from its interference with a long and anxiously cherished design of his own, with respect to the fascinating and accomplished daughter of his foreign friend, Miss Quisana Van Huggel Schneiderdrugger.
"I perccive", Mr. Aylmer continued, as a slight flush
passed over the brow and cheek of his son, at the allusion to Katharine Fitzmaurice, "I see that I was wrong in my calculation, and so there is an end of the scheme at once. 'Totally ignorant as I was of my son's character and disposition, and rather induced to believe, from hisintirnte connection with the family of Kilavariga, that I should at least have wounded feelings and severed and bleeding affections to contend with, it is hardly surprising that I should have preferred making a confidant of the ancient and faithful servant of our house, immediately on my arrival. All occasion for secrecy is now, however, done away with, as my oll friend Evans of Evanstown informs me that I have nothing further to apprehend from the possibility of evidence being yet found to establish the charge once in existence against me".

The old man was correct in his anticipations on th is head. The next morning he placed himself voluntarily under arrest, and was presently after discharged in consequence of the non-appearance of the prosecutors.

The shock which Fitzmanice had received was not so immediately fatal as might have been expected. He lived long enough to be reëstablished in peace and good neighbourhood with the friend of his youth, and to join the hands of his daughter and her lover in the holy clasp of authorized affection.
"Well, Mick", said Culhane, addressing the aged herdsman, as the wedding party passed near them in their return, "there's the thief with the brogues and pavers, that you traced from Kilavariga the night of the great snow. Which o' the three now do you think will dance the best moneen at the hauling home:"
"The master thin, agen the world! Ah! the times for grinding and footing are gone by, but the Aymers were always great hands at the feet, and av there's a relic of onld times in the country, it will be shown that night at Bally-Aylmer".

# THE HAND AND TORD. 

> Porque ninguno
> De mi venganza tome
> Vengarme de mi procuro
> Buscando desde esa torre
> En el ancho mar sepulchro.

Calderonss El mayor Monstruo los Zeloo
Vengeance is here the right of none-
My punishment be mine alone!
In the broad waves that heave and boom Beneath this tower I seek my tomb.
'Tre village of Kilkee, on the south - western coast of Ireland, has been for many years to the city of Limerick (on a small scale) that which Brighton is to London. At the time, however, when the events which form the subject of the following little history took place, it had not yet begun to take precedence of a watering-place somewhat farther to the north on the same coast, called Miltown Malbay, which had been for a long time, and still was, a favourite summer resort with the fishionables of the county, such as they were. The village itself consists merely of six or eiglit streets, or straggling rows of honses, scattered irregnlarty enough over those waste banks of sand in which the land terminates as it approaches the Atlantic.

Those banks, or sandhills, as they are called, do not in this place slope gradually to the marge of the sea, but
form a kind of abrupt barrier or natural terrace around the little bay, descending with such suddeuness that the ledges on the extreme verge completely overhang the water, and with their snow-white fronts and neat green lattices, produce a sufficiently picturesque effect when the tide is at the full.

The little inlet which has been dignified with the title of a bay, opens to the nortin-west by a narrow month, rendered yet narrower in appearance by the Duggara rocks, which stretch more than half-way across from the southern extremity. A bed of fine hard sand reaches as far as low-water mark, and when the retiring waves have left it visible, affords a pleasant promenade to the bathers. Winding on either side towards the opening of the bay and along the line of coast, are seen a nmmber of broken cliffs, which, rising to a considerable height, form to the north a precipitons headland called Corballagh, and to the southward they stretch away behind Duggara in a thousand fantastic shapes. Close to the month or opening, on this side, is the Amphitheatre, which has been so named in later years, from the resemblance which instantly suggests itself to the beholder. Here the rocks lift themselves above the level of the sea in regular grades, bearing a kind of rude similitude to the benches of such a theatre as that above-maned, to the height of two or three hundred feet. In the bathing season this place is seldom without a few gromps or straggling figures, being turned to account in a great many different ways, whether as a resting-place to the wanderers on the cliffs, or a point of rendezvous to the numerons pic-nic parties who cone here to enjoy a dinner al fresco, and luxuriate on the griand and bomdless ocean-prospect which lies bencath and beyond them.

A waggish host of the village with whom I had the honour to domiciliate during a brief sojourn in the place a few yeres since, informed me that a number of serions
accidents bad rendered the visitors to the Amphitheatre somewhat more cautious of suffering themselves to become entangled among the perils of the shelving and disjointed crags of which it was composed. Among many anedotes of warning he mentioned one which occurred to a meditative gnest of his own, for which I at first gave him credit for a poetical imagination, though I afterwards found he had spoken nothing more than a real fact.
"To take out his book" (he said in answer to a question from me, as to the manner of the occurrence), "and to sit down as it might be this way on a shelving rock, and the sea to be roaring, and he to be thinking of notiing, only what he was reading, when a swell riz and took him out a distins, as it might be to give him a good sea-view of the cliff's and the place, and turning again the same way it came, laid him up on the same stone, where, l'll be your bail, he was mighty scarce in less than no time".

Beyoad the Amphitheatre, the cliff rises to a still greater height, forming an eminence called the Look-out. Shocking as the tale may appear to modern readere, it has been a-serted, and but too many evidences remain to give weight and colour to the supposition, that in those barbarous (though not very distant) times, this place was employed as an observatory by the wild fishermen of the coast and neighbouring hamlets, the priscipal portion of whose livelihood was derived from the plunder of the unfortunate men who happened to be wrecked on this inhozpitable shore ; and it is even recorded, and generally believed, that fires were, on tempestuous nights, frequently lighted here, and in other dangerous parts of the coast, in order to allare the labouring vessel, already lardly set by the war of winds and waves, to a more certain and immediate destruction on the rocks and shoals beneath, a practice, it is said, which was often successful to a fearful extent.

The most remarkable point of seenery about the pace, and one with which we shall close onr pertapis not mneedfinl sketen of the little district, is the Pufling-hule, a cavern near the base of the clif last-mentioned, which vaults the enormous mass of crag to a considerable distance inland, where it has a narrow opening, appearing to the eyes of a stranger like a deep natmral well. When the tremendous sea from abroad rolls into this cavern, the effect is precisely the same as if water were furced into an inverted funnei, its impetus of course increasing as it ascends through the narrow neck, until at length reaching the perpendicular opening, or Puffing-hole, it jets frequently to an immense height into the air, and falls in rain on the mossy fields behind.

At a little distance from this singular phenomenon stood a rude cottage. It was tenanted by an aged woman of the place, the relict of one of the most daring planderers of the coast, who was snspected to have been murdered by one of his own comrades a good many yeare before. The interior of the little building bore sufficient testimony to the umlawful habits of its former master. All, even the greater proportion of the domestic utensils, were formed of ship timbers: a rudler had been awkwardly hacked and hewed up into something be:tring a resemblance to a table, which stood in the middle of the principal apartment ; the rafters were made from the spars of boom, peek, and yard; a settle-bed at the further end had been constructed from the ruins of a gallant ship; and the little boarded parlour inside was furnished in part from the same materials. A number of planks, carelessly fastened together by way of a dresser, stood against the wall, shining forth in all the glory of burnished pewter, wooden-platter, and giudily panted earthenware the heir-loms of the honse of Muran.

Terrified and shocked to the sonl by the sudden fate of her late sponse, Mrs. Moran, the proprictress of the
cottage, resolved that their boy, an only child, should not follow the dangerous courses of his father. In this she happened to be seconded by the youth's own disposition, which inclined to a quietude and gentleness of character. Ile was, at lis sixteenth year, far beyond his compeers of the village in point of education, and not behind in beanty of person, and dexterity at all the manual exercises of goal, single-stick, etc., etc., accomplishments, however, which were doomed not to be wasted in the obscurity of his native wilderness, for before he had completed his seventeenth year, he was laid by the heels, one morning as he sat at breakfast, and pressed to sea.

One day was allowed him tor take leave of old friends, and prepare to bid a long adien to his native home. This day was a painful one, for more reasons than one.

Of course it is not to be supposed that so smart, handsome, clever, and well disposed a lad as Charlie Morau, should be umappreciated among the maidens of the district in which he vegetated. He had in short a lover; a fine flaxen-haired girl, with whom he had been intimate from infincy up to youth, when the wars (into the service of which he suspected he was betrayed by the agency of the girl's parent, a comfortable Palatine in the neighbourhoorl) called him away from lis boyish sports to the exercise of a premature manhood. Their parting was by no means more agrecable to little Ellen Sparling than to himself, seeing that they were more fondly and deeply attached to one another, than is frequently the case with persons of their age and rank in life, and moreover that it would not have been the easiest matter possible to find a pair so well matehed in temper and habits, as well as in personal loveliness (just then mfolding itself in each with a promise of perfect maturity) anywhere about the country-site.

The father of the girl, however, who, to say the truth, was indeed the contriver of Muran's impressment, looked
forward to his absence with a great deal of joy. The old Palatine, who possessed all the prudence of parents in every soil and season, and all the natural obstimaty of disposition inherent in the mational character of the land of his forefathers, had on this occasion his prejudices doubly strengthened, and rendered at last inveterate, by the differences of religion and education, as well as by that eternal, reciprocal, and indomitable hatred which invariably divides the usurping and favoured immigrant from the oppressed indigenons disinherited inheritor of the soil. Fond of his little girl, yet hating her friend, he took the part of weaning them asmuder by long absence, a common mistake anong more enlightened parents than Mr. Sparling.

On the day preceding that of young Moran's departure, when the weeping girl was hanging on his neek, and overwhelming him with conjurations to "prove true", an advice, to follow which, he assured her over and over again in his own way, he necded no exhortations, her lover proposed to her to walk (as it might be for the last time) towards a spot which had been the usual limit to thei: rambles, and their general rendezvous whenever her father thonglit proper to forbid their communing in his house, which was only done at intervals, his vigilance being a surt of chronic affection, sometimes rising to a height which seemed dangerons to their hopes, sometimes relapsing into a state of almost perfect indifference. To this spot the lovers now repaired.

It was a recess in the cliff that bectled over the caverns, and was so formed as to hold no more than three or four persons, who, when they occupied the rule seats naturally formed in the roek, were invisible to any human eye which might be directed otherwhere than from the sea. The approach to it was by a narrow footway, in ascending or descending which, one seemed almo-t to hang in air, so far did the clifi-head project over the waters, and so scanty
was the path of the descent on either side. Custom, however, had rendered it a secure footing to the inhabitants of the village, and the lovers speedily found themselves within the little nook, secluded from every mortal eye.

It was a still antumn evening: there was no sunshine, but the fixed splendour of the sky above and around them, on which the lines, or rather- waves, of shin vapour extending from the north-west, and tinged on one side by the red light of the sun, which had just gone down, presented the similitude of a sea frozen into a brilliant mass in the act of undulation. Beyond them lay Bishop's Island, a little spot of land, shooting up from the waves in the form of a gigantic column, about three hundred feet in height, the sides barren and perpendicular, and the plain above covered with verdure to the marge itself. Immediately above their heads was a blighted elder tree (one of the most remarkable phenomena* of this woodless district) which now hung, like a single gray hair, over the bare and baren brow of the aged cliff.

The wanderers sat here in perfect security, although by a step forward they might look mpon a tremendous inslanting precipice beneath, against the base of which, at times, the sea lashed itself with such fury, as to bound in huge masses over the very summit, and to make the cliff itself shake and tremble to a considerable distance inland.
"I have asked you to come here, Ellen", said her lover, as he held her hand in one of his, while the other was passed round her waist, "for a very solemn purpose. It is a belief amongst us, and many have seen it come to pass, that those who pledge themselves to any promise, whether of hate or love, and who, with their hands

[^7]clasped together as ours are now, plight their faith and troth to perform that promise to one another-it is onr belief, I say, that whether in the land of the living or the dead, they can never enjoy a quiet soul until that promise is made good. I must serve five years before I obtain my discharge; when I get that, Ellen, I will return to this place, and let yon know, by a token, that I am in the neighbouhood. Pledge me your hand and word, that when you receive that token, whether you are married or mumarried, whether it be dark, moon-light, or stormy, yon will come ont alone to meet me where I shall appoint, on the night when I shall send it".

Without mnch hesitation the young girl solemnly pledged herself to what he required. He then unbound from her hair a ribbon by which it was conlfned, kissed it, and placed it in his bosom, after which they ascended the cliff and separated.

After the departure of yonng Moran, his mother, to relieve her loneliness, opened a little place of entertamment for the fish jolters, whose trade it was (and is) to carry the fish taken on the coast to the nearest market-town for sale, as also for the fishermen of the village and chance passengers. By this means she liad accumulated a very considerable sum of money in a few years. Ellen Sparling observed this with the more satisfaction, as she felt it might remove the greatest bar that had hitherto oppused itself to her union with Charles Muran.

Five years and some months had rolled away since his departure, and he had not been heard of during that time in his native villige. All things remained very nearly in the same state in which he had left them, with the exception of the increased posperity of his mother's circumstances, and the matared beanty of lillen, who was grown into a blooming woman, the admiration of all the men, and it is said, thongh I don't vouch for the fict, of all the women too, of her meighbounhood. There are
limits of superority beyond which envy cannot reach, and it might be said, perhaps, that Ellen was placed in this position of advantage above all her female acquaintances. It is not to be supposed that she was left untempted all this while, or at least unsought. On the contrary, a number of suitors had directly or indirectly presented themselves, with one of whom only, however, I have any business at present.

He was a young fisherman, and one of the most constant visitors at the elegant soirées of the widow Moran, where, however, he was by no means a very welcome guest, either to the good woman or her customers. He held, nevertheless, a high place at the board, and seemed to exercise a kind of dominion over the revellers, perbaps as much the consequence of his outward appearance, as of his life and habits. He was powerfully made, tall, and of a comtenance which, even in his hours of comparative calmuess and inaction, exhibited in the mere arrangement of its featmes, a brutal violence of expression which was exceedingly repugnant. The middle portion of his physiognomy was rather flat and sunken, and his month and forehead projecting much, rendered this deformity disgustingly apparent. Decp black, large glistening eyes glanced from bencath a pair of brows, which so nearly approached each other, as, on every movement of passion or impulse of suspicion, to form in all appearance one thick shaggy line across, and the unamiable cfifect of the countenance altogether was not improved by the temper of the man, who was feared throughout the neighburhood, as well for his enormons strength, as for the violence, tha suspicious tetchiness, and the habitnal glominess of his character, which was never more visible than when, as now, he affected the display of jollity and hearty good-fellowship. It was whispered, moreover, that he was visited, alter some unusual excitement, with fits of widness approaching to insanity, at
the accession of which he was wont to conceal himself from all human intercourse for a period, until the evil influence (originating, as it was asserted privately among his old associates, in the remorse with which the recollection of his manifold crimes was accompanied) had passed away-a circumstance which scemed to angur a corsciousness of this mental infirmity. At the end of those periods of retirement, he was wont to return to his companions with a haggard and jaded countenance, a dejected demeanour, and a sense of shame manifested in lis address, which, for a short space only, served to temper the violence of his conduct. Robbers and murderers, as all of his associates were, this evil-conditioned man had gone so far beyond them in his total recklessness of crime, that he had obtained for himself the distinguishing appellative (like most nicknames in Irish low life, ironically applied) of Yamon Macauntha, or Honest Ned; occasionally varied (after he had reached the estate of manhool, and distinguished himself among the smugglers, over whom he acquired a speedy mastery, by his daring spirit, and amost invariable success in whatever he nndertook) with that of Yamon Dhn, or Black Ned, a nume which applied as well to his dark complexion, long, mattel, coal-black hair and beard, as to the fierce and relentiesi energy of his disposition.

Oue anecdote, which was told with suppressed breath and involuntary shuddering, even among those who were by his side in all his deeds of blood, may serve to illustrate the terrific and savage cruelty of the man. A Dutch vessel had gone to pieces on the rocks beneath the Lookout. The waves rolled in like monntains, and lashed themselves with such fury against the cliffs, that very speedily nearly all those among the crew who clung to the dritting fragments of the wreek, were dashed to atoms on the projecting granite. A few only, among whom was the captain of the vessel, who struggold with desperato
vigour against the dreadful element, succeeded in secaring; themselves on a projecting rock, from whence, feeble and cxhansted as they were, the poor mariners endearowed to hail a number of people, who were looking out on the wreck from the cliff-head above them. They succeeded in attracting attention, and the spectators prepared to lower a rope for their relief, which, as they were always provided against such accidents, they were not long in bringing to pass. It was first girded aromed the waist of the captain, and then fastened around that of his two companions, who, on giving a signal, were drawn into the air, the former holding in one hand a little casket, and with the other defending himself against the pointed projections of the cliff as he ascended. When very near the summit, which completely overbung the waves, he begged, in a faint tone, that some one would take the casket from his hauds, as he feared it might be lost in the attempt to secure his own hold. Yamon was but too alert in accoling to the wretched man's request; he threw himself forward on the sand, with his breast across the rope, and took the casket from his uplifted hand.
"God's blessing on your souls, my deliverers", cried the poor man, wringing his clasped hands, with a gesture and look of fervent gratitude, "the easket is safe, thank God! and my faith to my employers_-" he was yet speaking, when the rope severed under Black Yanon's breast, and the three men were precipitated into the yawning waters beneath. They were hurried out by the retiring waves, and the next moment their mangled bodes were left in the recesses of the cliff.

A ery of horror and of compassion burst even from the savage hearts of a crew of smugglers, who had been touched by the conage and constancy which was displayed by the brave mortunates. Yamon alone remained umboved (and hard must the heart have been which even the voice of gratitude, ummerited though it was, could not
soften or penetrate). He gave utterance to a burst of hoarse, grumbling laughter, as he waved the casket in trimmph before the eyes of his comrades.
"Huh! huh!" he exclaimed, "she was a muthaunwhy didn't she keep her casket till she drew her painther ashore?"

One of the men, as if doubting the possibility of the inlmman action, advanced to the edge of the cliff. He found the rope had been evidently divided by some sharp instrument; and observing something glittering where Yamon lay, he stooped forward and picked up an open clasp-knife, which was presently claimed by the mublushing monster. However shocked they might have been at the occurrence, it was no difficult matter for Yamon to persuade lis companions that it would be nowise convenient to let the manner of it tramspire in the neighbourhood; and in a very few minutes the fate of the Dutchmen seemed completely banished from their recollection (never very retentive of benevolent emotions), and the only question held regarded the division of the booty. They were disappointed, however, in their hopes of spoil, for the casket which the faitliful shipman was so auxious to preserve, and to obtain which his murderer had made sacrifice of so many lives, contained nothing more than a few papers of bottomry and insurance, valueless to all but the owners of the vessel. This circumstance seemed to tonch the villain more nearly than the wanton cruelty of which he had been guilty; and his gang, "ho were superstitious exactly in proportion to their want of honesty and of all moral principle, looked upon it as a supernatural occhrrence, in which the judgment of an oficuded Deity was made manifest.

This amiable person had a sufficiently good opinion of himself to make one among the adnirers of Ehten Sparling. It is scarcely necessary to say that his suit was unsuccessful. Indecd the maiden was lieard privately te
declare her conviction that it was impossible there could be found anywhere a more ugly and disagreeable man, in every sense.

One fine frosty evening, the widow Moran's was more than usually crowded. The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, so as to render any other light unnecessary, although the night had already begun to close in. The mistress of the establishment was busily occupied in replenishing the wooden noggins, or driuking vessels, with which the board was covered; her glossy white hair turned up under a clean kerchief, and a general gala gladness spreading an unusnal light over her shrivelled and attennated features, as by various courtesies, addressed to the company around her, she endeavoured to make the gracious in her own house. Near the chimneycorner sat Dura Keys, a dark featured, bright eyed giri, who on account of her skill on the bagpipe, a rather unfeminine accomplishment, and a rare one in this district (where, however, as in most parts of Ireland, music of some kind or another was constantly in ligh request) filled a place of high consideration among the merrymakers. The remander of the scene was filled up with the fishermen, smugglers, and fish-jolters; the latter wrapt in their blue fricze coats, and occupying a more unobtrusive comer of the apartment, while Yamon, as noisy and imperious as usual, sat at the head of the rude table, giving the word to the whole assembly.

A knocking was heard at the sliglit lurdle-door. The go d woman went to open it, and a young man entered. He was well formed, though rather thin and dark skinned, and a profusion of black curled hair clustered about his temples, corresponding finely with his glancing, dark, firy eye. An air of sadness, or of pensiveness, too, hung a'ont him, which gave an additional interest to his appear:nce, and impressed the spectator with an involntitary respect. Mrs. Moran drew back with one of her lowest
curtsies. The stranger smiled sadly, and extended his hand. "Don't you know me, mother?" he asked. The poor woman sprung to his neck with a cry of joy.

All was confusion in an irstant. "Charles"-"Charlie" -"Mr. Moran"-was echoed from lip to lip in proportion to the scale of intimacy which was enjoyed by the several speakers. Many a rough hand grasped his, and many a good-humoured buffet and maledietion he had to endure before the tumultuous joy of his old friends had subsided. At length after all questions had been answered, and all old friends, the dead, the living, and the absent, had been tenderly inquired for, young Moran took his phace among the gnests; the amusements of the evening were renewed, and Yamon, who had felt his importance considerably diminished by the entrance of the young traveller, began to resume his self-constituted sovereignty.

Gambling, the great curse of socicty in all climes, classes, ages, and states of civilization, was not muknown or unpractised in this wild region. Neither was it here nnattended with its usual effects upon the mind, heart, and happiness of its votaries. The eager manifestation of assent which passed round the circle, when the proposition of just " a hand $o$ ' five and-furty" was made, showed that it was by no means an unusnal or unaceeptable resonrce to any person present. The young exile, in particular, seemed to catch at it with peculiar readiness; and, in a few minutes, places and partners being arranged, the old woman deposited in the middle of the table a pack of cards, approaching in shape more to the oval than the oblong square, and in colonr scarcely distinguishable from the biack oaken board on which they lay. Castom, however, had rendered the players particularly expert at their use, and they were dealt romd with as much flippancy as the newest pack in the hands of a demon of St. James's in ome own time. One advantage, sertainly, the fashiouable gamesters possessed over these primitive gamblers: the
latter were perfectly ignorant of the nseful niceties of play, so much in request among the former. Old gentlemen, stags, bridges, etc., were matters totally unknown among onr coast friends, and the only necessary consequences of play, in which they (perhaps) excelled, were the outrageons violence, good month-filling oaths, and the ferocions trimmph which followed the winnings or the losses of the several parties.

After he had become so far acquainted with the dingy pieces of pasteboard in his hand, as to distingnish the almost obliterated impressions upon them, the superior skill of the sea-farer became apparent. Yamon, who played against him, soon began to show symptoms of turbulence, which the other treated with the most perfect coolness and indifference, still persevering in his good play, until his opponent, after lavishing abundance of abuse cn every body around him, especially on his unfortmate partner in the game, acknowledged that he had no more to lose. The night had now grown late, and the gnests dropping off one by one, Moran and his mother were left alone in the cottage.
"Mother", said the young man, as he threw the little window-shutter open, and admitted a gush of moonlight which illumined the whole room, "will you keep the fire stirring till I return: the night is fine, and I must go over the cliffs".
" 'The cliffs! to-night, child!" cjaculated the old woman. "Yon don't think of it, my heart?"
"I must go", was the reply; "I have given a pledge that I dare not be false to ".
"The clifis!" contimued the old woman. "The way is mecertain even to the feet that know it best, and sure you wonkh't try it in the hight, and after being away till you dun't know, may be, a foot o' the way".
"When I left Ellen Sparling, mother", said the yonng man, "I pledged her my faith, that I would meet her on
the night on which she should receive from me a token she gave me. She, in like manner, gave me hers. That token I sent to her before I entered your doors this evening, and I appointed her father's ould honse, where he lived in his poor days, and where I first saw her, to meet me. I must keep my word on all hazards". And he flung the cottage-door open as he spoke.
"Then take care, take care", said the old woman, clasping her hands and extending them towards him, while she spoke in her native tongue. "The night, thank God! is a fine night, and the sea is still at the bottom of the eliffs, but it is an unsure path. I know the eyes that will be red, and the cheeks that will be white, and the young and fair ones too, if anything contrary should come to you this holy evening". "I have given her my hand and word", was Moran's reply as he closed the door, and took the path over the sand hills.

The moon was shining brightly when he reached the cliffs, and entered on the path leading to the old rendezvous of the lovers, and from thence to the ruined building, where he expected to meet Ellen. He trudged along in the light-heartedness of feeling inspired by the conviction he felt, that the happiness of the times, which every olject he beheld brought to his recollection, had not passed away with those days, and that a fair and pleasaut future yet lay before him. He turned off the sand-hills while luxuriating in those visions of unchecked delight.

Passing the rocks of Duggara, he heard the plashing of oars, and the rushing of a canoe through the water. It seemed to make towards a landing-place finther down, and lying almost on his path. Ile pursued his course, supposing, as in fact proved to be the case, that it was one of the fishermen drawing his canoe nearer to the caverns which were to be made the scene of a seal-hunt on the following day. As the little vessel glided through the water bencath him, a wild song, in the language of
the country, rose to the broken crag on which he now rested, chaunted by a powerful masculine voice, with all the monotonous and melancholy intonation to which the construction of the music is peculialy favourable. The followiug may be takelu as a translation of the stanzas:-

## 1.

The Priest stood at the marriage board, The narriage cake was made:
With meat the marriage chest was stored, Decked was the marriage bed.
The old man sat beside the fire, The mother sat by him, The while bride was in gar attire But her dark eye was dim, Ululah! Ululah!
The night falls quick - the sun is set,
Her love is on the water yet.
II.

I saw the red cloud in the west, Against the morning light,
Heaven shield the youth that she loves best From evil chance to night.
The door flings wide! Loud moans the gale, Wild fear her boson chills,
It is, it is the Banthee's wail, Orer the darkened hills,

Ululah! Ululah!
The day is past! the night is dark!
The waves are mounting round his bark.

## int.

The guests sit round the bridal bed,
And break the bridal cake,
But they sit by the dead man's head.
And hold his wedlling-wake.
The bride is praying in her room,
The place is silent all!
A tearful call! a sudden doom!
Lridal and funeral!
Ululah! Ululañ
A youth to Kiltichera's ta'en.
That never will return again.

Before Moran had descended much further on his way, he perceived that the canoe had reached a point of the rock close upon his route. The fisherman jumped to land, made fast the painter, and tmrning up the path by which Moran was descending, soon encountered him. It was Yamon Macauntha.
"Ho! Mr. Moran! Out on the cliffs this hour o' the night, sir?"
"Yes, I have a good way to go. Good by to you".
"Easy a while, sir", said Yamon; "that is the same way I'm going myself, and I'll be with you".

Moran had no objection to this arrangement, although it was not altogether pleasing to him. He knew enough of the temper and habits of the smuggler to believe him eapable of any design, and although he had been a stronger built man than he was, yet the odds, in case of any hostile attempt, would be fearfully in Yamon's favour: He remembered, too, certain rumours which had reached him of the latter being occasionally subject to fits of gloom approaching in their strength and intensity to actual derangement, and began to hesitate as to the more advisable course to be pursued. However, not to mention the pusillanimity of anything having the appearance of retreat, such a step would in all probability have been attempted in vain, for Yamon stood directly behind him, and the path was too narrow to admit the possibility of a successful struggle. He had only to obey the motion of the fisherman and move on.
"You don't know", said the latter, "or may be you never heard of what l'm going to tell you now ; but easy, and you'll know all in a minute. Do yox see that slophig rock down by the sea, where the horse-gull is standing at this minnte, the same we passed a while ago. When my mother was little better than seven months married, b wisio living hard by on the sand-hills, she went many's the time down to that rock, to feteh home some of the salt-water
for pickle and things, and never made any work of going down there late and early, and at all hours. Well, it was as it might be this way, on a fine bright night, that she took her can in her hand, and down with her to the rock. The tide was full in, and when she turned off 0 ' the path, what should she see fronting her, out, and sitting quite erect intirely upon the rock, only a woman, and she having the tail of her gown turned up over her head, and she sitting quite still, and never spaking a word, and her back towards my mother. 'Dieu uth', says my mother, careless and civil, thinking of nothing, and wanting her to move; but she took no notice. 'Would it be troubling yon if I'd just step down to get a drop o' the salt-water?' says my mother. Still no auswer. So thinking it might be one of the neighbours that was funning, or else that it might be asleep she was, she asked her very plain and loud to move out o' the way. When there wasn't ere a word come after this, my mother stooped forward a little, and lifted the gownd from the woman's forehead, and peeped under-and what do you think she seen in the dark within? Two eyes as red as fire, and a shrivelly old face without any lips hardly, and they drawn back, and teeth longer than lobster's claws, and as white as the bleached bones. Her heart was down in her brogue* when it started up from her, and with a sereech that made two halves of my mother's brains, it flew ont over the wide sea.
"My mother went home and took to her bed, from which she never stirred till 'twas to be taken to Kilfichera church-yarl. It was in that week I was born. I never pass that place at night alone, if I can help itand that is patly the reason why I made so free to ask you to bear me company".

Moran had lis confudence fully reëstablishod by these words. He thought he saw in Yamon a wretch so * Shoe.
preyed npon by remorse and superstition, as to be incapable of contemplating any deep crime, to which he had not a very great temptation. As Yamon still looked toward the rock beneath, the enormous horse-gull by which he had first indicated its position to Moran, took flight, and winged its way slowly to the elevation on which they stood. The bird rose above, whecled round them, and with a shrill cry, that was repeated by a homdred echoes, dived again into the darkness underneath. Moran, at this instant, had his thoughts turned in another direction altogether, by the sight of the little recess in which Ellen and he had held their last conversation. He entered, followed by Yamon, who threw himself on the rude stone seat, observing that it was a place "for the phuka to make her bed in".

The young traveller folded his arms, and gazed around for a few minutes in silence, his heart striving beneath the load of recollections which came upon him at every glance and motion. On a sudden, a murmured sound of voices was heard underneath, and Moran stooped down, and overlooked the brink of the tremendous precipiec. There was a flashing of lights on the calm waters bencath, and in a few minutes a canoe emerged from the great cavern, bearing three or four men, with lighted torches, which, however, they extinguished as soon as they came into the clear moonlight. IIe continued to mark them until they were lost behind a projecting crag. He then turned, and in removing his hand detached a peble, which, falling after a long pause into the sea, formed what is called by the peasant children, who practise it in sport, " a dead man's skull". It is formed when a stone is cast into the water, so as to emit no spray, but cutting rapilly and keenly through, in its descent, produces a gurgling evolution, bearing a momentary resemblance to the tables of a human skull. The sound ceased, and all again was still and silent, with the exception of the
sound which the stirring of the waters made in the mighty caveru beneath.
"I remember the time when that would have won a button* for me", said Moran, turning round. He at the same instant felt his shoulder grasped with a tremendous force. He looked quickly up, and beheld Yamon, his eyes staring and wild with some frantic purpose, bending over him. A half uttered exclamation of terror escaped him, and he endeavoured to spring towards the path which led from the place. The giant arm of Yamon, however, intercepted him.
"Give me, cheat and plunderer that you are", cried the fisherman, while his limbs trembled with emotion, " give me the money you robbed me of this night, or by the great light that's looking down on us, I'll shake you to pieces".
"There, Yamon, there: you have my life in your power-there is your money, and now-" He felt the grasp of the fisherman tightening upon his throat. He struggled, as a wretch might be expected to do, to whom life was new and dear; but he was as a child in the gripe of his enemy. There was a smothering shriek of entreaty -a wild attempt to twine himself in the limbs and frame of the murderer-and in the next instant he was hurled over the brow of the cliff.
"Another! another life!" said Yamon Dhu, as with hands stretched out, and fingers spread, as though yet in act to grasp, he looked ont over the precipice. "The water is still again-Ha! who calls me? -From the caverns? -No.-Above?-Another life! - A deal of Christian's blood upon one man's soul!" and he rushed fiom the place.

About eleven o'clock on the fullowing morning (as fine a day as could be), a young lad uamed Terry Mick (Terry,

- The practice of playing for luttons is very common among the peasant children.
the son of Mick, a species of patronymic very usual in Ireland), entered, with considerable haste, the kitchen of Mr. Morty Slannon, a gentleman farmer, besides being coroner of the county, and as jolly a man as any in the neighbourhood. Terry addressed a brief tale in the ear of Aby Galaghar, Mr. Shannon's steward and fac-totum, which induced the said Sandy to stretch his long, we!lseasoned neck, from the chimney-corner, and directing his voice towards the door of an inner room, which was complimented with the appeilation of a parlour, exclaimed: "Mr. Morty! you're calling, sir".
"Who am I calling?" asked a rich, waggish voice, from within.
"Mr. Sparling, the Palatine's boy, sir", replied Aby, quite unconscious of the quid pro quo.
"Indeed! More than 1 knew nysself. Walk in, Terry".
"Go in to him, 'Terry dear", said Aby, resuming his comfortable position in the chimney-corner, and fixing a musing, contented eye upon a great cauldron of potatoes that hung over the turf-fire, and on which the first simmering froth, or white horse (as it is called in Irish cottages), had begun to appear.
"The master sent me to you, sir", said Terry, opening the door, and protruding an cye, and half a face intc the sauctum sanctorum, "to know with his compliments-"

But first, I should let you have the glimpse that Terry got of the company within. The person to whom he immediately addressed himself sat at one end of a small deal table, on which were placed a jug of cold water, a broken bowl, half filled with coarse brown sugar, and a little jar, which, by the frequent chauges of position it underwent, seemed to contain the favourite article of the three. Imagine to yourself a middle sized man, with stont, well-set limbs, a short and thick head of hair, an indented forehead, eyes of a piercing gray, bright and sparkling, with an expression between leer and satire, and a nose running in
a curvilineal direction toward the mouth. Nature had, in the first instance, given it a sinister inclination, and chance, wishing to rectify the morals of the feature, had by the agency of a black-thorn stick in the hands of a rebellions tenant, sent it again to the right. 'Twas kindly meant, as Mr. Morty himself used to say, though not dexterously exccuted.
"The master's compliments, sir", continued Terry, "to know if your honour would just step over to Kilkec, where there has been a bad business this morningCharlic Moran being lying dead, on the broad of his back, at the house, over".

When I say that an expression of involuntary satisfaction, which he in vain endcavoured to conceal, diffincd itself over the tortuous countenance of the listener at this intelligence, it is necessary I should save his character by reminding the reader that he was a county coroner, and in addition to the four pounds which he was to reccive for the inquest, there was the chance of an invitation to stay and dine with the Sparlings, people whose mode of living Mr. Morty had before now tried and approved.
"Come here, Terry, and take your morning", said he, filling a glass of ardent spirits, which the youth immediately disposed of with a speed that showed a sufficient familiarity with its use, although some affectation of mincing decency induced him to colour the delicious relish with a grimace and shrug of comical dislike, as he replaced the glass on the table.
"E'then, that's good stuff, please your honour. Sure I'd know the master's anywhere over the world. This is some of the two year old, sir. 'Twas made the time Mr. Grady, the guager, was stationed below there, at the white house-and faix, many a drop he tasted of it himself, in the master's barn".
"And is the still so long at work, Terry?"
"Oh, long life to you, sir,-ayc is it and longer too

The master has sech a 'cute way with him in managing the still-hunters. 'Tis in vain for people to inform: to be sure, two or three tried it, but got nothing by it, barring a good lacing at the next fair-day. Mr. Grady used regularly to send notice when he got an information, to have him on his guard against he'd eome with the army-and they never found anything there, I'll be your bail for it, more than what served to send ' em home as drunk as pipers, every mother's son. To be sure, that Mr. Grady was a pleasant man, and well liked wherever he came, among high and low, rich and poor, although being a guager and a Protestant. I remember making him laugh hearty enough once. He asked me, says he, as it might be funning: 'Terry', says he, 'I'm very bad inwardly. How would you like to be walking after a guager's funeral this morning?' 'Why thin, Mr. Grady', says I, 'I'd rather see a thousand of your religion dead than yourself, and meaning no love for you, neither'. And poor man, he did langh hearty, to be sure. He had no pride in him-no pride, more than a child, had'ut Mr. Grady. God's peace be with him wherever he is this day".

In a few minutes Mr. Shamnon's blind mare was saddled, and the head of the animal being directed toward Kilkee, away went 'Terry, trotting by the coroner's side, and shortening the road with his quaint talk. On arriving at the Palatine's house, they found it crowded with the inhabitants of the village. The fairy doctor of the district sat near the door; his brown and weatherbeaten face wrapped in an extraordinary degree of mystery, and his eyes fixed with the assumption of deep thought on his twirling thumbs: in another part of the outer room was the schoolmaster of the parish, discussing the "crowner's quest law" to a circle of admiring listeners. In the chimney-corner, on stools which were ranged for the purpose, were congregated the "knowledgable" women of the district. Two soldiers, detached from the nearest
gnard, were stationed at the door, and at a little distance from them, seated at a table, and basking in the morning sunshine, might be seen a number of fishermen and others, all deeply engrged in converse upon the occurrence which had summoned them together. One of them was in the act of speaking when the coroner arrived:-
"We had been drawing the little canoe up hard hy the cavern, sceing would we be the first to be in upon the seals when the hunt would begin, when I see a black thing lying on the shore among the sea-weed, about forty yards or upwards from the rock where I stood; and 'tisnt itself I see first, either, only two sea-gulls, and one of 'em perched upon it, while the other leep wheeling round above it, and screaming as nait'rel as a christen; aud so I ran down to Phil, here, and says I: 'There's murder down upon the rocks, let us have it in from the fishes'. So we bronght it ashore. 'Twas pale and stiff, but there was no great harm dune to it, strauge to say, in regard of the great rocks, and the place. We knew poor Moran's face, and we said nothing to one another, only wrapt the spritsail about it, and had it up here to Mr. Sparling's (being handier to us than his own mother's), where we told our story ".

Passing into the honse, Mr. Morty Shannon was received with all the respect due to his exalted station. The wom.n curt-ied low, and the men raised their hands to their fureheads with that courteous action which is familiar to all, even the most unenlightened of the pearsantry of the sonth of Irelaud. The master of the mansion, a confortable-looking farmer-like sort of person, rose from his seat near the hearth, and grected the man of office with an air of greater familiarity, yet with a reserve becoming the occosion. As the dour of an imaer apartment stood open, Mr. Shamnon conld see the corpse of the murdered man laid ont on a table near the window. Close to the head stood the mother of the dead, hanging over
the corpse in silent grief, swaying herself backward and forward with a gentle motion, and wringing her hands; yet with so noiscless an action, that the profound silence of the room was never broken. On the cpposite sile, her fine head resting against the bier-her white, wan fingers wreathed together in earnest prayer above the body, while a half-stifled sob occasionally shook her delicate frame -and her long and curting tresses fell in flaxen masses over the bosom of the murdered, knelt Moran's betrothed oove, Ellen Sparling. As she prayed, a sudden thought seemed to rush upon her, she raised her head, took from her bosom a light green ribbon, and kissing it fervently and repeatedly, she folded and placed it in that of the murdered youth, after which she resumed her kneeling posture. There are few, I believe, who have lived among scones of human suffering to so little purpose as not to be aware, that it is not the heavincss of a particular calamity, nor the viulence of the sorrow which it produces, that is at any time most powerful in awakening the commiseration of an uninterested spectator. The capability of deep feeling may be more or less a property of all hearts, but the power of communicating it is a gift possessed by few. 'Tbe murmur of a brused heart, the faint sigh of a broken spirit, will often stir and thrill through all the strings of sympathy, while the frantic ravings of a wilder, though not less real woe, shall fail to excite any other sensation than that of pain and uneasiness. Perhaps it may be, that the selfishness of our nature is such, that we are alamed and put on our grard, in proportion to the violence of the appeal which is made to us, and must be taken by surprise, before our benevolent emotions can be awakened. However all this might be, being no philosopher, 1 can only state the fact, that Mr. Morty Shamnon, who had witnessed many a scene of frantic agony without experiencing any other feeling than that of impatience, was moved, even to a forgetfulness of his office, by the
quict, nobtrusive grief which he witnessed on entering this apartment.

It was the custom in those days, and is still the enstom in most parts of Ireland, where any person is supposed to have "come by his end" unfairly, that all the inhabitants of his parish, or district, particularly those who, from any previons cireumstances, may be rendered at all liable to suspicion, shall mect to gether and undergo a kind of ordeal, by tonching the corpse, each in his turn. Among a superstitions people, such a regulation as this, simple though it was, had been frequently successful in betraying the guilty conscience; and it was a current belief among the peasantry, that in many instances where the perpetrator of the horrid deed possessed strength of mind or callousness of heart sufficient to subdue all appearance of emotion in the moment of trial, some miraculons change in the corpse itself had been known to indicate the evil doer. At a. events, there was a degree of solemnity and importance attached to the test, which invested it with a strong interest iu the minds of the multitude.

Suspicion was not idle on this occasion. The occurrences of the previous evening at the widow's house, and the loss there sustained by Yamon, contributed in no slight degree to fix the attention of the majority upon him. It did not pass without remark, neither, that he harl not yet made his appearance at Mr. Sparling's house. Many will tales, moreover, were afloat respecting Ellen Sparting, who had on that morning, before sumrise, been seen by a fish jolter, who was driving lis mule loaded with fish along the road towards Kilrush, returning across the hills towards her father's house, more like a mad woman than a suber Christian. Befure wo proceed further in our tale, it is necessary we should say something of the circumstances which led to this appearance.

When Ellen received the token on the previous evening from young Moran's messenger, she tied her light checquered straw bonnet under her chin, and stole out by a
back entrance, with a beating and anxious heart, to the appointed rendezvons. The old ruined house which had been named to her, was situated at the distance of a mile from her father's, and was at present tenanted only by an aged herdsman in his employment. Not finding Moran yet arrived, although the sun was already in the west, she sent the old man away on some pretext, and took his place in the little rush-bottomed chair by the firc-side. Two hours of a calm and silent cvening had already passed away, and yet he came not. Wearied with the long expectation, and by the tumult of thoughts and feelings which agitated her, she arose, walked to a short distance from the cottage, and sitting on a little knoll in the vicinity, which commanded a wide prospeet of the sea, she coutinued to await his arrival, now and then gazing in the direction of the cliffs by which the messenger told her he was to pass. No object, however, met her eye on that path, and no sound came to her ear but the loud, fulltohed, and plaintive whistle of the ploughman, as he gnided his horses over a solitary picce of stubble-gromed, lightering his own and their labour by the wild modulations of the Keen-the-cuurn, or death-wail; the effect of which, though it had often delighted her under other circumstances, fell now with an oppressive influence upon her spirits.

Night fell at length, and she returaed to the old house. As she reached the neglected haggart on the approach, a light breeze sprang up inland, and rustling in the thatch of the rnined ont-houses, startled her by its suddemess, almost as much as if it had been a living voice. She looked up an instant, drew her handkerchief closen aromud her neck, and hurried on towarls the door. It might be he had arrived by another path during her absence! Iligh as her heart bom ted at the suggestion, it sunk in proportion as she lifted the latch, and entered the deserted room. 'The turf-embers were almost expiring on the hearth, and all was dark, cold, sadlening, and
comfertless. She felt vexed at the absence of the old servant, and regretted the caution which induced her to get rid of him. Amid all the intensity of her fondness, too, she could not check a feeling of displeasure at the apparent want of ardour on the part of lier lover. It had an almost slighting look ; she determined she would make it evident in her manner on his arrival. In the next moment the fancied sound of a footstep made her spring from her seat, and extend her arms in a perfect oblivion of all her stern resolutions. Quite beaten down in heart by constant disappoiatments, and made nervous and fererish by anxiety, the most feafful suggestions began now to take place of her pettishness and ill-humour. She was alarmed fur lis safety. It was a long time since he had trod the path over the cliffs. The possibility that here rushed upon her, made her cover her face with her hands, and bend forward in her chair in an agony of terror.

Midnight now came on. A short and heavy breathing at the cloor, as she supposed, startled her as she bent over the flame which she kept alive by placing fresh sods on the embers. She rose and went to the door. A large Newfoundland dog of her father's bounded by her as she opened it, and testified by the wildest gambols about the kitchen, the delight he felt in mecting her so unexpectedly, at such an hour, and so far from her home. She patted the faithful animal on the head, and felt restored in spiqits by the presence even of this uncommmicative acquaintance. The sagacious servant had evidently traced her to the ruin by the fimeness of its sense, and seemed overjoyed at the verification of his diagnostic. At length, after having sufliciently indulged the excitement of the moment, he took post before the fire, and afier divers indecisive crolutions, he coiled himself up at her feet and slept. The maden herself in a short time imitated the example.

The starting suggestions that had been crowding on her in her waking moments, now began to shape them-
selres in vivid and fearful visions to her sleeping fancy. As she lay back in her chair, her eyes not so entirely closed as to exchude the "lengthening rays" of the decaying fire before them, she Lecame unaccountably oppressed by the sense of a person sitting close at her side. There was a hissing, as if of water failing on the cmbers just before the figure, and after a great etront she fancied that she could tum so far round as to recognise the face of her lover, pale, cold, with the long dark hair hanging drearily at each side, and as she supposed, dripping with moisture. She strove to move, but was perfeetly unable to do so, and the figure continned to approach her, until at length, placing his chilling face so close to her cheek, that she thonght she felt the damp upon her neek, he said gently: "Ellen, I have kept my hand and word: living, I would have done it; deal, I am permitted". At this moment a low grumbling bark from the dog Minos awoke her, and she started from her seat, in a state of nervousness which for a short time prevented a full conviction of the mon-existence of the vision that had oppressed her slumber. The dog was sitting erect, and gazing with crouched head, fixed eyes, and lips upturned in the expresson of canine fear, toward the door. Ellen listened attentively for a few minutes, and a gentle knocking was heard. She recognised too, or thought she recognised, a voice precisely similar to that of the figure in her dream, which pronomiced her name with the gentlest tone in the world. What surprised ber most, was that Minos, instead of starting fiercely up as was his wont on hearing an unusual sound at might, cowed, whimpered, and slank back into the chimney-comer. Not in the least duubting that it was her lover, she rose and opened the door. The vividness of her dream, be ing yet fresh uponher, and perhips the certainty she felt of seebin lim, made her imanine for the instant that she beled the same figure standing before her. It was but for an
instant, however ; on looking a second time, there was no person to be seen. An overwhelning sensation of terror now rushed upon her, and she fled from the place with tho rapidity of madness. In a state half-frantic, half-fainting, she reached her father's house, and flung herself on her bed, where the news of Moran's death reached her next morning.

To return, however, to the present position of our tale. A certain number of the guests were now summoned into the room where the body lay, and all things were prepared for the ordeal. At a table near the window, with writing materials before him, was placed the worthy coroner, together with the lientenant of the guard at the lighthouse, who had arrived a few minutes before. Mr. Sparling stood close by them, his face made up into an expression of wise abstraction, his hands thrust into his breeches poekets, and jingling some half-pence which they contained. The betrothed lover of the murdered man had arisen from her knees, and put on a completely altered manner. She now stood in silence, and with tearless eyes, at the head of the bier, gazing with an earnestness of purpose, which might have troubled the carriage even of diflideut innocence itself, into the face of every one who approached to touch the body. Having been aware of the suspicions afloat against Yamon, and the grounds for those suspicions, she expected with impatience the arrival of that person.

He entered at length. All eyes were instantly turned on him. There was nothing unusual in the maner or app sarance of the man. He glanced romed the room, unded to a few, tonched lis forehead to the coroner and the licutenant, and then walking firmly and coolly to the c utre of the apartment, awaited his thin for the trial. A very close observer might have detected a quivering and wincing of the eyelid, as he looked toward Ellen Sparling, but it was only momentary, and he did not glance in that direction a second time.
"Isn't that droll,* Shawn ?" whispered Terry in the car of the fairy doctor, who stood near him. The latter did not deem it convenient to answer in words, but he compressed his lips, contracted his brows, and threw an additional portion of empty wisdom into his physiognomy.
"E'then", continued Terry, "only mark Tim Fouloo going to touch the dead corpse all a' one any body would sispect lim to be taking the life of a chicken, the lahumuthawn" (half-natural), as a foolish looking, openmonthed, open-eyed soung booby adranced in his turn in a slow waddling gait to the corpse, and passing his hand over the face, retired with a stare of comic stupility, which, notwithstanding the awful occasion, provoked a smile from many of the spectators.

Yamon was the last person who approached the corpse. From the moment he entered, the eye of Ellen Sparling had never been withdawn from him for an instant, and its expression now became vivid and intense. He walked to the place, howe ver, with much indifference, and passed his hand slowly and repeatedly over the cheek and brow of the dead mau. Many a head was thrust forward, as if in expectation that the inanimate lump of clay mist stir beneath the feeler's touch. But no miracle took place, and they gazed on one another in silence as he slowly turned away, and foldiug his arms, resumed his plase in the centre of the apartment.
"Well, Mr. Sparling", said his worship the coroner, "here is so much time lost: had we begun to take evidence at once, the business would be nearly at an ead by this time ".

The old Palative was about to reply, when their conversation was interrupted by an exclamation of smprise from Ellen Sparling. Turning quickly ronod, they beheld her with one of the clenched hands of the corpse between Lers, gazing on it in stirless amazement. Between the

* "Droll", in Ireland, means simply, catracianar!, and dues not necesarily excite a comic assuctation.
dead-stiff fingers appeared something of a bluish colour slightly [rotruded. Using the utmost strength of which she was mistress, Ellen foreed open the hand, and took from it a small part of the lappel of a coat, with a button attached. And letting the hand fall, she rushed through the crowd, putting all aside withont looking at one, until she stood before Yamon. A glance was sufficient. In the death-struggle, the unhappy Moran had torn away this portion of his murderer's dress, and the reut was visible at the moment.
"The murderer! blood for blood!" shrieked the frantic girl, grasping his garment, and looking almost delirious with passion. All was confusion and uproar. Yamon darted one fierce glance around, and sprung toward the open door, but Ellen Sparling still clung as with a drowning grasp to her hold. He put furth the utmost of his giant strength to detach himself from her, but in vain. All lis efforts seemed only to increase her strength, while they dimini hed his own. At last he bethonght him of his fishing-knife; he plucked it from his belt and buried it in her bosom. The unfortunate girl relaxed her hold, reeled, and fell on the corpse of her lover, while Yamon bounded to the door. Poor Terry crossed his way, but one blow laid him sprawling senseless on the earth, and no one cared to tempt a second. The rifles of the guard were discharged after him, as he darted over the sandhills; but just before the triggers were pulled, his foot tripped agaiust a loose stone, he fell, and the ciremonstance perthaps saved his life (at least the marksmen said so). He was again in rapid flight before the smoke cleared away.
"Shuil! Shuil!* The s:n! lills! the clifis!" was now the general shont, and the chase immediately commenced. Many minutes clapsed ere they arrived at the cliff, and half a dozen only of the most nimble-footed just reached the spot in time to witucss the last desperate resource of

> * Come! Come!
the murderer. He stood and looked over his shouliler for an instant, then rushing to the verge of the clitt, where it wallod in the land to a height of forty feet, he waved his hand to his pursuers, and cast timself into the sea.

The general opinion was that he had perished, but there was no trace ever seen that could make such a consummation certain. The body was never fuund, and it was suspected by a few, that, incredible as the story might appear, he had survived the leap, and gained the little rocky island opposite.

The few who returned at dusk to Mr. Sparling's house, found it the abode of sorrow, of silence, and of death. Even the voice of the hired keener was not called in on this occasion to mock the real grief that sat on every brow and in every heart. The lovers were waked together, and buried in the same grave at Kilfiehera.

## THE BARBER OF BANTRY.

## Chapter I.

There is a small river which, rising amid the wildest ana least cultivated upland of the county of Limerick in Ireland, pursues its lonesome course amid heath and bog, by cliff and quarry, through scenery of the bleakest and yet the most varied kinds, until it discharges its discoloured waters into the bosom of the Lower Shannon. Now gliding, deep and narrow, through some heathy phain, it presents a surface no wider than a meadow streamlet, and, like placid characters in the world, indicating its depth by its tranquillity; anon, it falls in one white and foamy volume over the brow of some precipitons crag, at the foot of which it dilates into a pool of tolemble extent. Further down it may be traced through the intricacies of a stunted wood, now babbling in one broad sheet over the limestone shallow; now rolling silent, deep, and dark, beneath the overhanging brier and hazel bushes that fling their tangled foliage across the waters from the indented bank. In another place, it may be found dashing noisily from ledge to ledge of some opposing mass of limestone, or pursuing its swift and gurgling course along the hase of a perpendicular cliff, mutil, as it alproaches the mighty river in which its waters are receised, it acpuines surface and depth sutficient to float the fisher's slifif, and the small cot or lighter that conveys a lading of marl or sea-weed to manme the hitle
potato garden of the humble agriculturist upon its banks. Nor even in this dreary region is the wild streamlet wholly destitute of anmated figures to give a quickening interest to the general loneliness of the scenery along its side. The neighbouring cottager "suares" for pike and salmon in its shallows; the cabin housewife beetles her linen in the summer evening on its banks, and the barefoot and barcheaded urchin, standing or sitting by the side of an overhanging ash or elder, drops his pin-hook baited with an carthworm into the deep and sladed corner which he knows by profitable experience to be the favourite haunt of the cel and trout; and in which it may be said, in passing, his simple apparatus is often as destructive as all the erudite machinery of Izaak Walton and his disciples.

In the summer season the appearance of this little river is such as we have described. In the winter, however, after the great rains, common in mountain scenery, have set in, the shallow bed of the stream is often filled, in the course of a few minutes, with a body of water, collected from the heiglits around its somree, that presents a formidable contrast to the usually placid tenor of its course. It is then seen roaring and foaming along in oue hage, yellow flood, inundating not unfrequently the cottages and hamlets near its banks, and carrying dismay and death among pigs, poultry, and other anti-aquatic animals, who happen to stray within reach of its overflowing current, and sometimes even placing life in jeopardy.

Not far from the banks of the river, and commanding a full prospect of its windings through a varied and extensive, though wild and thinly populated landscape, may be seen at this day the walls of a roofless mansion, which bears in its decay the marks of laving been once inhabited by persons somewhat superior in rank to the "strong farmers" who, with few exceptions, constitute at present the sole aristocracy of the district. The style of the masunwork (the sounding term architecture would be somewhat
misapplicd to so simple an edifice) refers the date of its erection, and indeed correctly, to the beginuing of the last century. 'The small windons are nearly square, and deep set in the massy stonework, while the lofty gables, comprising more than half the height of the whole building, present, when viewed from the end, an angle almost as acute as that of a wedge. Around, in a still more dilapidated conlition than the dwelling honse, may be traced the ruins of numerous out-offices, the stable, the cow-house, the turf-house, the piggery, the fowl-house, and even (a contrast to the present poverty of the surrounding country) the coach-house. At a little distance, the urchins of the neighbourhood point out the remains of earthen fences, not much more distiuct than the immortal Roman entrenchment of Monkbarns, as all that is left of what was once the kitchen and flower-garlen. Polyanthuses, almost dwindled into primroses, bachelors'-buttons impoverished both in size and colonr, and a gooseberry or currant bush, choked up in furze, furmish corroborative testimony to the tradition. The neighbouring peasantry still preserve the history of the building from its earliest foundation, as well as of its successive owners, who were persons of no little notoriety in their time.

In the begiming of the last century, the tract of land on which the ruin stands was purchased by a certain Mr. Patrick Moynchan (more commonly known by the familiar diminutive Paddy Munchan, or Paddy the Lad). As, although respectably descended, Mr. Moynchan was not heir to any property whatever, and as his subsequent habits did not furnish any indicatious of that thrift which Shylock tells us,

> "Is blessing, if men steal it not",
there was very general whispering, and great perplexity as to how Paddy Moynchan could have acquired the means of purchasing av estata, and building a handsome house.

As the stories circulated upon the subject were numerous, and characteristic both of the place and period, we will venture to relate a few.

It was said by some, that on an occasion, when yet a young man, Pat Moynelian went to attend the "berrin" of a fricud. While the remainder of the crowd were occupied at their devotions in the place of death, young Moynehan, little impressed by the solemnity of the scene befure him, rambled about among the graves, "funning" and amusing himself, and paying little attention to the severe glances that were occasionally directed towards him from the kneeling crowd. On one oceasion, it happened that he found, placed upon the corner of a monument, a bleached skull, the eyeless sockets directed towards him, and seeming to convey a more terrible rebuke than ever could have proceeded from the eycs that once moved within their orbits. Moynchan, however, was nothing checked in his career of mirth.
"Look there!" he said, pointing out the sknll to a companion, who in vain endeavoured to repress his unseasonable levity, "much as you think of yourself, that was ouce as fine a man as yon are, and you'll have as ugly a grin upon your own face yet; he was just as good a gentleman, and as devout a Christian". Then turning to the skull, and taking off his hat with an air of mock politeness, he added: "I am happy, sir, to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and will feel obliged by your giving me the honour of your company at breaktast next Sunday". And oft he turned with another bow of mock respect, and left the churchyard with his companion.

Before breakfast hour on the following Sunday (the legend still contimues), young Moynchan went out to speak with a neighbour; while he was absent, and while the servant girl was occupied in preparing breakfast, the door was opened from without, and "a big man" cntered. He did not say "Gud save you", nor "God bless you", as ho
came in, and walked silently to a chair that stood near the fire, and took his scat without speaking. His singular conduct was but the comuterpart of his appearance. His dress was that of a gentleman, and rich, but so grotesque in form, and strange in material, that it was impossible to decide on the rank or country of the wearer. A high standing collar, a flowered silk waistcoat, ruffes at the wrists, a handsome pair of plush under garments, with golden knce-buckles, and silver ones of an enormons size across the insteps of his square-toed shoes; these, together with a well-powdered head of hair, brushed backward and gathered behind into a handsome queue, a cocked hat, which he carried under lis arm, and a slender rapier by his side, constituted the chief portion of that costume which looked so perplexing in the eyes of the mountain handmaiden. With all this, there was in the expression of his eyes, and in the mechanical regularity of his movements, an air of she knew not what, that chilled the spirit of the young woman, and left her scarce the power to ask his business. Being, however, naturally of a free and hearty disposition, she did not suffer herself to be altogether daunted, but said, in a laughing manuer, and after waiting a considerable time to hear him speak:
"Why, then, sir, arn't you a droll gentleman, to walk into a house in that kind o' way, an' sate yourself without sayin' a hai'porth ?"

The stranger looked fixedly at her. "It is a law where I come from", says he, "that none of us shall speak until we are spoken to; and if the same law prevailed among people I know here, there are many of their friends that would have reason to be glad of it. But where's the man 0 ' the house? isn't it a shame for him to ask a gentleman to breakfast with him, and not to be at home before him?"

While he was speaking, Moynchan entered.
"Isn't it a burning shame for you", said the stranger,
in a loud voice, "to ask a gentleman to breakfast with you, and not to be at home before him?"
"Me ask you to breakfast!" exclaimed the astonished Moynehan; "I never laid eyes on you before; but you are as welcome as if you got fifty invitations".
"Indeed, but you did ask me", sail the stranger, " and I'll tell you where, too"; and stooping over towards him, he whispered in his car.

The instant Moynchan leard the whisper, he fell in a death-like faint upon the floor. The stranger showed not the least concern, nor made any effort to relieve him, but waited with the utmost indifference mutil he should revive. While he was yet inseusible, the girl, standing in awe of this mysterious guest, requested him to sit down to breakfast.
"No, no", he answered; "I can eat nothing until your master sits with me; it was with him I came to breakfast".

When Moynchan came to himself, understanding from the girl what the stranger had said, he repeated the iuvitation, which was immediately acceptel, and both sat down together. 'The effect of the first shock having passed away, Moynchan made up his mind to perform the part of host with true Irish hospitality. IIe langhed, talked, jested, told his best stories, shook his guest by both hands together, and protested that he was as welcome " as a rose in June". He ordered the freshest eggs, and fried the richest bacon, and treated the stranger with the most perfect hospitality.

They had scarcely done breakfast, when a bell was beard ringing at a distance.
"What's that bell?" asked the stranger, in a sharp tonc.
"Oh, it's mothing", said Moy nehan, with a carcless air; "only the bell for chapel".

The strauger said nothing, but looked very serious. At
length, rising from his chair, he addressed his host as fullows:-
"Youre an honest fellow, after all, and yon may thank your hearty, hospitable conduct that I do not make you suffer severely for the trouble you gave me by your invitation; however, you must rot say that you gave your breakfast for nothing. Meet me this evening by the elder tree near the river side, and you shall hear something that you will thank me for".

Moynelan kept the appointment, and those who gave credit to the story (and they comprised no small portion of the inhabitants of the surrounding cottages) asserted that during their evening conference, his uncarthly visitor revealed to him a quautity of hidden treasure in a neighboming ruin, more than sufficient to warrant the expensive style in which he soon began to live; others, white they admitted the truth of the greater portion of the story, denied that there was anything supernatural in the case. They asserted that the whole was a hoax played upon Moynchan, by a young man, a stranger in the place, who observed his conduct at the funcral, and availed hinself of the mock invitation which he overheard, to read the wag a lesson, and to help himself to a comfortable breakfast. It was certair, indeed, that Moy nehan himself never liked to have the story alluded to in his hearing, but this circumstance was urged, by the advocates of the wonderful, as evidence in favour of their own version of the tale. Those who contended for the common-place, were in the habit of accounting for Moynchan's great accession of wealth by other than supernatural means. He had become engaged, they said, in cummon with many other persons in his time, in a species of commerce which is viewed with a je:luns eye ly all govenments; and by his share in the dieposal of two or three carges of tobacco and other expensive luxuries, had amassed money enough to rest on his oars for all his after life.

Other persons gave a different account of the manner in which Moynchan obtained his riches. This party seemed incined to strike a medinm betreen the supernatmral and the common-place. Muynchan, they said, rented two or three small farms nearly aljoining that tract of momtainland which subsequently became his estate. Neither providence nor settled and regular industry were amongst the qualities for which he was most remarkable. A man whose sole income was derived from his share in the profits of those small farms, he still maintained a style of living not surpassed by many who could boast of feesimple patrimonies to support and palliate such extravagance. He kept a pack of hounds and a luuntsman, and gave jovial entertaimments to such of the neighboming gentry as would condescend to accept his hospitality. His house was ever open; a family piper lent his music to the dance of ruin; there was nobody who did not look upon Moynehan as a paragon of good fellows, except his landlord, and even he could scarcely find it in his beart to proceed to extremities with a person of so much spinit and goodnature. It is the fate of most goodnatured spendthrifts, however, to tire ont in the end the furbearance of eren their most furbearing friends, and Moynehan formed no exception to the gencral rule. Alter ruming six years in arrear of rent, he was thumderstruck by the intelligence that Sir David Hartigan was on the eve of visiting his property in the county, and of course would not leare Mr. Patrick Moynehan without a call. This was the signal for consternation. Ejectments and executions floated before the cyes of Moynebin; and bafore he could cullect even a moderate portion of the arrear last due, the baronet was on his way to his estate. It was (no uncommon case with Irish landowners, even at that period of home legislation) the first visit he had ever made to lis patemal inheritance, and of this circmastance Moynchan determined to take advantage for lis security. He called the tenants
together, and harangued them in the most earnest manner on the propriety of giving their landlord a suitable reception.
"1 need not tell you all", he said, "that Sir David has been a good landlord to us all-[hurra! hurra!] a man that gives the poor man time for his money- [hurra!]that never yet distressed* a tenant for his rent, nor bore hard on those that he knew to be well inclined if they had the means-[hurra! hurra!]-very well then, lads; you will remember that this is the first time he has ever shown himself amongst his tenants, and let ns take care that he has no cause to complain of his reception".

A new volley of cordial "hurras" announced the acquiescence of the assembled tenants in this agreeable proposal, and preparations were immediately set on foot for receiving the baronct in the most splendid style. The demesnes and lawns of the small gentry within five miles round, were stripped of their fairest poplars and monntain ash, in order to form trimmphal arches along the road which led to the village of ${ }^{* * * * *}$, where the great man was to reside during his stay. Hardy would have been the owner of a tapering fir or larch, who had dared to marmar at seeing his gromds invaded, and the pride of his shrubbery laid low for this festive purpose. The mothers, wives, and sisters of the cottiers lent their bright coloured shawls, ribands, and handkerchiefs, to flutter amid the fuliage, and add now gaiety to the scene. There was one article of holiday splendour in which there was no stint. A great portion of Sir David's estate consisting of excellent bog, there was no lack of material for bonfires. Accordingly, at every cross road within lialf a mile round, and ahmot at every second cabin in the village itself, there was a pile of turf and borwood, the contribution of the surrounding tenantry, ready for the torch the instant the carriage of the momitain sovereign should appear.

[^8]But what exceeded all beside, was the zeal exhibited by Mr. Patrick Moynchan himself, the instigator, in a great degree, of the whole proceeding, and who was moved to it, partly by real good-will towards his landlord, and in part by certain undefined hopes and impulses, which we will leave the knavish reader to divine. Before his door, upon the bare aud level green, was piled a circle of turf, in the midst of which was suspended by machinery, which had taxed the ingenuity of the whole district, a prime ox, intended to be roasted whole. Besides this, were the lesser fires, at which pigs, turkeys, geese, and other inferior animals of culinary celebrity were prepared, each by the persons who had coutributed both fire and meat.

Above the gateway which led to this gala spot, was suspended a painted board, surrounded by green bonghs, with, of course, what other inseription than "Cead millia faltha", executed in the best manuer that the village could afford.

The day at length arrived, and the great man came. In consequence of his continual absentecism, he had certain misgivings with respect to his popularity amongst his own tenantry; which made him wholly unprepared for the enthusiastic reception with which le was now honoured. Within half a mile of the village, he was met by a prodigious multitude of poople, of both sexes, and of all ages, shouting, laughing, and capering for joy. Flutes, fiddles, bagpipes, and, in lieu of these, tin cans, dildorns, and every other implement from which any sound could be extracted that might bring the idea of music to the mind of the rudest hearer, added their obstreperous harmony to the general uproar. What need to peu our way through all the glories of the feast that followed? Some idea may be formed of the enjoyment of the worthy baronet (who was amazingly fat), when we mention that he was placed from noon to evening of a broiling day in June, in the centre of beiween thirty and forty huge fires, the smoke of

## 166

 THE BARBER OF BANTKY.which, settling low, in consequence of the calm and the tenuity of the mountain air, had welf nigh stilled him ; that in addition to this, he had to dance (according to indispensable custom) with almost all the young women in the place; besides other duties of courtesy, so oppressive, that he was afterwards heard to declare, that he had almost as lief be a king, and go through all the labour of a levec or drawing-room, as to sperd such another day at *****. In addition to this, when it is remembered that the gates were thrown open, and free admission given to all travellers, comprising the numerous beggars, whom the foregone fame of the feast had drawn together from the distant parishes, it must be acknowledged that the situation of the excellent Baronet was truly enviable. At all events, he could not choose but feel the decpest gratitude to Mr. Moynehan, at whose house he spent the ensuing fortnight. The latter, however, seemed to think the glory sufficient for his landlord, for by some means or other Sir David never conld find an opportunity of engaging him in any serious conversation on the sulbject of his rent. If he spoke of money, Moynchan talked of woodcocks,-if he mentioned arrears, Aloynehan could show him the prettiest fly-fishing in Ireland,-or he had a present of gray-homols of the gemmine old Irish stock,-known relatives of those that were presented by Sir Somebody to the Great Mognl,-or he insisted on his accepting a beautiful mare of the most unblemished pedigres,-any-thing-everything he was realy to furuish him with except the needfing. And the issue was, that Sir David returned to Dublin, looking upon Moynehan as one of the most generous feilows and the most impracticable tenants in the world.

However, such a state of things could not continue. Year followed year, threat came on threat, and ruin showed her hideons commenance at length in the shape of a furmal ejectment from his luolding. He might still
(such were the times) have sct the law at bay, and maintained possession for some years longer at least; but this he would not do. He must give up his farm, and the thought filled him with the deepest melancholy. At table, the huatsman cracked his joke in vain (for the huntsman, it should be understood, was a man of sufficient importance to occupy a small side table in the common dining room, and after dinner to take his seat by the ample fireside). It signified little that it was the same irresistible joke, or the same adriirable anecdote which had shook his sides with langhter regularly once a day for half a score years before. He now listened to it with a vacant eye, and a countenance that plainly showed how far his thoughts were out of hearing.

What was to be done? Was he to bid farewell to his numerous domestics, and to tell his huntsman that he was to hunt no more for him, and to sell or give away the hounds, and to resign his flics and fishing-tackle, and to watch no more the beantiful motion of his grayhounds as they shot like ghosts across the mountain heath in March? The thought was dreadful. He wandered like a solitary being by the river side, and along the hedges which enclosed his lawn and paddock, and seemed to feel alieady the pressme of the alject poverty to which he must soon be reduced.

Anid all the faults which he now so bitterly regretted, if not for a better motive, yet for the ruin they had brought upon himiself, there was one feature in his past conduct which he called to mind with pleasure. He never in a single instance had refused assistance to a fellow-creature in distress. No matter who the individual, how indifferent the character, or what his own circumstances at the moment, he never had withheh his aid where it was wanted. No consideration of incor:venience to himself, no dhead of theft or lack of means in his own honsehold, prevented his affording to every individual, withont ex-
ception, hign or low, great or little, who chose to apply for it, a comfortable diuner and a night's lodging beneath his roof. 'This indiscriminate charity, it is said, was not wholly in accordance with the views of Mrs. Moynelan, whose wardrobe and fowl-house had often suffered for her husband's hospitality, but he would hear nothing of her complaints. Giviug was with him the easiest of all duties, and as there were some others to which he did not attend so closely, he seemed determined to practise this in its perfection. The greater the loss and the greater the inconvenience, he thought the greater the merit also; and he had an idea, that what is bestowed in this way is not lost, but that merciful actions, beyond all others whatsoever, buoy up the spirit at the hour of death and after.

In his arguments with Mrs. Moynehan upon this subject, he was in the habit of relating an anecdote for her edification, which we will transcribe for that of the reader.
"There were two brothers, twin-brothers", he said, "who were so fervently attached, that each made the other promise, in case he should die first, to return, if possible, and let the survivor know how he had fared in

> 'That undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveller relurns'.

Both, however, had passed the meridian of life without meeting any scrious illness, and both forgot a compact which they hat made in their youth, and which was blotted from their memory by the cares of manhood and the new engagements in which matrimony had involved them. On a sudden one of them was stumned by the intelligence that his brotleer had died of that species of brain fever called a coup de soleil. The news filled him with grief. In the evening he walked out to indulge his sorrow in a neighbouring church-yard, and to relieve his mind by prayer. While thus occupied, an oppressive seuse of some
extraordinary presence fell apon his mind. He looked up-his brother stood before him. His first feeling was an emotion of ecstacy at the thought that the rumour of his brother's death was false, and he ran to cast himself upon his neck. But as he proceeded, the other retired, and always, to his extreme astonishment, preserved exactly the same distance at which he had at first beheld him.
"'Why do you not speak to me?' said the surviving brother; 'they told me you were dead, and that we should meet no more'.
"' Brother', said the figure, in an unearthly voice, 'do you forget the agreement which we made near this spot exactly twenty-five years since?'
"Ihe hearer instantly understood the whole, and that it was his brother's shade which he beheld. He trembled, and a cold moisture setfled on his forehead.
"'I am allowed to come back', says he, 'for your warning and for your consolation. Immediately after my death, I found myself in the finest country I ever saw in my life, with the richest demesnes and grandest houses that ever were found, and millions of people walking amongst the trees, and talking and langhing together, as happy as the day is long. To my great surprise, I found that almost all the ladies and gentlemen that owned the fine houses were people that I remembered in this world as poor beggars, and religious Christians, and persons of that kind, that nobody cares about. I went from one to another, but not one of them knew me, and the man that had the charge of the place was going to turn me out, when one of the gentlenen called to him and said ho knew me. I looked close at him, and at last remembered the face of a poor blind man whom I had guided once on a stomy night from a neighbouring village to his own door; but he had now a pair of eyes as bright as stars. That was the only act of real charity I ever recollected to have done in my life, and it was the means of getting mo
a handsome house and garden, where I live happier than I can describc' ".

A celebrated Greek critic tells us that if we separate the sublime from the allegorical, we shall often strip it of half its excellence. If the axiom be applied in the case of Moynelian's legend, even polished readers may find it not wholly without meaning. From the fact, however, that Mr. Moynchan was in the habit of repeating it for the improvement of his lady, it may be inferred that it had not all the influence upon her conduct which he could desire.

## CIIAPTER II.

A few evenings previous to the day on which he, Moynelan, was to give up possession of his house and lands, a stom arose so terrible that it seemed donbtful whether the building would survive the ownership of its present master. The wind came howling and slricking up the unsleltered heath, and throngh the elose ravines in the neinhbowhood. Now it shook the window frames as if in sudden passion at their olistinate resistance to its fury, now it hissed and roared against the well-bomed thatel-and now wound its dismal horn in the lofty chimney-top. Mr. Moynchan sat by his parlour-fire, compaing his past with what must, in all probability, be his future style of living, aiid the contrast was almost too much for his philosophy. Suddenly the voice of Mrs. Moynchan, raised high in objurgation in the kitchen, attracted lis attention. Half focning the parlour door, he paused to ascertain the cause of sommds " not unfamiliar to his ear".
"Ont of my house-pack-out of my house this instant", exclaimed the lady, in a voice searee a note of which was lower than C above the fifth over line. "It
was yon, and the like of you, that brought ruin to our door,-pack out!"

A shifill and quernlons murmuc was heard in answer.
"The storm!" continued Mrs. Moynchan; "it is no matter for the storm. As well as you found your way here, find your way back, for here you shall not stay an hour. Do you hear me talking to you? Quit my honse this instant. Aye-coush, cough-I dare say yon know how to do more than that when it serves your turn. Out - pack at once !"

At this instant Mr. Moynchan entered the kitchen, where he beheld a sight that filled him with indignation against the cruelty of his helpmate. An old man, shaking with palsy, and so worn down by age and its intfirmities that it seemed as if his years could scarcely number less than a ceutury, was standing on the wellflagged kitchen floor, and gazing on the stout and portly Mrs. M. with a deprecating attitude. It would be diticult to conceive a more complete picture of misery than the old man presented. A long staff, half again as high as its possessor, and held in both hands, scemed all that enabled him to keep his feet; his knees, his hands, his head, his whole frame shook violently with his disease, so that, had his features been less strongly marked, it would be difficult to gather their expression in the continual and rapid motion. His dress was ragged in the extreme, and so patched that it seemed as if he never had been the master of another suit. In addition to this, he had been already drenched in rain from head to foot, and his long white hair and the hanging fritters of his garment, still dripped as if he were about to dissolve away upon the flow, while his face, which looked as if the loose skin had been drawn over without being attached to the fleshless bones, was glistenibig with rain, and haggard with fear, at the prospect of being again exposed to the horrors of the storm. Moyuehan could not help thiuking, however, as he
looked on the old man, that his terror seemed excessive for the occasion, and that his manner resembled that of one who feared some danger of a still more appalling kind than any which the storm could bring.
"Will you-turn out-the-poor old man in-the storm an' all ?" he gasped forth word after word at loug intervals, and with gestures of the most agonizing terror. "Give me a night's-lodg-in' an' I'll pray for-you for-ever an'-ever. Don't send me out to the robbstorm, I mane".
"To the robbers? what robbers? What robbers do you expect to meet in ——? and if it was full of them, what have you to lose by robbers? ell ?"
"Did I-say-robbers, a-gra?" said the old man"don't mind me-I'm an ould fool that hasn't any sense. Sure enongh, what robling could they have upon me; a poor onld beggar that has nothin' only what rags is coverin' my ould bones-nothin' in life-nothin'-Aych -robeers-I don't know what l'm sayin' with the dint o' fear; but won't yon, like a good Christian, gi' me a night's lodgin'-anywhere-upon these bare flags-I'm aisy, so as the robb-so as l'd have the roof bstme me an'an' the clouds to-night,-an' may the IIeavens be your 'eed hereafter".
"She will-she will-come in and sit by the fire", exclaimed Moynehan, interposing just as his lady had opened her lips to give vent to a fiesh volley of reproaches. "Get supper ready for that poor man", he added, to a servant-" and you, my dear, will not even affliction itself teach you to pity the afllicted? you don't know how long we may have a house omrselves ".
"I know how long we're to have this house", answered Mis. Moynchan, in a low growling tone, like that of an over zealous watch-dog, which has received a reprimand from its master for oflering a too obstinate resistance to the entrance of a peaccable stranger.
"Yon don't know that neither", said Mnynehan, "and no matter it it should be ours for no longer than an lown, I all determined to make a free use of it whie it belongs to me. W'alk in, good fellow".
'ilte poor man, clapping his hands together, and muttering blesings, staggered forward to the fire-place, still casting a timid cye asbance at the laty, as if he could have answered in the language of poor Buff-

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"I dare not, sir,
For fear of your cur'.
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Mr. Moynehan having seen the beggar comfortably established by the fire-side, retnrned to the parlour. Here he began to melitate upon the difference between his own condition and that of the poor mendicant, and found so much that was prefurable in the former that he began to recover his spirits.
"At the worst, my dear", said he, addressing Mrs. Moymelian, "we are not so badly off as that poor fellow. We will still have many friends, and we will not, in all probability, be withoat a house of some kind or another, and at all events we have each of us a decent suit of clothes, which is more than can be said for him. So that 'tis a great comfort to think our case is not so bad but that it might be worse".

Before Mrs. Moynelan could reply, the parlour-door was opened, and a face, distinguished by a gaping mouth and a pair of staring eyes, appeared at the aperture. It was that of Rick or Rickhard Lillis, the faithful groom and valet (not to mention fifty other offices whish he filled with equal fidelity and skill) of Mr. Moynehan. He remained for a time in the same position, gaping and gazing as if, like a ghost, he could not speak until some living being had adilressed him.
"Wedl, lick, what ails you now?"
"The poor man, sir!"
" What of him ?"
"IIe wants the priest, sir; I'm in dhread he's dvin'".
"Phoo, nonsense!" exclamel Mr. Moynehan, snatehing a light and hurying from the room. Strange as it seemed, he found his servant's story trne. The old bergar was lying in the kitchen, on the straw pallet which had been prepared for him, and gasping, as it appeared, almost in the agonies of death. By this the storm had in some degree abated, and Moynehan ordered Rick Lillis to tie a collar on the head of the working mare, and ride off at once for the elergyman and the neighbouring doctor. When both those functionaries had left the house (which was not for a few homs) he paid another visit to his miserable guest. The ofd man was lying on his back in a feeble condition, and still muttering some incoherent sentenees about "robbers" and "down the glen of D-_" and of "the storm", and "lis own cabin in the west". On hearing Mr. Moynehan's voice, he iooked fixedly upon him, and seemed making an effort to collect his seattered reason.
"You will have no raison, sir", he said, "to repent your charity to me. The docthor tells me I can't live; so I must only see and make use o' the time that's left me.
"I was born westwards, near Dingle. My father thonglit to make a scholar of me, but from a child I never cond take to the book. Neither birelı nor mastleer could ever get any good o' me. No one could equal me for michin from school, and whel I was there, I'd be at anything but the learnin'. So one day, afther a'most breakin' his heare to thry an' get good o' me, my father kem' out, an' le havin' a book in one hand and a spade in the other.
"'Here, Tom', says he, 'take your choice between these; if you choose the book, you may become a connsellor one tinte or other-if you take the spade, you'll die as you began'.
"I looked this way and that, and afther considherin" for a while, I took the spade. Ny father left me nothin' clse, but I thought it cnough, for I didu't know what it was to have more. I was light and happy; my conseience ga' me no throuble, an' I had no sort o' care upon my mind.
"Well, of a day, a burnin' day in June (I remember it well-it was the worst day to me that ever came out of the skies) - of a little St. John's eve, I was making a drain to clear a bog belongin' to a gentleman that usel to gi' me work. I onght to think o' that day well, an' so I dn, an' often did before. It was a fine bright day, but it darkened my mind for ever afther. The sun was shimin' all around, the birds were singin' in the little bnshes, the cuckoo was couin' at a distance in the wood, an' the young foals were gallopin' about upon the green tields like kittens at play. 'Twas a fine day to man an' beast, but 'twas a woful day to me. It was just then, as I was whistling an working in the thrench, I threw up somethin' upon the bank that souuded as it hit agin' a stone. I took it up an' looked at it. It was like a collar that wonld be round a person's neek, an' I was told aftherwards, that it was a kind o' collar the onll Irish knights or kings, or people o' that surt, used to wear as an ornament in former times. I scraped it a little, an' it was yellow inside; I took it to the docthor that lived in the same place, to see could he make anything of it. He dipped the top of a quill in a little bottle he had, an' tonched it where I scraped it, an' afther lookin' at it again, he wiped it an' landed it back to me, au' tould me it was ranl gooll.
'Until that time the thonghts 0 ' riches, nor money, mor anything 0 ' the kind ever ga' me a day's maisiness. I hat me hire from one day to ano:her, an' I had health, an' I cared for no more. liut the minnte he tould me it was raal gool I, I felt as if my whole mind was changed within
me at once; I took home the goold, an' put it onder my head that night an' slep' upon it, an' in the mornin' I went off to town, where I took it throngh all the gooldsmiths' shops to see what they'd gi' me for it, and I sould it at last for seven pounds, which was twelve times more money than ever I had in my life before. From that day out, I never knew an hou's pace o' mind; and for eighty-seven years afther, that's to this present time, my whole end and aim was to add as much as I could to the price of what I found. I stinted my food, I stinted my clothin'; I never laid out as much as one ha'penny in sport. I never yet since that day, gave so much as one farthin' to a fellow crathur-an' now I must part it all".

Here the unfortunate old man heaved a deep groan, and his ghastly eyes relled in their sackets with the agony.
"Bring wituesses if yon have 'em", said he, in a feeble tone, "so that the law can't come between my words and their meaning afther I am gone".

Mr. Moynehan comphied, and summoned Rick Lillis and another servant to the mendicant's bedside.
"Ye are witnesses", said the old man, faintly, "that out o' thanks to this gentleman for his charity to me, an' having no kith nor kindred o' my own, an' bein' sure he'll make a betther use $o$ ' what I have, than any body else I know, I have him my outside coat an' its contents, an' all I have in the world besides".

The servants then retired, and the mendicant, taking a small and rusty key from his bosom, where it was ticd fast with a picce of hempen twine, handed it to Moynehan, and said:
"'There's a small cabin without a stick o' furniture, on the side of a hill by the ouhl lnidge near Dingle. Any body will tell you where Garret Casey, the miser, lives when he's at home. There's a padlock on the doore, an' this is the key of it. Whisper hether. When l'm gone, go to that house, an' seareh in the corner near the cup-
board in the inner room, an' rise up a brick that's there, an' have what's undher it-but-but-not till l'm gone, you know", the old man added, with a sudden expression of alarm; "the mother never loved her child, nor the wife her husband, nor the glutton his food, nor the dromkard his glass, as I loved what's undher that stone ; an' what good is it for me now? I fasted for it-I watched for it-I bungered and thirsted for it-and I bore the heat and the cold, an' thought nothing of any kind o' latome that could add the smallest triffe to it ; an' now I must part it all. If I suffered as much for my sins, this would be a happy night to me. Many a mile I walked barefoot on many a flinty road, to add a little to it; an' all for you. If I loved the law o' God as well as I loved what's undher that brick, what a saint Id be to night".

Soon after he began to rave in a distracted manner about robbers, and felt for his key, and missing it, bur:t, into feeble lamentations, and complained that he was uncone, and that his house was plundered. Before morning he expired, after recovering lis reason sufficiently to request that his remains might be conveyed to his own parish. On examining his garments, they were found quilted with coins of every description, from gold to humble copper; guineas, dollars, shillings, pence, and halfpence, being stitched in indiscriminately between the liniug and the cloth, to the amount of more than thirty pounds.

Mr. Moynchan complied with the last wishes of the dying man. lle had the remains conveyed to the mendicants native parish, and having found the cabin, waited until night in order to examine it. He then went, accompnied by lick Lillis, and bearing a dark lantern in his hand, to the miser's wretched dwelling. It was a hovel of the very vilest kind. A romed stone near the climmey comer served for a eeat. There was no appearance of firing, no ashes on the hearth, nor even the
least indication that any such luxury had brightened the loncly spot for years before. By the light of the lantern, Moymehan searched the gloomy little inmer room which was partitioned off by a burdle rudely smeared with clay. He found the brick and raised it. After clearing away a quantity of loose earth, he found a bag of tanned calfskin, which, by its weight and bulk, he judged to be the treasure sought. It was nearly filled with gold, far more at the first glance than wonld be sufficient to relieve the legatee from all his difficulties.

When they had returned to the small inn at which they slept, Moynehan charged his servant to say nothing whatsoever when they should reach home of their good fortune, judging of course that he might safely leave it to his own discretion to keep silence while they were still in a strange place. Lick Lillis conld not for a long time find any form of expression in which to convey an idea of the extraordinary thoughts that filled his mind since the completion of this adventure. He remained santering from corner to conter of the room in which his master sat quietly musing by the fire-side, now looking down at his feet, now disectly up at the ceiling, now at every corner above, and anou successively at every comer below, as if he were looking ont in all directions fur suitable expressions.
"Well, there's no use in talking, master, but this day flogged Ireland. See, for all, how'tis no way foolish to do a giod turn to high or low. Why then, il remember of a time, my father tellin' me (rest his sowl!) of a thing 0 ' the kind that happened a first cousin of his own, one Bien Shechy, that lived estwards in the hills o' Kinockadery. He was a very stupil man, sir, with submission to yon, an' hadn't es much sense as wonld cary him from this to the bedpost ; but he had a wife that was jnst as 'cute as tie was fooli-h, an' many's the time hed be lost only for her. Well, 'tis innuent people, they say, mostly
geta the luck. Of a day Beien fonnd a handful o' money in a field, where he was diggin', an' notody lookin' at lim the sanc tine, so he went an' hid it in a ditch, makin' a hole for it with his spade, until he'd come an' take it away when it would be his convenience. Well, sir, he went home and tonld his wife what he fuund. 'You done sonse gourl at last', says she; 'where's the money?' 'Ol, I have it a-hide', says he, 'in the field where I got it'. 'Well an' good', says the wife; 'I hope you have a mak upon it, the way yon'll find it again; an' not to be like l'at I'iery, the cobbler, that hid his tools so well that he never conld find 'em afther'. 'Oh, l'll nind it asy enough', says Bien; 'fur I tock a fine big mark for it', says he, 'a gray horse that was fecdin' a-near the place when I put it a-hise'. Well, the wife gev one screcch that you'd hear a mile off. '(1h, murther! you born omodhuun', says :he ; 'sure the horse was no makk for you to take. Sure he'll lave that to go elsewhere', says she, 'an then what'll becume o' your mark? 'Twas an evil day', says she, I ever had anything to say to you: an' you'll bing us to beggary at last'. Well, poor Brien stuod as it you shut him; an' then he darted out the doores, an' run for the bare life to the field where he left the money. An' sure cnongh the lorse was clane at a conthrany side o' the fictld. Poor Brien claped his hands to his head, and was fit to be tied at the thoughts of it; Lut it was no nee for lim. He sarched the whole field; but he might just as well be lookin' for lobsters in the same place.
"Well, sir, as he was walkin' a few weeks afther on the high road, comin' from market, he met an ould beggarman that axed him fur an ahms. 'Don't be talkin' to me, man', says Brien. 'I lost more money a month ago, than l'il ever have in my life again ; but here's one pemy for you any "ay'. 'Where did you lose it?' says the puce man. 'I lust it in such a field, where I had it a-hide in a ditch', says he. 'W'ell', says the buggar, ' one gocl turn
desarves another. If you'll step acrass the field, to Paul Rahilly's, you'll hear somethin' of it', says he: "I turned in the boreen, 'while aro, an' I heard them talkin' of a power o' money the chilther found in a ditch, as they were playin'. Well, sir, sure enough, he went acrass to Railly's, an', I deciare, he got the money arain. The lahilly's were very honest people; an' the first token he gev 'em o' the money bein' his, I'll engage they handed it over to him. So that even a poor beggar might have it in his-. Sonuhar to me", added Rick, as a loud, sound, resembling the noise of a penny trampet, cut short the moral of his tale. "Sonuhar* to me, but he's fast asleep the whole time, an' I, like a fool, tellin' my story to the four walls. Well, an' some walls have ears, they say, an' why shouldn't I? The masther is a made man, any way, that's plain enough".

## CHAPTER III.

It will be recollected that we do not relate the above as a fact of which we have historieal knowledre; but as one of the explanations rumour gave of the way in which Mr. Moynehan had obtained his sudden wealth. Ilis seeret was kept, and the day of sale arrived. An anctioncer from Limerick attended to put up the household furniture and other articles to the highest bid ler. Many, however, said it was folly to talk, that there woall be no bidders at all, the Moymehans were so hospitable, and so well liked throughont the comtry. Though the morning was raing, it dil not prevent great crowls from atteading; and to the great astonishment of the whole worll, biddings were just as smart as if Mr. Moyachan were a perfect stranger. There was one circumstance,

> * A youd nif, or husband.
however, which occasioned universal amazement in the crowd.

Mr. Moynehan had taken lis seat next the auctioneer, his hands resting on his walking cane, and his eyes fixed upon the varions bidders, as if to be satisfied by ocular demonstration of the identity of the individuals who were now pouncing like hawks upon the spoils of the mansion, which had been for near a score of years as free to their use as to his own. The anction was about to commence, when in strutted Rick Lillis, with the air of a nobleman, and took his.place amongst the aristocratic purchasers.
"Give me a chair, here!" he cried aloud, in a voice like thunder.

Three or four servants fiew to execute his orders, and he placed himself in the seat with an air of surly dignity, as if he wished to see who would presume to meddle with lim. The gentlemen and ladies around him began to whisper, and gather their brows, and scemed not altogether to like it, but Rick maintained his place unmoved.
" Gi' m" a bottle o' wine!" he called alond, in the same tone -"an' a glass for dhrinkin', an' a crnst o' bread".

Again half a dozen attendants flew to execute his mishes with the same alacrity as before.
"'That'll do", said Rick; "now, Misther Auctionecr, you can commence business: I'm quite ready".

The auctioneer bowed low with mock gravity, and proceeded to put up the articles of furniture in succession. Nothing could be more painful to Mr. Moynchan's friends than to bid at all; bu; as the articles were going, each thought he might as well have them as another. What was their astonishment, however, whea Rick Lillis bil for every let just as it was abont to be kneked down to another! Lot after lot, there was nothing too high $n \mathrm{~m}$ too low for lim; and he paid for every article in sterlin; gold upon the instant. Every article, without exception,
not a stick of furniture, nor of anything elsc, was carried out by a stranger. 'The bidders now began to turn the tables upon lick, and many said that he was an ungrateful fellow, after having been able to save so much mouey through the liberality of his master, to make so thanhless an use of it at the close. However, amid all this generous zeal for the ruined Moynchan, none of the jovial companions and old friends scemed to think of asking him to his house, but, one after another, they dropped away, and left him to confer alone with his calamity.

Mr. Moynehan made no effort to retain his farms, but settled honourably with his landlord. He then made the purchase long since spoken of, and began to build the house, the ruins of which have been described at the commencement of our narrative. It would be a vain attempt to paint the consternation which was excited throughout the comntry side by the news that Moynchan had purchased an estate, nor the celerity with which he had all his friends about him once again, as cflicions and as cordial as ever. 'The mystery of Rick Lillis's extraordinary wealth became clear when they found the furniture of the old house appropriated to its accustomed uses in the new.

Mr. Moynehan, however, did not reproach his old neighbours with their ingratitude.
"How would l be the gainer, my dear", he wonld say to his indignant helpmate, on perceiving her anger rise at the approach of any of those worthy adherents, "how would 1 be the gainer by declaring war against all my neighbours, because they are not just the kind of people I would have them? - If I were to wait for friends until I should find them without fanlt, I might live to the age of Methusalem without finding as muc. as would make a hand at whist, and Dumby one of the party too. Sure 'tis the very fatult I have to tind with myself, that I'm not
just as I'd like to be. And, poor people! if they have acted wrong, they will suffer enough for it hereafter, without my endeavouring to make them uncomfortable at present".

Accordingly, there was no one who was not invited to the Housewarming. Now, if any uninitiated reader should desire to know what an Irish Housewarming was in the days of Mr. Moynchan, he must be content with our brief description, sceing that no such entertainment is to be found amongst the extravagancies of the present day. The period was a century too late for the muse of Derrick, and a century too early for the bard of Ballyporeen, or we would have considered it unnecessary to say more than that a Housewarming had been given.
" Rick !" Mr. Moynelian exclaimed from the bed-room, where he was occupied in an operation from which half the human race are happily exempt-we mean that of shaving-" Rick !" exclaimed Mr Moynehan.
"Goin', masther!" The reader must understand that Rick Lillis generally said going, when he meant coming. "Goin', masther!" answered Rick, and bis gaping mouth and starirg eses were presently visible at the chamber door.
"Pick, do you know that I am to give a Housewarming on 'Thursday next?"
"Oyeh, iss, sir-long life to you. The missez tould uz ov it".
"Well, Rick, you know we shall want music, so I leave that part of the affiar to your management".
" Ullila! me, sir!" exelaimed lick, in modest alarm. "Sorrow tune did I ever piay in my life upon anything, exceptin' it was a little taste npon the jew's-harp, an' l'm sure it is aisily known that wouldn't go far among a whole housefull".
"You mistaka me, Rick; I have as little inclination to listen to your music as yon can have to furnish it. But I
mean that you shall find musicians; so mind what I tell you: if I find that there is a man within three baronies round us, that ever drew horsehair across catgut, or ever danced the chanter of a bagpipe on his kinee, or ever whistled God save the King upon a pipolo, who shall not be at the Honsewaming on Thursday next-l'll-no I can't hang you-ah, joy be with the times when I could before we ever had a law to interfere with us-but I'll be tempted to go as near it as I can".
"Long life to your honour, sure I'll do my best".
"Take no excuse, as you value your head".
" Excuse!" exclaimed Rick, with a half shout of surprise ; "I'll go bail, I'll make 'em come jumpin', au' glad to be axed-I'll take my hazel stick in my hand, an' I'd like to see the man among 'em that would daar say ' no' to me, when I give the commands".

He left the room, and so punctually did he fulfil his commission, that on the 'Thursday following a troop of fiddlers, fifers, pipers, and other musicians, of all ages, and of both sexes, had assembled at the new edifice, sufficient of themselves to have constituted a mumerous company. But they were soon lost in the multitudes that followed. Cars, horses, truckles (furnished with a bed-tick, to supply the lack of springs and cnshion), every species of vehicle, and every beast of burden that the land aflorded, were put in requisition by the numerous guests who came with unblushing countenances to claim a share of Moynchan's returning hospitality. Nor did he treat them to Timon's feast of "smoke and lukewarm water". Moynchan never expected much gratitude from his friends, so he was not disappointed when he did not receive it. It was in compliance with the promptings of his own heart, and not in the wild-goose-chase of human gratitude, that he was either hospitable or generous; so he felt no indignation at being denied what he had never songht. Indeed, it is most probable that if he had heard the story of Timon of

Athens, he wonld have thought him a selfish fellow, who precisely met with his desert for affecting the name of generosity, when in reality he gave nothing for which he did not both expect and demand a retirn ; and an exquisite temper he manifested, too, when he made that wonderful discovery, that it is not quite so casy to borrow as it is to lend in this world. No: "uncover, dogs, and lap", was not the welcome Moymehan gave lis guests, but such a banquet that it was "given up to it", such a "giving out" was never known before in that side of the country, any way. And he had the satisfaction, too, of finding that it was all a mistake about the ingratitude of his neighbours; for there was scarcely an individual amongst them that did not before morning take an opportmity of assuring their host, that all he had in the world was at his service, and his life, if he wanted it, into the bargain; a fact which shows how erroncous was the evil opinion entertained of them by Mrs. Moynchan, and how cautious we ought to be of judging by appearances.

And so the house was built and warmed.

## CHAPTER IV.

During the life-time, or, as the peasantry on his estate termed it, the "reign" of Mr. Moynchan, the affairs of Tipsy Hall, as he named his new residence, "for raisons", were managed with tolcrable moderation. We have material enough to dwell at ample length on the subsequent history of the edifice, before it came into the hands of the individual whose carthly destinies were most intimately interwoven with the subject of our tale. We might describe the feasting, the drinking, and, unhappily for the sredit of a portion of our ancestry, the duelling, the cockfighting, the horse-racing, the dissipation of every kind of which it was ouce the scene; and some readers might find
so fuithful a detail of manners, now, lappily, almost forgotten, not wholly destitute of interest. We might dwell upon the unheard-of magnificence displayed at the funeral of the first Moynehan, who chose to be interred at his birth-place, which was "far up in the north", in the comity of Donegal. We might follow the sable vehicle for eighteen days along the wild and varied road, attended as it was the whole way by near one thousand persons. We might describe the storm of rain that, for three long days, pouring down incessantly upon the mournful train, added unexpected dreariness and discomfort to a task already full of gloom and woe; we might tell (for the sources from which we draw our information faithfully record the number) how many, dying on the wayside of cold and of fatigne, how many, in a sudden feud arising between two hostile factions, who were included in the train, had given this testimony of their fidelity and zeal to the manes of their beucfactor. For a whole day, it was said, the coflin haltel in its progress, until this controversy was decided, and then the whole proceeded in the sanse order as before. We might dilate yet further on the extravagancies of the more umbridled spirits who succeeded the founder of the mansion in his possessions, and on the wilder orgies with which they made its walls reëcho through many a winter night. But we write to illustrate, not to satirise, human nature; and it is possible that if we were to transcribe all that is preserved amongst the neighbouring peasantry of the history of the ruin, the reader might hardly thank us for onr preciseness. Add to this, that we must confess, at the risk of losing no ma'ter how many of our readers, the subject has for us but little attraction. Boisterous, quarrelsome manners, latitual excesses, the manners, in a word, of the drinking tathle, have for us, whether in life or on paper, but little cham, even when dashed with gaicty and wit, and made interesting by personal daring and adventure. Our ancestors had their follies-we have
ours; and it is rather hard that we should langh at their manners, when they have not the opportunity of returning the compliment.

We shall, therefore, suffer this portion of our history to be gathered from the hips of no less a personage than Jick Lillis himself, as, an old and crutch-bome man, he stood amongst the ruins of the building on a summer day, detailing with melancholy intcrest, to an inquisitive tourist, the fortunes of the family he had survived.
"There was somethin' wrong about the house, sir, ever from the very big'nin'. The dhrollest* nizes ever you seen, used to be hard about the place at night, every day, from the time the first stone was laid, until the rouf an' all came down. In the dead o' the night time the people used to be called out o' their sleep by sthrange voices, and they never could find out who it was that called 'cm. It bate all ever you hear. For a time after the ould masther's death (rest his sowl!) there was no standin' the place at all, with the stories they all had, that he used to be seen risin'-himself an' the ould bucogh, that it was known afther left him all the money. Sumetimes they used to be seen walkin' together, lock-arms, in the moonshine; more times, they say, when the family would be sittin' by the fireside, talkin', an' no light in the place only the blaze o' the fire, they'd hear the doors open, an' they'd look back this way over their shoulders, an' there they'd see old Moynchan with his grave-clothes about him, lookin' in upon'em. But there's one thing I was, as I may say, present at myself, au' 'tis as thrue as you're standin' there.
"You don't know, may be, the dizaze the ould masther died of? Asy, an' l'll tell you. It was what they call a stomach-wolf. He was out of a day in harvest with the men, an' bein' rather hot, an' the fresh hay convanient, he sat down upon a cock of it, an' fell aslecp. W'cll, he

[^9]knew nothin' of it, but it is then the rogue of a wolf took an advantage of him to ret into his mouth, so 'ente, an' down his throath, an' into the stomach suug an' warm, an' the masther nivir knowin' a word abont it. When he woke by an' by, an' went home to dinner, ho felt so hungry that you'd think he'd ate the world, an' dhrink the ocean dhry. His dimer was no more to him than a boiled piate. IIe ate an' he ate, an' he dhrank an' he dhrank, an' he was just as hungry an' as thirsty when he got up as he was when he sat down. So it went on from day to day, an' instead of being betther, 'tis worse and worse he was gettin' ever an' always.
"One neighbour come in, an' another, an' not one of 'em conld give the laste account of what aileded him. An' what was worst of all was, that in place o' getting filt with all he ate, 'tis laner an' laner he was gettin' every day, till he was a complete nottomy. Not a ha'porch ho ett or dhrank done him any good.
"Still nobody could tell from Adam what was the matther with him. The docthor that was in the place, although bein' a very knowin' man, he knew nothin' whatever of this ailment, never mectin' a case o' the kind before. One neighbour recommended one thing, and another another, but the masther didn't give in to any of 'em some way, an' when they'd bring him any great physic, in place o' takin' it, he'd give it to the mis.iz to keep fur him. W'ell, one day he came in, lookin' so pale and wake, that he was ready to dhrop. 'There's no use in talkin', my dear', says he to the missiz, 'but there's some bad work goin' on inside in me'. 'Can't yon take some of the muddicines, my love ?' says she. 'Rech 'em hether', says he, 'I believe I must do something'. So she rech'd 'em all down. 'Why, then, the Heavens direet me now', says the missiz, 'which o' these l'm to give you', says she, lookin' at the liape. 'I'll tell you what', says the masther, 'if one $o$ ' them is good, the whole o' them must be
betther. Make them get a sancepan', says he, 'an' a dhrop o' wather'. So she did. The saucepan was brought, and the masther haved'em all into it headforemost, bottles, an' pills, an' powders, in as they wor, an' boiled 'em all together with the dhrop o' wather. When it was boiled he dhrank it, an' little was wanten but it was the last dhrop he ever dhrank. He lost his walk* the same day, an' before night it was all the same thing as over with him.
" Well, nothin' would satisfy the missiz, but some docthor should see him, to keep peop'e's tongues quiet. While she was thinkin' who she'd send for, an ould bucogh come to the doore axin' charity, an' he up an' tould her where she'd get a rale docthor. 'There's a docthor', says he, 'livin' upon the borders of Kerry, an' if there's any man', says he, ' that's able to raise the dead to life, 'tis he'. So the missiz called Tim Dalton, or Tim Tell-truth, as we used all to call him, by raison he never would tell a word o' thruth by his own good will, an' sent him off on horseback for this great docthor. I can only give you Tim's word for what took place, until he came back next day following. He rode for a good part of a day, until he come into the lonesomest mountain counthry he ever seen in his life. He made inquiries, and they showed him where the docthor lived, in a lonesome house down in a little glen, an' the smoke comin' out o' the chimney. ' Well', says 'Tim to me, an' he tellin' me the story, 'I med for the honse, an' if I did, there I seen all the place sthrown all round with dead men's bones, an' the pathway up to the hall-doore was paved with little white things thit looked just like knuckle-bones. Well become me', says 'Tim, 'I med for the hall doore, an' gev a great rap, and axed for the docthor. The sarvant girl showed me into the kitclen, where there was a great pot bilin' on the fire. Thinks I to myself, I wondher what in the world is

> * The use of his limbs.
in the pot. So while I was wondherin', the docthor come out an' axed me my business, which I up an' toult him. " Well", says he, "stay asy a minute, an' l'll be with you; but for your life", says he, "take care you don't look after me". 'I'll engage', says 'Tim, 'I wasn't said by him, but the instant he left the kitchen, I took an' opened the doore, an' gave a dawny peep into the room that was inside it'. Well, what Tim seen in that room, he never was very ready to tell, only from that day out, he wouldn't take a taste of muddicine if he was dyin'. He used to say he seen keelers all round the room, an' dead people hangin' up, an' their blood dhroppin' into the keelers, to make muddicines. I'm sure, as for myself, I only hould it to be one of 'Tim's stories. But he brought the docthor away with him, any way.
"When the docthor come to the onld masther's room, an' fe't his pulse, he looked very sarious. He began mahin' a cut jest anear the heart with his insthruments, an' I declare you could hear the wolf barkin' inside, quite plain, at every cut he made. So he brought out the wolf, an' showed it to us all-a little dawny thing not the length o' my finger, but the tail going like a switch, an' the eyes like little sparks of fire. But howsomever it was, the poor masther didn't get much good of it, an' 'twasn't long afther that we had to lay him with his people.
"Be coorse, the masther's son, Misther Henry, como after him-an' a sore day it was for the estate, the day it come into his hands. If the ould masther was over foolish in spendin', he was twice more so. Cocks, an' horses, an' hounds, an' every other ha'p'orth that the first gentleman in the land could fancy, he had about him from year to year. But it wasn't that that broke him after all, only l'll tell you.
"There was a poor Dumby the ould masther kep, that used to dhraw out anything in the whole world upon a slate; he was still in the house when the new masther
was goin' on this way. Well, of a day when Misther Thomas was gettin' ready for the Curragh, sure the very day before the jockey was to take her off, the mare was foun d dead in the stable! The masther was fit to be tied -so he sent off privately for Shaun Dooley, a knowledgeable man that lived down near the say-side, that had a great report for bein' thick with the good people. 'Tis myself went for him, an' carried a led horse ready saddled to bring him up to Tlipsy Hall, not to spake of a goold gninea I had for him at the first word. I waited till night-fall, becanse the masther would be very unfond any body should know he'd send for a fairy docthor.
"I brought Shaun Dooley up to the masther, and he seemed for a while greatly puzzled to know what could be the cause of it. 'Did you ever shoot a weazel?' says Shaun Dooley. 'Not to my knowledge', says the masther. 'Or a magpie?' 'Not as I remember, indeed'. 'Do you be whistlin' when you do be out at night at all?' 'That can't be', says the masther, 'fur I never turnel a tune'. 'Well, I don't know in the world what to think of it', says Shann. So while he was thinkin', there was a great flutterin' ontside. 'What's that noise?' says Shaun Dooley. 'I suppose it's the pigeons that's comin' home', says the masther. 'Pigeons!' cries Shaun, 'do you keep pigeons about the house? It's plain to me now', says he, 'what rason your mare died, an' I wonldn't wondher', says he, 'if all belongin' to you was gone to rack and ruin'. 'What rason?' says the masther. 'l'll not tell you what rason', says Shaun, 'but if you take my advice, you'll not have one of 'em about the place'.
"IIe went, an' next moruin' airly the masther went about shootin all the pigeons. There was one of em that the Dumby had tamed, an' when he seen 'em all shootin', he took an' hid it from the masther, poor crathur, it was so quict an' so fond of him. Well, sure enough, in less than two mouths afther the ould missiz died, an' the masther
found out that the Dumby kept the pigcon. I nerer seen one so wild. He turned the Dumby out o' doors (although the crathur cried a gallon full, an' went on his knees to ax pardon), an' twisted the hearl off $o^{\prime}$ the pigeon. But it was no good for him. From that day out it seemed as if the luck went out o' the doors with the Dumby. And when the next Mr. Moynehan came into the property, he found himself much in the situation of more jentlemen in the country then an' now, that have 'pon my honour, and nothing to back it".

## CHAPTER V.

But since the accession of this third Mornehan to the proprictorship of lipsy Hall brings as into the most important portion of our tale, we shall take the story out of the lands of Rick Lillis, and resume our own task as historians of the ruined building.

So indeed it was. In the course of less than half a century, the fa:r estate which Mr. Moynehan was so anxious shonld be long preserved in the hands of his posterity, had melted away to a small remnant, which was wholly inadequate to the maintenance of the family in the strle of splendid hospitality which they had always upheld. What added to this embarrassment was that Mr. Thomas Moynehan never could be prevailed upon to augment his diminishing income by secking some situation suitable to his rank, which he might easily have procured amongst his inflnential friends. Antiquarians tell us that among the ancient Irish, all occupations of a commercial nature were held in the highest scorn, and the term, ceanuighe, or merchant, was considered wholly incompatible with that of a geutleman. Until a very late period a strong tincture of the same spirit appears to have influenced the
conduct of our Irish gentry. Mr. Moynehan seemed to think that his family would be disgraced if he were actually to earn the bread which he had hitherto received as his patrimonial right. A circumstance which took place while affairs were in this condition is said to have had a strong eflect in withdrawing him from society, and indeed in hastening his death.

The public road, which passed close by Mr. Mornehar's gate, was the same by which the judges of assize were accustomed to travel on their way to the western towns. It happened one evening (so goes the tale) that one of those personages who was about to open a commission in Tralee, was overtaken by nightfall in the neighbourhood of Tlipsy Ilall. As there was 100 im within the distance of several mies, and the judge and Mr. Moymehan were well acquainted, the former determined to pass the night at the house of his friend, and resume his journcy on the following morning. Accordingly, he directed his coachman to drive throngla the aresue gate, and he was received with a ready welcome at the open door.

Mr. Thomas Mornchan, notwithstanding those weaknesses which we have seen, and a certain violence of temper, which was at imes uncontrollable, was yet in many things a man of a reflective and solemn turn of mind. Much of his attention had been given occasionally to the nature of human law and the extent of its power over human life and liberty. It was his opinion that in most governments too little recard was shown to human life; and there was one point in particular which moved his horror. This was the case with which circumstantial evidence was received in British courts of justice on questions of a capital nature. Such convictions, taking into account the many occasions on which the innocence of the culprit had subsequently been manifested in time to redeem his reputation, but not to save his life, appeared to him in the light of so many formal and deliberate murders.

## 194

 the bapber 0 O bantr.On the present occasion, as the judge and he were sitting quietly together by the fire-side after dinner, he could not resist the opportunity of introducing his favourite topic. He found, as he had expected, his learned gnest entirely of the other way of thinking. The judgo said that it was true, circumstantial evidence might sometimes be merely specious, and undoubtedly in such cases it was wrong to convict; but that there were circumstances which wers fully as demonstrative of the guilt or innocence of the accused as the most direct ocular testimony could be.
"For", said he, "Gentlemen of the Ju-Mr. Moynehan, I should say-we must remember that the degree of certainty is not altered by the nature of the evidence. Certainty is certainty still, by whatever means it is obtained. I am certain that two and two are the equation of four, and I am certain that this glass, if I drop it, will fall on the floor, and I am certain that King Charles the First lost his head. My certainty with regard to the three positions is the same, yet the means by which I arrive at it are different; for the last fact I have only on hearsay, whereas the others are physical and metaphysical truths. So I grant you circumstantial evidence can only give us moral certainty; yet moral certainty, when it is certainty at all, is fully equal to any other whatsoever. When people say they are only morally certain of anything, they use a vulgar expression, which means that they are not certain at all; for if they were morally certain, they would be perfectly so".

So saying, he hemmed, and looked as if he expected there should be no reply. Accordingly Mr. Moymehan, though he could not see what the lecture upon the nature of certainty had to do with his own assertion that circumstantial evidence could never produce it in a conscentious mind, did not conceive it prudent to urge the matter further, contenting himself with sayiug that perhaps the time
might ret arrive when he would have an opportunity of furnisling lis lordship with a case in point.

On the following day the judge continued his route, and Mr. Moynehan resumed his customary occupations. He still continued to reflect much upon the injustice of depriving a fellow-creature of life where there was even a possibility of his innocence. Even if there were cases, as he doubted not there might be some, in which circumstantial evidence might amount to certainty, he was yet convinced that no such strength of testimony was required in the great number of instances in which convictions had taken place. The more he thought upon it, the more he became assured of the correctness of his own views, and he only longed for an opportunity of converting the judge to his opinion.

In a few mornings afterwards he was preparing to take breakfast at an early hour, when lick Lillis entered the parlour, to say, with a countenance aghast with borror, that some countrymen without had taken a murderer, and wauted that Mr. Moynehan (who was a justice of the peace) should commit him to the county gaol. Mr. Noynehan seemed deeply struck at the intelligence. It secmed as if he even felt a nearer interest in the case owing to his recent controversy with the judge.
"Let them wait outside", said he, "until l have done breakfast, and I will hear them".

In a short time after he ordered the men to be summoned into the office, where he nsually took his exauinations. Three countrymen entered, conducting a fourth, who by his pale and terrified countenance, his disordered appearance, and some reddish stains upon his garments, was cvidently the person accused. One of the others held a pitchfork, the handle of which was dabbled with blood.

Mr. Muynehan, who knew the man perfectly well as one of his own labourers, and one of the most peaceable cha-
racters in the country, seemed much concerned at beholding him in such a situation, but determined to give the fullest hearing to all the parties.
"Plase your worship", said the eldest of the three aceusers, "this boy an' my son Ned were at work together yestherday, an' they had some words comin home, which nobody then took much notice of. But this morning it so happened that I went to work in your honour's piatee garden agrecable to ordhers. It was early, an' I expected to be first upon the ground, which I knew to be plaisin' to your honour, but I was overtaken on the road by these two neighbours; so the three of us went on together with our sparles in our hands. When we come into the field it was just the dusk $u$ ' dawn. 'Stop', says this man here to me, 'don't you hear groaning?' 'I hard something', says I; 'but I made nothing of it, thinkin' it was the nind'. ''Tis not the wind', says he, 'but some one that got a bad hurt, an' there they are!' Sure enough, at that minate we seen this boy here thrying to make off with a pitch-fork-this pitch-fork here-in his band, but we pinned him. Little I knew what use he was afther puttin' it to. I wish I had no more to tell-it's dear I aincd your worship's piatecs. We found my poor boy a dead corpse in the furrow, an' there's the villian that done it".

The two other witnesses being examined, corroborated in all its circumstances the evidence given by the first. Ilaving patiently heard all they had to say, and finding that they had not detected the man in the very act, Mr. Moynchan seemed desirous to dismiss the case. It was true, he said, they had found the man on the spot, and with the bloody weapon in his hand, and with his hands on the dead body. This and his precipitate flight when secn, and the disagreenment of the previous evening, were strong circumstance:; yet they did not amount to actual
evidence of guilt, and he called on the prisoner for his explanation.

The unhappy man turned pale and red alternately, and trembled as if his doom had been already fixed. He acknowlenged the dispute, and indecd all the circumstances deposed by his accusers, yet he attested Heaven that he was wholly guiltess.
"I went into the field", sail he, "to my work, an' I found the corpse before me in the furrow, an' the pitchfork lyin a-ncar it, an' while I was feelin' him to sce had he any life, an' examinin' the spade, these people come upon me. I run, becase I was afeerd they'd say 'twas I done it, an' I took the pitch-fork with me in my fright".

Mr. Moynehan, who seemed affected in the strongest manner by the poor feliow's anxiety, was so far from judging him guilty, that he peremptorily refused to issue a warrant of committal, and wied all his influence to dissuade the friends of the deceased from proceeding further against the prisoner. To this, however, they would by no means listen. They conveyed the accused before another magistrate, who committed him to gaol without hesitation.

The day of trial came, and Mr. Moynehan happened to be one of the jury. The evidence was the same as before-the judge his old acquaintance. To the whole court, except Mr. Moynehan, the testimony seemed conclusive. He, however, would not listen to the thonght of a conviction. The arguments of his eleven fellow-jurors were in vain -he would not subscribe to their verdict. The foreman made his report to the judge, who reproached Mr. Moynehan severely with his obstanacy. 'lhe later, however, was not to be moved, and the issue was (as the rumour groes) that the jury were kished, and the prisoner set at liserty.

When the judge had returned to his lodgings, he could
not aroid reflecting on the extraordinary character of this man, who had thes, to gratify a favourite theory, let a murderer loose npon society, and set up his nwn solitary julgment arainst the unanimons conviction of a crowded const. So deeply did it prey upon lis mind, that he sent for Mr. Moynehan, in order that they might exchange some quict conversation on the subject. The latter readily attended on his summons.
"My lord", said Mr. Moynehan, with a serions air, on hearing the cause of the judge's message, " you may remember a conversation which we lad some time since on the sulject of circumstantial evidence?"
"Perfectly well", replied the judge.
"I told your lordship then", said Mr. Moynehan," that the time might yet arrive when I should have an opportunity of making you a convert to my own opinion".
"That time, Mr. Moynchan, is certainly yet to come; for I never knew a case so clearly against you, as that which we have tried to-day. May I request to know your reasons for such extraordinary-perseverance-to give it no harsher name?"
"My reasons are at your lordship's service", answered Mr. Moynehan, "provided that I have your solemn word of honomr not to divalge them during my own lifetime".

The julge, without hesitation, gave him the promise he desired.
"I admit, my lord", said Mr. Moynehan, " that this case had all the strength of circumstantial testimony which you considered necessary; but I could not in conscience convict the prisoner, for I am myself the slayer of the deceased".

The julge started back in horror.
"Yes", said he, "it happened on that morning that I was in the field before any of my workmen. The deceazed was the first who made his appearance, and I rebuked him for his neglect. Being a man of hot temper, he
answered me with more than equal warmth, and I lost all command of mine. I strick lim- he retmoed the blow -I held the pitch-fork in my hand, and with one blow more I felied lim to the earth. I fled in terrer, and in less than one hour after, the prisouer was brought before me. Judge whether I had not reason to be constant in my verdict of acquittal".

The judge kept his promise, but from that day forward he was more cautious in receiving circumstantial evidence on a capital charge.

On the death of Mr. Thomas Moynehan (a considerable portion of whose history might, perhaps, in the reader's opinion, have been omitted with advantage) the estate and mansion of Tipsy Hall fell into the hands of Edmond Moynehan, his nephew, and the last of the race who beld duminion Leneath its roof.

## CIIAPTER VI.

Mr. Edmond Moyneman, though succeeding to a diminished income, had been in some respects more fortunate than any of his predecessors. He bad received an excellent education, in the truest sense of the word, and up to the period of his accession to the estate of 'Tijsy Ihall, had used it, in all appearance, to the best advantage. As far as any one could be said to enjoy happiness in a world where people find no situation so good that they do not loner for better, Mr. Edmond Moynehan was a happy man. He had a wife, who, whether as a doctress, counsellor, or honsewife, was without her equal in the conntry side. At the time when they were suddenly ealled to the inhe. ritance of Tipsy Hall, they inhabited a small cottage near the romantic town where the Khights of the Valley once held feudal sway. Their scanty income was derived from
their agricultural pursuits; and iurlustry, united with economy, enabled them to maintain a more respectable station in their neighbourhood than many who were far superior in fortume. For it must be understood, that all this while it was not wholly for want of knowing better that so much dissipation prevailed among the Irish country squires, and instances might occasionally be found, of families who fulfilled in every respect the duties of their station. Of this deseription were Mr. Edmond Moynehan and his wife ; they were examples of piety and of sobriety to their humble neighbours; they were active benefactors of the poor around them; and in a country where the wealthier gentry seldom made their appearance, it was an incalculable advantage to the peasantry to have even one family who could in some degree supply their place as counsellors and protectors. Fortmately kept at a distance from the coarse corruption that surrounded them, by their own good sense, they were still more fortunate in living at a distance from the more dangerous, because more subtlo and less perceptible, corruption that prevailed then, as at all times, in towns and cities. They were happy even in their ignorance how far the human mind and heart can go astray when they have forsaken the path of simple truth. It "as true they saw viee around them, but they never yet had seen it justified: they saw the duties of religion neglected, but they did not know that the mind can even be hronght to vindicate such negleet, and give it specions names. They maintained their plain and simple conse, at peace with themselves and Heaven, and in good will with the whole world. Of polities (in the angry sense of the word) or of controvers, they heard and thought but little, and maintained a pmimitive simplicity as well in their mode of thinking as of living. Thery fasted nu all the fast davs, and they kept all the holidays holy. They never tronbled their heads about new joints of doetrine, and thus were left more leisure to practise what they already believed.

Perhaps it rould be difficult for a person engulfed in the vortex of the world and all its cares, absomed by the auxieties of commerce, the intrigues of love or of ambition, or consumed by the devouring thirst of fame or power, to imasine the happiness which the Moynehans up to this period had enjoyed in their tranquil river-side life. It was not slothfin, for the Mornchans were stirring with the dawn, and till sumset occupied in some charitable or useful avocation; Mr. Moyuehan in the fiells with his workmen, or on the road to some neighbouring fair, his fair help-mate in the dairy, or superintending her flax-acesers in the open barn, or hearing her son Edmond read alond while she knitted a stocking at the parlour window. Neither was it a solicitous life, for their attachment to the world or its possessions was not so strong as to awaken anxiety; the solitude in which they lived kept refection awake, and no artificial rapility of profit, or intoxicating violence of pleasure, ever sedued them into forgetfulness of the real value of mortal hope or joy. Even their love for each other was, we fear, such as would by no means satisfy a real votary of romance. That poetical gentleman, who sail he knew only two places in the miverse-viz., where his mistress was, and where she was not-would have looked with scorn upon Mrs. Mognehan; for she knew a great many places besides that where her hnsband was; and yet it was not saying a little to assert that, after ten years of wedded life, there was no other which she liked so well.

If, amongst the many who occasionally shared the hospitality of Moynehan's cottage, some votary of fashion made his appearance, the life of these simple people must have appearel to him insipid, dull, and monotonous in the extreme. 'lhere was nuthing in their tranquil pastoral enjoyments at all so hishly seasoned as to sutisfiy a derotee of plasme, and he would bave attributed to the mature of the life they led the insipidity which was wholly owing to the defect in his own sense. But to the Moynehans,
whose rensh for the pleasures of innocence had never been dulled by any acquaintance with those of vice, it did not appear that there was anything so tasteless or so burdensomo in their daily life. They found health in the morning air, that blew freshly from the sunlit river, and relief from $w$ cariness of mind in the occupations of their farm. The undecorated exhortation of their parish clergyman on a Sunday, had with them more weight than all the elequence and learniug of a metropolitan pulpit upon the ears of metropolitan hearers. It might be said of them with truth, that they thought more with the heart than with the head, and if they had not the learning, neither had they the pride, of the philosopher.

From this humble, simple life it was that the Mornehans were called to the inheritance of Tipsy Hall. The news came upon them somewhat unexpectedly, and it might he alnost said without a welcome. The cottage in which they now lived had been their residence since they were united. It was the birth-place of their only son, and the seene of their calm and prosperous industry during so many happy years. The accession, however, to such a property as that of Tipsy Hall was too important an addition to their fortune to be neglected, and they prepared for a removal. Mrs. Moynehan, in particular, had a strong misgiving with respect to this migration, and felt as if every knock of the carpenters, as they were taking the fumiture to pieces for the purpose of conveyance, sounded the knell of their departing happiness. There was no use, however, iudulging, much less communicating, such fanci's.

The day appointed for their removal came, and a number of weeping friends and neighbours assembled to bid farewell to their long-established associates and companions. An eldely lady, who had often filled the effice of counsellor and instructor to Mrs. Moynelian on critical occasions, and who had not been sparing of her rhetoric upon the
present, gave so many hints with respect to a family of the name of Tobin, living within the distance of two miles of Tipsy Hall, that Mrs. Moynehan became quite alarmed.
"I do not want to make you uneasy, my dear, by what I say", coneluded this sagacious friend, "but to make you cautious in time. I know how little relish Mr. Moynehan has for such society-indeed he's an angel of a man-where will you meet such another? -buc men are meu after all-the best men are frail, and the Tobins are enough to corrupt a monastery".
"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Moynehan, astonished; "I thought Mr. Tobin was a magistrate of the county. Does he not sit at the Quarter Sessions?"
"He does-and a pretty magistrate he is; but I don't choose to say any more at present. I have said enough to put you on your gnard, and that was my only reason for speaking at all. The Tubins are a very good fimily, no doubt, and have excellent conneetions, but it is a wild house!"

Mrs. Moynchan thanked her friend for those suggestions, which she promised $t$ o bear in mind. Soon after they set out for 'Tipsy Itall, their mode of conveyance being suited rather to their past than to their present fortmes. It consisted of a trackle or low cart with a block of timber for an axle-tree. On this were laid a leather bed and quilt, on whieh Mrs. Moymehan and her son Edmond, a child about six years of age, took their seat, while Neldy Shaughnessy, "the boy" who acted as charioteer to the group, sat with his legs dangling from a corner. Behind rode Mr. Moynehan on horseback, musiug much upon their sudten change of fortune. Even already his helpmate could imagine that she beheld a shade of solieitude darkening over his features, which, until this unhoped improvement had taken place in their circumstances, were as clear and unru\#ed as a noontide lake.

It was evening when they entered the small demesne of Tipsy Ilall, Mr. Moynehan still looking more serious than he had ever done in his life before, and his soft-hearted companion crying as if some terrible misfortune had befallen them both. Her grief attracted the interest of Rick Lillis, who at first entertained some involuntary prejudice against his new master and mistress. In the course of the evening, while he was busy in arranging some furniture under her directions, she took an opportunity of making some inquiries about the 'Tobins.
"A family o' the name of Tobin, ma'am, please your honour?" echoed Lillis, when he had heard her question. "There is indeed then, an' there's none has betther rason to know it than the masther's family; an' if you plase, ma'am, plase your honour, Mrs. Moynchan, since you axed me the word, I'll tell yon my mind o' them people, not out of any ill-will to theu, but the way you'd put the masther upon his guard again 'em, in case they'd be borrowin' money or inveiglin' him any way to his hurt. Them Tobins, ma'am, arn't right people, with submission to you. 'They'd borry money, an' they wouldn't pay it, au' if they coukln't borry, there's rason for sayin that they'd go some other way abont gettin' it besides what would be proper. You'd lend em a hmulhert pounds, an' when you'd go to ax for your mones, afther, in place o' gettin' it or thanks, instead of it may be 'tis to challenge you to fight 'em they would - they're such jewellers, Lord save us! 'There isn't such jew'lyery goin' on all over Ireland, ma'am, as what they gues on with; a very black, terrible family, ma'm".

In the course of the ensuing fortnight, nearly all the familie; within three miles round, who had any pretemsions to gentility, had visited the new perietors of 'lipsy Hall. The Mornehans lad never before received so mach attention, or had to digest so large a quantity of civil flatecry. The Tolins were almost the culy family that might have
been expected, and yet did not make their appearance. Never, for a considerable time, was there so thorough a revolution: effected in any establishment as in that of Tipsy Hall. During the ensuing two years, the mansion hardly knew itself; every thing was done in order; the traces of a sober and careful maragement were visible in all quarters. They did not here consider it a part of hospitality to make their gnests drunk at their table, and it was remarked by Rick Lillis, that it was the first time since the foundationstone of the building had been laid, that two successive years had rolled over the roof of Tipsy Hall, without its being possible for any body to say with truth that he had seen a human being "tossicated" within its walls, or a tradesman leave the door with his bill umpaid.

Notwithstanding all that Mrs. Mornchan could do to prevent such an occurrence, her husband became acquainted with the Tobins, and relished their acquaintance. Their wit, their fun, their show of good-nature and of hospitality, could not fail to win some favour from one who really was what they affected to be. There are many persons whose very virtues, or at least dispositions for virtue, are often somres of strong temptation to themseives. Mr. Moynehan's frauk and unsuspecting nature and secial temperament were to him occasions of imminent danger. The 'Tobins talked so pleasantly, and so good-humouredly, and so goodnaturedly, that he found it impossible not to like their company. Of the justice of this opinion, Mrs. Moynchan could not form any correct ilea, for as there were ne females amongst the family at Castle Tobin, she hal never set her foot within its precinets. Her opinion, at first so unfavourable, became something more tolerant, however, when, after several months had passel, she could not recollect that her husband had once returned home with any symptom of those excesses about him, which she had been tanght to apprehend at Castle Tobin.

In another way, however, their acquaintance was not so
adrantareous. On two or three occasions, old Mr. Tobin had found it necessary to trespass on his friend Moynehan's purse, to an amomut already rather embarrassing; and with what the latter could not help thinking the best intentions in the world, these moneys had never been repaid. Mrs. Moynehan, however, as soon as she understood what had taken place, was determined to provide against a recurrence of the same misfortunc. She entered upon the subject one morning at the breakfast table, and after a severe lecture on the injustice he was committing towards their child, as well as those who had better claims on his assistance, obliged him to "make a vow" that he never again would lend money to the Tobins without her concurrence. He did so, and all was peace for some time after.

All hitherto was well with Mr. Moynchan. IIe had a property, moderate, it is truc, but to which his industry was daily adding something; a wife who knew Buchan's Domestic Medicine, in the country phrase, from cover to cover; and in whose eyes he was, without exception, the greatest man in Ireland; a promising boy, acknowledged ca a!! !ands to be the "living image" of himself, and a tenantry who looked up to him for assistance and protection, and were never disappointed. He rose at moming with the smn, dressed himself briskly, was not ashamed to go down on his knees to return thanks for the past, and petition for the future; nor did he think himself a whit the worse for never omitting this duty either at night or morning. He kept a hospitable board; a door "that opened with a latch"; a bed for the traveller; a warm fire-side and a wholesome dimer for the humble mendicant. When he had discharged his duties his conscience was at rest, and if any of his neighbours at such a time sought to make amends for their own delinquencies by lecturing him, he would listen in silence, contented with having done what other people ouly secmed to talk abuat.

This life of tranquillity and goodness, horrever, was doomed to meet with a singular reverse. The fiend,

- grown wiser than of yore, Who tempts by making rich, not making poor,
put it into the head of some official functionary of the state to appoint Mr. Moynelan a collector of assessed taxes i : his district, and into Mr. Moynchan's to accept it. What the publicans were in the ancient Roman provinces, the tax-cellectors were at a certain period in "our own green isle", that is to say, persons well paid for taking pains to make their own fortunes. A few years bcfore, the proprietor of Tipsy Hall might have thought such a situation not worthy of his acceptance, but a considerable alteration had taken place in the affairs of that establishment. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that Mr. Moynchan received the appointment, wholly ignorant as he was of the innumerable risks by which it was attended. He had heretofore been honest, and he did not sce why a man might not be an honest tax-gatherer as well as an honest farmer. Accordingly he set about the duties of his new office with alacrity.

An eminent statesman, some years since, when about to announce the intention of government to repeal the assessed taxes in Ireland, assigned as one of the motives which influenced ministers in coming to such a resolution -_"that they were found to fall very heavy upon those country gentlemen who were kind enough to pay then". Mr. Moynehan found few of his neighbours so disposed. It was true, nothing could be more frank and hospitable than the manner in which they all received him when he came to their houses. They loaded him with attentions. The best bed in the house and the best wine in the cellar were at his service. They had company to meet him, and they had a thousand little things which he might want, and which they would find an opportunity to send him. But few articles liable to king's taxes could he find in their
possession. They had no windows - no hearths- no cows -no carriages; all the wealth which on the previous evening had been displayed with so much munificence, lad dwindled on the following morning into absolute poverty. Mr. Moynehan was thunderstruck; but he could not help himself. His predecessors in oflice, he was told, had pursued a certain line of conduct, and he must not make himself singular. On one occasion his preciseness was near involving lim in a serions aftair. There was no carriage, he was told; and as he knew that truth towards a tax-gatherer was not here regarded with much scrupulosity, he asked to see the coach-house. The gentleman bowed in assent, but signified at the same time that le considered such conduct as an impeachment of his veracity. Mr. Moynehan did not persist, and he was favoured in a few days with a cordial salute from this veracious gentleman as he passed him in a dashing cabriolet. It was indeed a thing almost impossible (so irresistible is the influence of bad example) to hold the office and to keep the hands untainted-

> And things impossible can't be, And never, never come to pass.

Temptation effected for Mr. Moynehan what it has effected for millions. It wrought his fall. Bribes were poured in upon him from all quarters. One supplied his table-one his manger-another his binn-a fourth his cellar-a hundred lis pantry. Every house in the country had a convivial board, a comfortable clamber, and a blazing fire for the tax-gatherer. The least he felt to be expected for these civilities was (like the unjust steward), where one owed a hundred bushels to the state, to take his pen and write down fifty, or perhaps not a fifth of that, and it often happened that even that fifth remained unpaid.

Those who have once enjoved the peace of a pure conscicuce, cannot find repose in its opnosite. Neither the
influence of an example that seemed almost miversal, nor the stunted maxims of convenience by which the taxgatherer sought to satisfy his mind, conld make his new life hapny. "What signifies it! when the loss is divided amongst so many that they can't feel it?"-"Sure every body is doing it".-" What good would it do to have one out of a thousand go against all the rest?" Sach were the arguments by which at moments of reflection he resisted the warnings of conscience, but which conld not wholly silence its reproaches. We grieve to relate the issuc. When peace of mind is lost, men generally seek to supply its place by false excitement, and so did Mr. Moynchan. He found it easier to divert his attertion from the consideration of his evil ways, than to take up a vigorous resolution and amend them. Accordingly, Moyuehan, the pattern of sobriety and decormm to his neighbourhood, fell by degrees into habits of vulgar dissipation. He seldom now returned sober to his home. His rational hours were hours of hurry, and fretfulness, and impatience, and he now was only mirthful when reason had been drowned in whisky punch.

It must not be supposed, however, that this course was deliberately chosen by Mr. Moynchan; on the contrary, there was scarcely a morning on which he did not renew his determination of altering his life, and scarce an evening after which this determination did not require a renewal.
"Say no more, Mary, say no more", he said, after Mrs. Moynelan had given utterance to one of her eustomary morning comsels; "I tell you this is the last night I will ever dine away from home".
"You have often said that".
"Well, I will fulfil it now".
"Take my advice, Edmond, and do not dine to-night at Castle Tobin. Yon know that yon no loner leave that house in the condition that you ought. The place and the company would overcome all the resolutions that were
ever made. Oh, my dear husband, you are putting an end to all sur happiness, and, what is worse, you are securing your own destruction. Do, Edmond, be guided at last by one who loves you better than ever the Tobins did. Do not continne to destroy our comfort and the hopes of our poor child; I wish we had never left our little cottage on the Shannon side; I wish we had never heard of this estate, that has brought $\sin$ and ruin to our doors. Will you not grant me this request, my dear husband? Will yon not look to yourself before it is too late? You dare not think of continuing such a life, and how can you tell what time may be given you for amending it?"
"Say no more, now, Mary, - say no more".
"But I must say more, Edmond, until I have your promise. I am more than ever anxious on this morning, for I had the most dreadful dreams last night about you and the Tobins".
"Pool, pooh, nonsense".
" It may be so, and I trust it is so; but I can't help tlinking of it. I thought that they made you stay to dine at Castle Tobin, and that after making you drunk, they were murdering you in a private room, while you cried ont to them to give you time for repentance, but they refused it". As she said this, she cast herself weeping upon her husband's neck.
"What folly, my dear!" exclaimed Moynchan in an angry tone. "I wonder you conld pay attention to such silly thoughts; to talk in that manner of the Tobins! some of the best fellows breathing, and the warmest friends I have".
"If they were your real friends", said Mrs. Moynehan, "they would not do so much as they are doing to bring about your ruin. We were happy until we knew them. Listen to me, Edmond. You have already done us gricvous injury - to me and to your child, and, worst of all,
to yourself. Stop where you are, and go no farther on tho road to ruin. Begin this instant, by resolving not to go to-night to Castle Tobin, and by keeping that good resolution".
"But I promised Tobin, my dear".
"Break that promise, and come home", said Mrs. Moynehan. "If you expect to change your whole plan of life without meeting any difficulties, or without being obliged to use any violence to your own wishes, or to thoso of others, yon are mistaken, I can assure you. Make this one effort resolutely, and the next will be easy".
"Pooh, my dear ; is it not a great deal better to keep this one promise, since I have made it, and to-morrow, and for the future, to take care to make no promise at all?"
" lt is not", said Mrs. Moynehan. "Every new sin makes the bad habit twice as strong; you will find it harder to refuse promising to-morrow, than you do to break the promise you have made to-day. Remain at home this evening, Edmond, and begin what you dare not think of leaving unbegun for ever".

The tax-gatherer paused to meditate. Ieform and bo at peace! $A$ happy prospect; but how enormons was the momntain of guilt that now lay between him and his past condition. All that he had ever pilfered from the public purse must be restored. That awfiul word "Restitution" had more of terror in it than all besides. What! condemn himself to poverty and want for all future life, in order to refund the thousands at the embezzlement of which he had comnived. Why, two long lives, spent in the elosest economy, would not enable him to repay one half the amount. Still, justice confronted him with her immutable countenance; it must be done, or he was lost for eve:.

May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
IIe struggled with the uncomfortable conviction; and
while he did so, the prospect of Mr. Tobin's jovial board, the pleasant langhing faces and inspiring cheer by which it was to be enlivened, came before him, and the words " lost for ever!" died away on the horizon of his thought with a faint and feeble ceho.

While he was deliberating, the hour arrived for his departure.
"No", he said to his wife, "I cannot and I will not break my promise of dining with Tobin; but this is the last evening I will ever dine away from home. Mind now-I have said it, and you shall find that I will keep my word".

Mrs. Moynchan said no more, but a look of agony told her disappointment. On entering the hall he found a number of people assembled at his levee as usual.
"My master's compliments, Sir, with a pair of young turkeys for Mrs. Moynehan".
"My master's compliments, Sir, with a bag of oats".
"My master's compliments, Sir, an' he has the grass o' the cow ready now, that he was talkin of".
"My master's compliments, Sir- $\qquad$
And a dozen other presents, which there was no refusing. The messengers were dismissed with suitable answers, and the state was defrauded of a fresh portion of its revenne. Open-eyed, Mr. Moynchan consented to the peculation of some fifty or sisty pounds additional from his Majesty's exchequer. And his only apology was custom. Every body did it! Devouring custom!

But all was now ready for his departure, and Mrs. Moynehan's deeper anxieties were swallowed up in providing for his personal comfort.
" Remember, Elmond, if anything should oblige you to spend the night at Castle Tobin, to look well to the sheets. You remember the last might you slept there that you were near briuging home your death of cold. If you just hold the sheet that way to your cheek for half a minute
(taking a comer of her apron to suit the action to the word), you can tell at once whether it is damp or not. Here's the opodeldoc-and the thing for the tooth-ache. Nelly! Nel-ly!"
"Goin', goin", ma'am".
"Where's the comforter?"
"Tis in the pocket o' the masther's loody, ma'am".
"That terrible stumbling mare! I don't know how you can trust your life to her. But you men absolutely don't know what fear is. Nelly! Nel-ly!"
"Goin', ma'am, goin' !"
" Where's the child?"
"Masther Mnn, where are you, sir? Dont you hear yourself callin'?"

The child was brought out to receive his father's customary parting caress. Many further additions were made to those

> The husband fra the wife despises,
before the tax-gatherer mounted his horse and rode away. Trotting briskly down the avenue which led to the high road, a few honrs' easy riding brought him to the district in which his business for the day was principally cast. It is not necessary to follow him through the detail of all his occupations. He collected a tolerable sum at the houses of the neighbouring gentry, and in disregard of Mrs. Moynehan's "counsels sweet", took the road to Castle Tobin.

For a long time after they had left the main road, he was accompanied by Lick Lillis, who still filled the same situation in the employment of Mr. Moynehan that Faustulus did in that of the Latin monarch. The evening had a menacing look, and both occasionally glanced at the gathering masses of vapour over head, without venturing to exchanze their apprehensions. At length, the following conversation arose between them.
"Masther".
"Well, Rick ?"
"Will yout tell me, sir, if you plase, how much money you may have about you at this pras'nt moment?"
"Why do you ask?"
"Oh, for rasons o' my own".
"I have near five hundred pounds".
"' T is a dale $o$ ' money", said Rick.
"It is, indeed".
"This is a lonesome road, masther".
"'Tis, lick".
"An' do you mane to come back this way to-night from Castle Tobin, sir?"
"If I should not be prevailed upon to remain for the night".

Itick looked dissatisfied.
"'Twas but a poor choice", said he, "between the bog and the cliff. I'm not over satisfied, master, about the propricty of your having so much money about you late at night, an' goin' such a lonesome road. Sure you know, sir, 'twouldn't be wishin' to you for a dale, you lost that money to-night".
"Twould not be wishing to me, Rick, for near five hundred pounds".
"Ayah, it's no joke at all, masther, nor no laughin' matther either. I declare I don't like the thoughts of it, at all. I tell you there's bad boys about these mountains. l'd just as soon expect that one o' them lads would let a handful o' money that way pass him by, as I would to see a cat left alone with a pail o' milk, an' to have no call to it".
"Don't you know, Rick, that in the reign of Brian Boroimhe, a young lady travelled on foot through Ireland, with a gold ring on the top of a long wand, to show that there was no such thing as a rogue in the whole island?"
"Why then, sir, sonuher to the bit of that lady ever set foot in these mountains, or if she did, it's more than she could do these times. Be said by me, sir, an' go home safe an' sound with your money, while you have it".
"There is no danger, Rick", said his master, "for if I should not choose to encounter the midnight journey, I can take a bed at Castle Robin".
"Why then, l'll tell you my mind ont o' the face", said Rick; "that's a plan I don't like one bit betther than the other. The Lord forgive us, 'tisn't in my way, nor any one else's, to be spakin' ill o' those that arn't convanient to defend themselves; but there's rasons for what I say. ld be very unfold, if I had it, to pass the night at Castle 'robin with such a sum o' money as that. Them Tobias have a bad report in the counthry: they're needy, bould, darin young men (an' Heaven forgive me if I belies 'em), that would a'most rob a priest. I declare, ld rather of the two take the road itself, bad as it is. An' see, along with that, the night is threat'nin'".

Mr. Moynchan could not help feeling struck, in spite of himself, with the double waning that was given him by both his wife and servant. The reports of robberies, and even worse, among these lonesome hills were not mffrequent; and it. would, he knew, be certain and total min to him and to his family to lose such a sum as he at present held in his saddle-bags. Such, however, is the infatuation of habit, that he could not reest the temptation of spending a jovial evening with the robins, renewing, nevertheless, his determination not to suffer any persuasion to lead him, on this night at least, beyond the bounds of perfect moderation. It was true he felt some uncomfortable twinges of conscience when he recollected certain immutable truths which he was in the habit of hearing more frequently than he heeded their significance; such as that he who wills the cause, wills the effect, and that he who would fly the fault must fly the temptation, and that it is
impossible to court the occasion and aroid the consequence; with other maxims of the kind, which, when they pressed in too troublesome a manner upon his recollection, he strove to banish by putting spurs to his mare, or entering iuto further conversation with Rick Lillis, as he strove to keep pace with his master.

By this time the night had begun to put its menaces into exccution. The wind, now risen high, came howling up the mountain road behiad them, and rustling in the fields of rushes and bog myrtle which skirted the lonesome track. The clonds, with outline faintly visible in the gathering darkness, drove rapidly over head, as if scared by some territic power rising far behind on the horizon. Large drops of rain gave warning of the approaching deluge, and both travellers fastened a few additional buttons, and put their horses to a quicker pace. Before the storm had burst in all its terror, they had reached a crossway where it had been arranged that Lillis should take the homeward road, while Mr. Moynehan continued his route to Castle Tobin.

## CHAPTER VI.

Ir is necessary that we anticipate the arrival of the taxgatherer, in order to give with all the brevity consistent with clearness of narrative, an account of the company who awaited him.

There was, in the first place, Mr. Tobin, the first of the family who had made his appearance in the country, and who had built the Castle to which he gave his family name. This castle, it shonld be stated, was no castle at all, but a plain house, dignified with that sounding name, from its occupying what was once the site of a stronghold of the old Earls of Desmond. Busy and malicious
tonges asserted that Mr. Tobin had left his native country charged with the crime of Marmion, but nothing positive was ever known upon the subject.

One of his first acts was not calculated to conciliate the good will of the country people. In order to procure materials for the building, lie took down the remaining walls of an old monastery, which stood at a little distance, rather than, at a slight increase of expense, be at the pains of drawing stones from a neighbouring quarry. And it was told of him as an instance of retributive justice, that in giving directions respecting the shaping of one of those stones, a splinter flew off, and, striking him in the right eye, deprived him for ever of the benefit of that organ.

There was one peculiarity in the site chosen for the edifice which is worth observing. It was so constructed that both the principal sitting-room and bed-room were in no less than three different countics, so that in case a bailiff should make his way unexpectedly into either apartment, Mr. 'Jobin, by slifting his chair from one side of the parlour fire-place to another, could plead an illegal caption, or if invaded at his dressing table, might jump into bed and defy the law and its officer together.

He had two sons, who were not blessed with an equal share of the parental affection. The idea had got into the heads of Mr. Tobin and liis lady that the eldest boy was not their son, but a changeling, and the mhappy child was a sufferer to this wretched prejudice. They made him do the work of a menial in their kitchen, while the second was elevated to the place and privileges of the first born. It was perhaps fortunate for the elder in some respects, as he became the only amiable member of his family. Wisdom, like grief, says somebody, is an affection of the mind, and not a thing to be taught by lectures. It was so the elder Tobin learnt it, but the
unkindness of his friends affected his health, and he died young.

He was much missed at Castle Tobin, but the wicked preference of the parents was not left without some punishment. Young Tobin grew up to be a fine young man, and fought, and hunted, and drank, and gambled, and showed himself in every way a real son of his father, and no changeling whatsoever. And accordingly the father doted on him.

One morning, say the historians of the neighbourhood, Mr. Tobin saw his son going out at a very early hour. He asked him where he was going, and the young man answered carelessly " nowhere, only up the monntiins to fight a ducl". Whether through recklessness, or that he disbeliced the yomig scapegrace, the father is reported to have recommended hm to "take the grayhomads with him, and that he might have a very pretty course when it was over'. The son adopted the surgestion, but there was no occasion fur the dogs. He was brought home, in less than two hours afier, a corpse, to Castle Tobin.

It was on the death of his wife, which followed soon after, that old Tubiu adopted Frank, his nephew, to whom, as he was one of the company on this occasion, it is neecssary that we direct our attention for a little time.

Frauk 'lobin had the misfortune of being

> "A self willed imp, a grandame's child",
and was left for his education altogether to the system of society in which he grew up. As to restraint, he never knew what it was to have his wishes contradicted in a single iustance in which it was physically possible to comply with them. His grandmamma, it should be known, was a great lady, and had spent many years abroad, where she had picked up several notions which it was very hard to understand. She hated anytling that people were used to. Nothing would do for her cither in
the way of ribands or principles, except it was spick-andspan new. If it were possible to administer nourishment at the cars, Mrs. Pobin never would have wished to see the mouth employed for that purpose ; and one would think, to hear her speak, that it was mere prejulice mate all mankind persevere in walking erect instead of creeping on all-fours. In a word, good Mrs. Tobiu was rather a charlatan in ber notions about educating children, and Master Frank Tobin was not five years old befure he began to turn her foible to his own account; for none are more quicksighted than children in perceiving whether the individual entrusted with their instruction is a quack or a person of common sense. 'Though not altogether an illnatured child, he became, from Mrs. Tobin's system of passive compliance, one of the greatest pests and tyrants that ever plagued a household. His father and mother, who had never travelled, did not altogether relish Mrs. Tobin's plans, but they were afraid to interfere. His grandmother was rich, and they thought she would make Frank her heir.

But she died and disappointed them, as Frank had disapponted her. And what was now to be done? Here was Frank, a fine gentlenan, too proud to take any situation, and too poor to do without it. His mode of life was now somewhat curious. He used to spend a great part of the day fishiug, or shooting, or coursing, and the produce of his sport he furwarded to the ditterent families in the neighbourhood with whom he was connected by affinity or by liking. He could glaze windows, and cement broken china, and mend old fimiture, and tune pianos, and play a little on the flute, and execute sundry little offices of that kind, which made him a welcome visitor at the houses of most of his country friends. And if he had confined his accomplishments to such matters as these, all would have been well; but it was far otherwise. Although very good-humoured at a
convivial meeting, and capable of singing a hearty song and passing a merry joke, he was plagued with an unfortunate temper, which was continually involving him in disputes. He had, however, by some means got the name of an humomrist, and his last adventure was circulated as regularly in his own circle as the last bon mot of a legal functionary in our own day. There was scarce an Assize or Quarter Sessions at which Frank Tobin had not to answer some score of charges for assault and battery. A child of liberty, Frank could not, from his boyhood, endure any system of homan law, which he conceived wholly unnecessary for the maintenance of society. All law and government, he used to say, was a job; a mere trick, intended for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of lawyers, and throwing impediments in the way of young fellows who were "inclined for fun". It was all an invention of roguish attorneys and connsellors. This theoretical antipathy to the entire system was not without its practical effects; for Frank Tobin visited severely on the persons of the individual professors, when they happened to fall in his way, lis abstract dislike of the profession. His highest game, however, in this way, were the bailiffs and tipstaffs, who were sent to apprehend him fur his misdemeanours, or at best some Special Sessions Attorney, and with these he waged perpetual and implacable war.

He was first recommended to the notice of his uncle by a characteristic, iucident. He was sauntering one day through the mountains in the neighbourhood of Castlo Tobin, when he saw a comntryman at a little distance walking to and fro upon a field and looking very disconsolate.
"Well, my good man", said Frank, "what's the matter with you?"
"Ah, plase your honour, I'm destroyed. I have a latificat again' that man over, an' I don't know from Adam Low will I take him".

He pointed to a house about twenty yards distant. On the half door, which was closed, rested the muzzle of a blunderbuss, and behind sat the proprietor, quietly seated in lis chair, and seeming to wait the first hostile movement on the part of his adversary. Having ascertained from the man that the case was one of peculiar hardship, Frank Tobin, who was a kind of knight ervant in a small way, and quite as ready to encounter danger in another's behalf as in his own, determined to assist him. He bade the man continue to walk up and down while he went to scek assistance. IIe had not gone far before he met one of his companions.
"Tom", said he, "have you got a stick ?"
"I have, sir".
"Do you see that houss over?"
"I do, sir".
"Well, go round and stand o' one side the back door, and when you see a man running out there, knock him down".
"I will, sir".
Away went Tom, while Frank, slipping close along the front of the house, laid both hands upon the mazzle of the biunderbuss and effectually secured it. The fellow, as he had anticipated, ran for the back door, where Tom with great punctuality knocked him down. Both then delivered their prisoner into the hands of the man who had got what he called the "latificat", while Frank said:
"That's the way to do bnsiness, my lad, and not to be looking for any of your latitats nor rattle-traps neither. If yon take my adrice, yon never will have any call to the law. It wonld be long befine one of your three-and-ninepenny schemers "ould show you how to serve that bit of paper after you had got it".

It happenel that the man was a tenant of his uncle, who, on hearing of the affair, took Frank under his patronage, which be still continued to afford him, with some
restraint, however, on his favourite inclinations, as Mr. 'Tobin's character obliged him to maintain some degree of decorum towards his old fues, a circumstance which many thought would prey upon his health.

Besides these were W'ill Butfer, so named for his prodigions strength of limb and wonderful agility of muscle, which ahmost enabled him to realise the fables of Flectfout in the fairy tale; and Mr. Dungan, Frank's old tutor, whom his grandmother had engaged for no other reasons, according to their humble neighbours, who are often as shrewd as their superiors, than that "he was just as cracked as she was herself". He had some strange notions about the pronunciation of the letter C , which had gone against him all through life, but which he would rather die than surrender.

Such were the principal individuals of the company, whom Mr. Moynehan was asked to meet to-night at Castle Tobin.
fe was received with a tumult of delight, Frank Tobin undertaking, when they had sat down, to make him acquainted with the people in the room.
"'That's Will Buffer sitting near my uncle. Did you ever meet Will Buffer before? Ile's one of the ablest fellows in Ireland. I saw him lift a deal table with his teeth. He can somerset over his horse. You never saw such a smart fellow. He can run like the wind".
"And who is that next your father?"
"'That! Oh, that's Tom Goggin. You'll soon know who 'Tom Goggin is. lle's a great wit. You never heard a fellow tell such stories, nor say such good things, as Tom. He'd make you split your sides laughing, listening to him".

There was something in the appearance of Tom Gogrin and the Buffer, which Mr. Moynchan did not altorether relish, nor was his prejudice removed by the manners of buth in the course of the evening. The Butler was one of
those characters occasionally to be met in the Ireland of that day-rare, we believe, in our own. He had jus1 enough of the gentleman in his appearance to form a convenient mask for the bully, which was has real character. With an appearance of hot-headed inpetuosity, he had m:derneath a low and selfish cmming. He knew perictly " whom lie might be rude, and in what quater his ignomans contradictions might be hulded with iunnuity ; but no ouc had ever caught him playing off the bully towards any one who was capable of affiurding him a dimer and bed, or from whom be might at any time calculate upon a seasmable loan of money. With such persons he was content to be a good-humoured and umresisting companion;-a dogree of servility for which he compensated to his wounded pride by umproved and invariable insolence to all those individuals from whom he expected nothing, because tha had nothing to afford. Incapable, either by any naturn or acquired superiority of mind, of attracting the attention of a "ell-educated circle, he usually opened his conversation by a direct contradiction of the last speaker, alway: provided the last speaker were not a person from whom he had anything to hope for.

Nor was the wit in the least degree more prepossessin $g$. Tom Gogein's forte wls a horse-laigh; it was almost all that he could do in the way of social commmion, and, accordingly, his single faculty was put to freeguent use. He might be said to have laughed his way throngh life. Whenever he said what he meant for a good thing, he chorused the effirt with a hearty laugh, and his companions had gradualiy fallen into the habit of joining him, until at leugth he got the reputation of a wit. Probably his hearers thought no one had a better right to know what a joke was worth than the man who had nate it. But Tom Goggin's taculty of latghing served him in many other ways. It was just as necful to hime in aphanding anothers juhe as in procuring sympathy for his own. If Tum hat
injured yonr reputation, and that you remonstrated with him about it, he laughed until it became almost impossible to avoid joining him. If he had purloined your great coat or umbrella by way of joke, and you reclaimed your property, he would laugh, and laugh, and laugh, until you gave up all hope of getting an answer from lim. If yon were fool enough to lose temper, and set about chastising him, Tom would still laugh, and it was ten to one, if you were not on your guard, but he would have the whole country laughing, at you too.

Nutwithstanding all this fun, there was something, as we have said, in Tom's countenance which the tax-gatherer did not relish. There was more, he thought, of meanness, than of either good-humour or good-nature, in all his laughter, and whilst he observed the half-knowing leer which he sent around the room as he gave vent to one of his good things, he felt less inclined to laugh, than to exclaim with honest Dogberry : "Friend, hold thy peace; I do uot like thy look, I promise thee".

The evening, nevertheless, rolled pleasantly away, and the tax-gatherer was tempted more than once to overstep the bounds which he had prescribed to himself on leaving home. For a long time, however, he restrained himself, nor was it until late that habit and the occasion overcame his prudence. It was observed that when he had done so, although he soon entered fully, and even wildly, into the revel spirit of the night, there was something strange and peculiar in his mamer during the whole evening. He was fitful in his mirth, and his loudest and most boisterons bursts of hilarity were succeeded by long fits of absence and absorbing silence, as if he were on the eve of some enterprise, in which the fortunes of his life were interested.
'lite truth was, that the recollection of his gold, the warnings of his wife and Rick, and his prejudice against the ne, guests, to whom he had to-night been introduced, made Moynehan anxious to see the money sate at Tipsy

Hall. Accordingly, about milnight, and in the midst of a wild bacchanalian uproar, he astonished his host and bottle-companions by suddenly rising, and declaring his intention of going home. Never did a proposition excite more general indigmation. Never had so pleasani a paty been so mexpecte lly broken up. Tom Grugin had never been so happy; Will Buffer hal given three somersets, and kicked the ceiling with his heets; and Nel Stokes, a capital fellow, who was at every party because he knew how to sing a comic song, was just going to give them "Tue Irish Schoolmaster". He had actually begun,

> Misther Byrne was a man of a very grate big knollidge,
> An' behind a quickset hedre
> In a bog he kept his college,
when the tax-gatherer rose. Everybody strove to dissuade him.
"Why, 'tis blowing a perfect storm", said Mr. Tobin.
"And that mountain road", exclained Frank, "where robberies are as common as-as-anythin ${ }^{\prime}$ ".
"I -ca-can't help it -I must be home to-night", exclaimed Moynehan, endeavouring to resist the rising delirimm that was already making inroads on his reason, and affecting an air of great industry and serionmess. "I have some accounts to make up that must be rady for the post to-morrow'.
"If you have any loose cash about you, sir", said Gogrin, rolling his eye about the room, and winking on the combany, "l'd advise you to let me take care of it fur you".

In the barst of laughter which followed this efinsion Mr. Moynehan left the room, followed by the Tobins, who contimued in vain to represent to him, with all the force of language and of argment which the glass had left them, the dangers of a solitary jonmey throngh the montains at so late an hour. It was in vain, likewise, that the wind
dashed in the door as soon as the latch was raised, with such force as to extinguish all the lights they had brought into the hall, and almost to destroy the tottering equilibrimm of the tax-gatherer. He seemed determined to make up obstinacy for the deficiency of argument, and resolved, at all events, to mulertake the journey. Buttoning up his great coat to his chin, and shaking the hands of his companions and his host with vehement cordiality, he sprong upon his mare, and with a wild halloo, dashed forward through the stormy night gloom. For some minutes the revellers stood to hear the shout repeated, and the tramp of the horse's hoofs growing fainter in the distance, until it had ceased to reach their ears. Soon after the company broke up, the Bufier and Tom Goggin riding off together.

The next morning the tax-gatherer's horse was found withont a rider, at a little distance from his honse, and the saddle-cloth and bridle had the marks of blood. The truth was at ouce disclosed to the perplexed and agonised widow, for so she was already deemed. Mrs. Moynehan acted on the occation with more fimmess and resignation than might have heen expected from her. She caused the most thorongh seareh to be made along the line of roads, and throngh the fields and bogs, that lay between their house and Castle Tobin. Every bog-hole was dragged, and every corner ransacked, but in vain. A woman of strong mind and deep affections, the shock to Mrs. Moynehan was proportionably violent.
"Look, Edmond", she said, holding up the bloody housing, and looking with agony on her orphan child as he entered her apartment, "look at all that is left us of your father".

The boy started for a moment, as if at a loss to comprehend her meaning.
"My dear child". said the widow, "let what is our ruin be at least juur warning. Your father, who leit
home resterday in perfect health, will never now return to us again. He las been murdered on his road".

The boy turned pale and red by tums, as he looked from the sadille-cluth to his mother's countenance, and said at last in a whisper :
"ly whom, mother?"
"Heaven only can tell that, and he who did it", said the widow. "Oh, it was an evil day for us all, when ho accepted that situation. Till then he was happy, good, and virtuous-he made all happy round him. But now-"

At these words, and at the recollection of the altered life which her husband had been leading doring his latter years, the uniappy woman swooned away, and was conveyed to her apartment. Years rolled away, and the circumstances attending the disappearance of the tax-gatherer remained enveloped in a darkness as deep as that in which he had set out on his last jomrney. A proclamation was issued from Dublin Castle, commenciug with the usual: "Whereas, some evil-minded person or persons, etc.": and offering a reward of two hundred quineas for the detection of the murderer, but in vain. Whether he had been struck by lightning, stiffed in a bog, tom to pieces (as some sage fair ones hintel) by evil spirits, or destroyed by beings no less malignant of his own form and species, were questions that exhausted speculation and remained unsolved. The broken-hearted widow sought some consolation for the terrible stroke in devoting herself to the education of her son, whom she determined to bring up in the strictest principles of religion and virtue.

## CHAPTER VII.

About fifteen years before this period, there stood, within a hundred paces of the outskirts of $B-$, a house of moderate size, of which no living eye has seen a trace. It
was tenanted by an humble barber of the name of 0 'Berne. Beside the dwelling stood a lofty elder, in which the magpie and the groldfinch built their nests. Behind was a garden, stocked with heads of cabbage, some rows of goosebery and currant trees, with a few wall-flowers and marigolds of flaming yellow. A handsome pole, rising obiquely from the doorway, and bearing at its summit a tuft of hair that streamed upon the wind, annominced to 1assengers the vocation of the owner. On either side of the entrance, two small plots sprinkled with the commonest flowers, and fringed with rows of London pride or bachelors' buttons, gave grace and fragrance to the decent tenement. The thievish sparrow reared his noisy brood beneath the caves, and at evening, the robin would often siug his short and plaintive song amongst the elder boughs.

The house of the barber, on Saturday evenings, afforded a lounge to many of the peighbouring villagers. Here, while O'Berne stropped his razors, or tucked a snow-white napkin under the grisly chin of some unwashed artizan, the many who waited to undergo asimilar operation would lean agiinst the well-scoured clresser, or take a baybottomed chair near the door, discussing politics, foreign and domestic, circulating the easy jest, or listening to the piquant anecdote. Amongst these persons there were few suljects on which the opinion of O'Berne had not considerable weight; and few ventured to interrupt the current of his speech, while, as be raised the mollient foam, he would reveal to his wondering hearers the desigus of many a potentate and minister, who fundly deemed them a secret to the world.

The barber, as it was generally said, had migratel to this village from the south-westere town of B,antry. It was in the tenth year of his only son, Gulfrey, this remo1.I twok place. Soun after, chance threw the latter in the "isy of a situgular education. One evening, during the 1.15 t year of their residence at $\mathrm{B}-$, the barber was
busy, as usual, in preparing his shop for the customers who gencrally dropped in when the business of the day was over. While thus engagel, an old gentleman entered, a white-hairel, renerable looking man, but with e ebrows black as coal, and something in the expression of his dry and shrivelled features that was maccomatably repulsive and forbidding. It was not that he was morose, for his countenance wore a continual smile, and he seemed ever on the watch for something to jest about ; but sternness itself would have been more agreeable than this uncordial mirth. It was a dry and heartless levity, not genuine good humour ; and evidently indulged in, rather for the gratification of his own vanity than from a desire of affording pleasure to others. Seeing little Godfrey playing on the floor, he began to question him, and was so much entertained with the thoughtful solemnity of his answers, that he proposed, if the barber would allow it, to take him into his household. O'Berne feared to miss an offer of patronage which promised so much advantage to his son, and promised with many expressions of gratitude, to take him to the gentleman's house on the following day.

The mansion was situated in a lonely and barren heath, about seven miles from the village. It was a bare, whld looking edifice, occupying the centre of an enclosure (it could lardly be called a demesne), on which not a siugle branch of foliage was to be seen, east or west, north or south, that could qualify in the least degree the natural dreariness of the place. The first impression of the scene sunk down like lead upon the mind of the younger Golfrey. A peasant, whom they overtook mpon the road, and from whom they made inquiries respecting the proprietor, told them "that very litte was known about him at all is them parts; that he had no one livin' with him, only an ould woman that used to dress his food and do the kitchen work, and that it was said he was a fore:gner ; but
he was livin' there a good long while, and nothing was ever known to his disparagement".

They found the old gentleman within. Secing little Golfrey rather low-spirited at the prospect before him, he took him into the library, which was pretty well furnished, and took some pains to reconcile him to his new abode.

Here young Godfrey remained for six years, during which time his only companions, except when he went to spend a day at his father's, were the proprietor of the mansion, the old woman, and, far more entertaining and interesting to him than cither, the books which burdened the shelves of the small library. Reading. likewise, was the constant occupation of his master. Seldom did he favonr Godfrey with any conversation, and when he did, it was in such a brief and half-sneering style, that the latter did not lament his general taciturnity. Never had he heard of a man who lived so isolated-so entirely centred in himself-as his new master. Nor while he secluded himself from all ordinary intercourse with the world in which he lived, was it for the purpose of devoting himself with more freedom to the concerns of another; for Godfrey never observed in his master any of those actions or expressions, by which men are accustomed to intimate their recollections of a higher allegiance than any they owe on Earth. His patronage, however, and the leisure which he here enjoyed, enabled Godfrey O'Berne to lay up a store of information, which, though nearly useless, and in some points worse than useless, from want of method, was far more extensive than was usual in his station. The sudden death of lis patron deprived him unexpectedly of those brilliant hopes to which his father looked forward with a sanguine eye. The recluse was found one morning in his bed a corpse, and Gudfrey was recalled to the paternal threshold, as much in mystery with respect to the characier and listory of his late master as when first he entered his house.

In about a year after, the elder 0 'Berne himself being struck with his death sickness, sent for his son, who was at this time the only living member of his family. The latter, who was on a visit at the house of a friend in the neighbouring city, came without loss of time to receive the dying injunctions of his only parent. He found the latter seated in the arm-chair which was usuaily allotted to his customers, apparently awaiting the last stroke of death, and surrounded by a nomerous crowd of relatives and friends. On seeing his son approach, he bade one of the men who stood near him, to unfix the pole, which was made fast at the front door, and to bring it into the house. Ilis wishes being complied with, he took the pole in his right hand, causing it to stand erect upon the floor at his side, and addressed his son in the following words:-
"'This painted pole, Godfrey, is oue o' the most ancient marks of our profession. It signities that stick which, when the barber and the surgeon were the same, used to be held in their hands by the customers, and worked this way to make the blood come freer from the vein. This riband, that's tied at the top, signifies the bandage, and this stripe of red paint that goes coiling down the pole, the blood, as it were, flowing from the am. This pole, Godfrey, has stood at my dour, winter and summer, for five-and-forty years. I never possessod a half-penny but what it brought me, and I never wished for an estate beyond it. If you are satisficd with it, you are as rich as an emperor; if not, the riches of an emperor would not make you so. keep it, then, and be coutented with it, and you will be happy".

So saying, he placed the pole in the hand of his son, and soon after gave up the ghost. The latter interred the remains of his parent with all demonstrations of tilial respuct and piety, and entered presently afterwards upon the business and poesessions he had left behind him.

The younger Godfrey O'Berne had alnays been looked
upon in his neighbourhood as a kind of oddity. Tall and ungainly in his figure, in his mamer abrupt and sheepish, he was to far the greater number of his companions a subject of jest and ridicule rather than admiration. There was, however, another circumstance which counteracted the effect of Godfrey's manner and appearance. He was a great student, and from various sources had contrived to amass a quantity of knowledge in a mind of no ordinary force.

Were we to take opinions on the cause of O'Berne's reserve and awkwardness, it is probable that we should find a great variety. Some would call it pride-some sensibility—some modesty—and some, by way of being wiser than all the rest, might say, "it was a mixture of all these". Whatever was the cause, the young barber, nnlike his fellow in the Arabian Nights, was reserved and meditative. He courted no friendships, sought no society, and scemed even impatient of that which he could not avoid. Still lie bore in mind his father's dying counsel, and, while he courted solitnde as much as possible, he gave no one any actual reason to complain of him.

The young barber felt a want which none of us, in whatever rank or station we may be placed, have failed to experience at some portion of our lives - the want of mental sympathy. There was no one in the village who shared his information, or who could understand his thoughts on any subject; and it was not contempt, but the actual difference of mind, that made him unwilling to mingle in societies where he could find nothing of considerable interest to him. It so lappencel that the train of his reading was one peculiarly adapted to foster such contemplative habits. The works which fell into his hands related principally to moral and metaphysical subjects, and the barber, who had an acute, intelligent spirit, was deeply calught by the profound and absorbiisg disquisitions which thowe books coutained. How could he who had been all
the preceding evening engaged in arduons endeavours to comprehend the reasonings of varions philosophers on the conuection of mind with matter, and the mysterious mamer in which both seem blended in the human individnal, be expected on the following day to take an active interest in the labours of a mechanical vocation, or in the vulgar sports that made the village echo near his dwelling? There is no fact, however, more notorious than the possibility of miting an extensive knowledge of, and the liveliest interest in, moral studies with a very inferior comse of moral practice. The pleasme which Godfrey took in such pursuits as we have described was one of a purely intellectual character; the heart had little or nothing to do with it. He pleased himself with the noble exercise which the subject afforded to the faculties of his maderstanding, and thought little of deducing rules of practice from the sublime and immutable truths which he contemplated. Satisfied to let his imagination roam through the boundless sea of being, he bestowed comparatively little thought on the necessity of fulfilling with exactness the part allotted to himself in the miversal scheme, and used the light afforded him, rather for the gratification of an active spirit than for the direction of his course through life. His silence, however, and his habits of application, produced a strong impression of his leaning on the rustics in his neighbourhood, and they looked on him as one of the profoundest scholars in the world.

There lived at this time in B ——, a family of the name of Renahan, who were looked upon as amongst the leading denizens of the place. Mary, the eldest daughter of the house, was, in her seventeenth year, considered one of the wonders of the village. Her beauty was the subject of praise amongst the young, and her gemuine piety and modesty amongst the old. Of the former, all lad not the opportmity of judging, for Mary Remahan (who was too humble to aspire to the maguiticence of a
bonnet) took care never to appear unhooded in the publio strect-: and he who by any chance had seen her countenance, was achetumed to tell it as an adventure worth reconding to his companiuns in the evening. Mary was rich, cheerful, and handsome; it was therefore the subject of general amazement, when the rumour spread that she was about to become the bride of the poor, the melancholy, and the ungainly Godfrey O'Berne.

Such, however, was the truth. Let who will divine the cause, the gay and gentle Mary Renahan gave up, without hesitation, her liberty and her affections into the hand of one who was regarded by the rest of her companions either with ridicule or fear.

From the day of his marriage, Godfrey O'Berne seemed to have renomeed his speculative habits, and became practically iudustrious. He was attentive to his business, and began to laugh and jest with his enstomers in such a manner as to remind them of his father. To him belonged the economy of the basin and the strop, the scissors and the curling iron. Ilis part it was to amuse the monds, while he trimmed the whiskers of his customers; and to enlighten the interior of the heads that came beneath his hand, while he reduced the ontside to the standard of fashion and of grace. The regul tion of the domestic department was committed exclusively to the management of Mrs. O'Berne, who was as attentive to the minor affairs of the little establishment as she was to the happiness and comfort of her lord. An over-rigid economy, however, was not the fanlt of either master or mistress; and while custom increased, and comforts multiphied, the case was exactly the reverse with the hundred pounds which the latter had brought her husband as a dowry, and which they had set apart at first, in order that it might perform for their eldest danghter the same good office which it had done for Mrs. O'lierne.

Sill all wes gay and happy at the barber's. As a
husband and a father he had more than the average share of hapriness, and less than the average share of care. His wife seemed well contented with the portion of enjorment which their means afforded her; and his three children were promising in mind and frame. Mortimer, the eldest, cuald already make a decent "pothook" in his copy-book, and the others knew as much of letters as Cadmus himself at twice their age, or as Charlemagne is said to have done while he was shaking Lurope from the Baltic to the Alps.

Occasionally, in the long summer evenings, Godfrey would take down his violin, on which he was a tolcrable proficient, and in the absence of professional employment, enliven the house with some old national air, to which his wife would sometimes add the melody of a tolerable voice. More frequently they would derote the evening to a walk through the village, where their decent appearance attracted general notice. Indeed they were not withont being censured for over daintiness of dress by some of those sharp-eyed individuals, who, when they can ascover notling to ridicule in a neighbom's meanness, had rather find the contrary fault than let lim pass unwounded.

Nor were these the only antoyances from which the comforts of the barber received a slight alloy. That class of young persons inhabiting the purlieus of most towns and villages, who are emphatically distinguished by the epithet of "the llacliguards", seemed, with that mischievous instinct which enables men to distinguish what is ludicrons in human avocations, to lave marked out O'Berne fur their special amusement. Sometimes they would snatch a new toy or wedge of bread from the hands of his children as they stood gaj ing at the open door; at others, they chalked macivil nick-mames on his pannels; or else (and this was the muhin!est cut of all) a whole gang of them would watch an opportmity when he and his wife were walking in atl then finest throngh the village on \&

Sunday evening, and set up in full chorus the popaiar ballad:-

> Mullins the barber grew so grand, Mle listed in the Sliry band; Mulling the barber grew so great, He knocked his nose against the gate, etc.

But notwithstanding these unavoidable mortifications, peace still abode on the household of O'Brue, and the tranquillity of his mind received no worldly shock that could bear an instant's comparison with the sum of his enjoyments.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was on Saturday evening, and the shop was thronged, as usual, with a crowd of hairy heads, and chins as rough as helge-hogs with the stubble of the week. On the operating clair sat Molony, the blacksmith, the napkin tucked bencath his massive jaws, and his chin already white from ear to ear, adding a twofold grimness to the smoke and ashes that encased the upper portion of his comntenance. A thoughtfinl silence for some time prevailed, while the eyes of all watched with a lazy admiration the skill with which the barber's razor flew along the blacksmith's spacious jaws, demolishing, at every stroke, a long flowishing harvest, and leaving behind it a fair and glossy surface. At length, Mac Namara the carpenter, who was one of the village danlies, and waited to have his hair bronght into form, broke silence as follows:
"Well, of all de tings dat cver was done to me, dat's de last I conld ever bear-to have anoder man shave me. Not meaniu' de laste asparagement to Mr. O'Berne, nor to his protession eider-but de iday of anoder man takin'
me be de nose, an' sweepin' a razhure up me troat, is what I never conld abide de toughts o' doin' ".
"When you have a beard at all, Tom Mac", said 0 Reilly the cooper, taking a pipe from his mouth, and looking over his shoulder at the speaker, "it may come to your turn to talk of shaving it".
"Surely, surely, Ned. Well den, it's come to your turn to talk of it, any way, and to do it-for I declare dere isn't a chin in B-_ stands more in need $0^{\prime}$ de razhure".
"'Thrue for yon, Tom. There's this difference betune you an' me,--that you shave to get a beard, an' I shave to get rid of it".

The conversation dropped, but there was a portion of it which was not forgotten. A weak imagination is easily impressed. With all his learning and capacity, it was long before 0'Berne could get rid of the horrid idea which was suggested by the carpenter's random words. His mind, though well enough supplicd with knowledge, was not subdued to any wholesome discipline; and such minds are often the prey of every wandering fancy. From time to time he would start as the foolish thought suggested itself to his imagination, and shudder, as if the carpenter's words showed anything more than an extravagant caprice.

Still these were weaknesses known only to himself, and his general prosperity continued unabated. Most minds, as well as bodies, have their peculiar constitution, and their peculiar ailment or "idiosyncrasy", which it requires the land of a nice and delicate counsellor to deal with. Instead of despising the crowd of morbid thoughts, which, arising like clouds, would gradually overshadow his whole imagination, as he dwelt on those expressions of the carpente., O'Berne encouraged, examined, and brooded on them, until at length they communicated sonsething like a settled tinge to bis whole character. Could such
individuals be bronght to muderstand how much of misery they might avoid by a moderate degree of habitual and generous self-restraint, the world would be spared a great deal of woe, and more, perhaps, of crime.

To this state of mind an accilental circumstance added a prodigious force. At a little distance from $\mathrm{B}-$ ——, there resided a family of the name of Danaher, hovering between the frontiers of gentility and of that rank to which the O'Bernes belonged. They lived in an equivocal looking house which they dignified with the title of Rath Danaher, held a pew at the chapel, and were looked upon as a hind of "half-quality". As they were near relations of Mrs. O'Berne, the latter and her lusbind were oceasionally guests at the [aith, and contributed on festival days to make the evening pass merrily away. At this period the clouds of superstition still rested like a gloomy forg upon the minds of the poorer peasantry (as they do in all countrics where education is retarded), nor were there wauting some in the rank immediately above them who participated in their credulity. In all such fancies, the Dimahers were, from first to last, profoundly verscd. They wore charms and spells; they never began a journey, or a new piece of work, on a Saturday; they kept no pigeons about the house; they would not hurt a weazel for the world; they always took off their hats when a clond of dust went by them on the road; they read "dhrame-books" and consulted fortune-tellers, and practised numberless rites of the most absurd and momeaning kind. Night after night, when the fire blazed cheesfully mon the hearth, it was their wont to gather round it in a circle, and interehange their gloomy tales of supernatural agency, while even the youngest members of the group were suffiered to dink, undisturbed, at the foul and sonlenpoisoning stream, that flowed from the hag-ridden imagimations of the story-tellers. Ghosts, fairies, witehes,
murderers, and demons, glided with a homid and hai. stiffening influence through all their narratives, and when the listeners retired for the night. it was to hurry to their beds with alarmed and shaddering uerves, and to supply the frightful fancies of their waking moments by still more frightful dreams.

One evening, while a conversation of this kind pro ceeded at the fireside of Rath Danaher, the O'Bernes were of the company. Godfrey, surprised at the extent to which they carried their superstitious credulity, undertook to disabuse them of their fears. He talked learnedly of the uature of spirit and of matter of second canses, and of the absurdity of supposing that the Divine Beirg would suffer the ordinary laws of nature to be violated on occasions so fantastical and useless.
"I do not know how to make you understand", said he, "that such an event could not happen without a direct infraction oi the present order of things, which is a miracle to be wronght by the hand of Omnipotence alone. That it may happen, as He who made the law can alter it, I do not offer to deny; but to believe that it does commonly happen, and without cause or meaning, is to turn the exception into the rule. Spirit, as it is an immaterial substance, has neither colour, nor sound, nor smell, nor any quality which can make it perceptible to our senses. Granting that they exist in myriads around us, it is still imposisible, according to the ordinary laws of nature, that they can do us either physieal injury or plysical good. What communion they may hold with the mind, as that is likewise immaterial, has nothing to say to the purpose. It is possible they may suggest either good or evil to the soul (as religion even teaches us they do); but that, without supposing a miracle, they can pinch the body black and blae, transport it from place to place, affighth the senses with extraordinary sights and sounds, is against the common order of nature. 'The

Deity must clothe them with matcrial faculties before they can produce material effects".
"Well, Mr. O'Berne", said Robert Danaher, a young man, who, laving attended a course of surgical lectures in Dublin, conceived himself entitled to his share of authority on metaphysical questions, and who was, moreover, perhaps the only person present who understood half what the barber said-"I do not know that any miracle at all is necessary to the purpose. It is an undisputed fact, that spirit does act on matter. The Deity, who is a pure spirit, sustains all things, both material and the contrary, in their daily courses-and we know that in the lamman being, the mind directs and regulates the movements of the body at its pleasure. Why may not the spirit, separated from its clay, possess the same influence over the matter that surrounds it, which it once held over that with which it was united in the human frame? For my part, as it is a mystery to me by what means my will directs my arm to extend or to contract itself, I would not presume to say that the same spiritual will, when separated by death from this frame of flesh and blood, may not possess a similar influence over the wind that moans by my window, the candle that is burning on my table, or the silent air that favours my midnight slumbers. I know not how the effect is produced in the one case any more than in the other; but when I know that the one effect does take place, I should be far from asserting that it would require an infraction of the natural harmony to produce the other".
"Ye may talk as je will", said Kitty Danaher, "but fractions or no fractions, the spirits are abroad as regular as the sun goes down. Our John can tell you that, on a market night last year, after selling some cattle in New Auburn, he was mounting his horse at the door of tho Harp and Shamrock, when three times, one after another, he fell over on the other side, without oue near (that be
could see) to give him a shove, and the poor old mare standing as quiet as a lamb".

O'Berne, who supposed that there might be reasons for John's unsteadiness after leaving the Harp and shamrock, $a_{i}$ art from ontward agents, either spiritual or material; was not so much struck by this example, as he was by the argument which it seemed intended to illustrate. He remained for a long time silent, while each of the family in turn poured out some fearful tale of supernatural agency in order to subdue his incredulity. They did not, however, succeed in convincing him. He continued to express his contempt for the ridicnlous legends that they songht to thrust upon him, admitting only the possibility of such appearances as formed their leading subject.
"I can assure you of one circumstance, at all events", said Mrs. Danaher, "which took place beneath this very 100f. Mr. Andrew Finncane the apothecary, to whom livnert served his time, was speaking one night, as you are, of the folly of believing in such stories, when we all warned him to be careful of what he said, as he did not know the moment he might have reason to change his mind. He laughed, but when he woke next morning he found himself lying with his head where his heels ought to be".

This tale brought on a fresh torrent of similar anecdotes. The evening passed away, and the barber and his wife returned home. It was in some weeks after, that the former, returning late from the neighbouring city, was obliged to take a bed for the night at an iun on the roadside. The stillness of the night and the loneliness of the place, for it was situate in one of those dreary flats which the road traversed on its way to the western coast, and tenanted only by an old woman and her son, brought to his recollection the discomre which had passed in his presence at Rath Danalier. The instinct of the supernatural is one, which perlaps nobody, except some
conscience-seared criminal, whose heart is hard to every natural feeling, can ever wholly lay aside. It is implanted in us for the best of purposes, and though we may abuse it, as we do the best emotions, to our ruin, it is not the less intended for our good. O'Berne, though he had his weakness, was by no means superstitious; yet he conld not avoid bearing testimony in his own heart to the existence of the universal instinct as he gazed throngh his small window upon the wide and starlit heath that lay before it, and which was, in itself, a prospect sufficient to have awakened lonesome and melancholy thoughts. Still feeling a contempt for such terrors as those which preyed upon the household of lath Danaher, he confessed, however, a sufficient degree of nervousness to lock the door of his sleeping room inside, and to make fast the window, to make "assurance doubly sure". He then knelt down, as usual, prayed with somewhat more than usual earnestness, and went to rest. His sleep was sound and dreamless as the sleep of a weary man is wont to be, but a surprise awaited him in the moming which made him almost doubt the evidence of his senses. On opening lis eyes, he was astonished to perceive that the rindow which, when he went to rest, stood behind the head of his bed, and a little at the side, stood now directly opposite, as if it had made a circuit of the clamber in the night! He rose, and his perplexity increased. He found himself now lying with his feet towards the head of the bed, the pillow and all the bed furniture being reversed in the same way, and even his silver watch still lying as he had placed it under the bolster, but having participated in the general change of position. His astonishment was excessive. The bed had no appearance of the disturbance which such a change might be expected to make. It even seemed as if he had slept without motion through the night; and but that his recollection of the contrary was distinct, he would have been persuaded that the whole must be an error of liis
own. The door was locked, and the window fastened, as be had left them, but in no place could he find his clothes, which he had laid on the preceding night upon the chair at his bedside. Afer thoronghly searching the room without success, he was about to summon the people of the house, in order to make inquinies from them, when his eye fell upon the old portmantean which he had brought with him from home. It seemed more full than it had been when he took it off his horse on the preceding eve. Ile opened it. Wonder on wonder! There was the suit folded, brushed, and made up with an exactness that was admirable! Every article was in its place, and every buckle made fast with just the proper degree of tightness. The barber was perfectly bewildered. The mysterious agent, whose prerogative he had disputed in the case of Mr. Andrew Finucane, had sought an opportunity of vindicating, in his case also, the slighted power that was allotted him. So would the Danahers have construed the story ; and for that reason, the barber determined for the present to say nothing of the circumstance to them or to any body else.

For many months the circumstance contimued mexplained, and its impression, from the very force of constant thinking on it, began to grow faint on the barber's mind. Again there was a party at Rati Danaher, and again the barber and his wife were of the number of the gnests. The conversation on this evening happened to tum on the superstition of the Fetch, or warning spirit, which shows itself, say the country people, in the likeness of some person doomed to die, at some short period before his death.* Numberless instances were related of such appearances, and again Mr. O'Berne expressed his total iucredulity. In a fortnight after, as he was passing

[^10]through B - , he was met by Mr. Guerin (the father of Peter Guerin, whose e_ploits at "the great House" the reader will find in another volume). He was sur prised to see that Mr. Guerin, with whom he was alwa! on the most friendly terms, now passed him by with a. offended air. Nor did he make his appearance as ust: on Saturday evening at the barber's shop, in order to hav his beard and hair made decent for the ensuing Sabbat A neighbour solved the mystery.
"Why, Mr. O’Berne", said he, "Peter Guerin say there's no spakin' to you now, you're grown so grand".
"I had much the same complaint to make of himself". replied the barber. "He wouldn't speak to me in the street when I salnted him".
"That's dhroll!" sa:d the peacc-maker. "It's the very account he gives o' you. He says that he was standin' at his shop doore th' other moming about six o'elock, just afther day brake, an' that you walked by, lookin' him straight in the face, an' without ever takin' any notice, althongh he axed you how vou was as plain as could be".

The instant the man had concluded his account, 0 Berne recollected the recent conversation at Rath Danaher. He had not, he knew, for years before been in B-—, or any where outside his own door at so early an hour as six in the morning; and he had not the slightest recollection of the rencontre to which Mr. Guerin referred. What was it then that the latter had seen? The Danahers would have fomd a ready answer, and in spite of himself he felt a creeping through his nerves as he remembered the prediction with which the appearance was supposed to be associated. He had sufficient promptitude of mind, however, to keep his secret from transpiring.
"Mr. Guerin may be sure", said he, "that he is the last man in B-I would think of treating in that way. I have no recollection whatever of pasing hiw by at any
time in that manner, and I'm sure I never had the least idea of doing such a thing".

The village Mr. Harmony, who received this explanation, lost no time in conveying it to the proper quater, and peace was reëstablished between the barber and his ficud. In spite of himself, some occasional qualms respecting the state of his health, would cross the mind of the former, and this new adventure gave threcfold strength to that already related. As time rolied by, however, and he found lis bodily vigour undiminished, his courage rose, and be began to make inquiry respecting the nature of the superstition. It was then he learned for the first time, that the appearance, when seen early in the morning, was supposed to predict a long life to the induridual whose semblance is assumed.

There is no time when one is more inclined to admit the truth of a supernatural prediction than when it coincides exactly with one's own desire. The barber would not directly admit, even to himself, that his incredulity was shaken in the least degree, but it was certain that his repugnance to couviction in this instance was not so vivid as in the former.

Half a year had passed away, before the spirit which had tormented him at the lonely inn on the roadside took any pains to contirm the impression which had been made by its first essay. It happened one night that the barber slept at Rith Danaher, where he hat turned in from a violent storm of rain and wind. The chamber which was allotted to him commanded a lonely prospect of the river and distant momenains, and the barber was furcibly reminded of the adventures of the last n ght the had spent away from home. In the same maner as he had done on the furmer night, he fastened the door and window-frame befure he went to rest. Whether it was owing to a growing doubt of the reality of such appearances, or a state of bodily indisposition, it was a long time nor
before he conld sleep. When he did so, however, his sleep, as usual, was sound and dreanless.

After midnight, he awoke with a sense of cold. The bed-clothes had all disappeared! Nothing but the gray striped tick remained upon the bedstead, and on that he lay, exposed to the sharp cold of a November night. By the aid of some embers which still were burning on the hearth, he was enabled to light a small candle, which he had extinguished on going to rest. He searched the room, but the fugitive bed-clothes were nowhere to be seen. It was impossible that this could be a trick of any human being. The door and window were fast as he had left them, and even if it were possible for any body to have got in, the fact that he should have been thus amoyed, at two different houses, of which no one member perhaps knew even the existence of the other, was in itself incredible. He was on the point once more of giving up the search, when his attention was directed to an old oak press which stood in a conner of the room; it was locked, but the key was in the lock. The barber opened it, and could scarcely believe his eyes; there lay the objects of his search, folded and laid upon the shelves with as much order and exactness as if they had never left the draper's comnter. The barber was thunderstricken. He felt no terror, but he was stmoned to the very soul; he walked, he struck his breast, he moved the candle to and fro, in order to be satisfied that it was not all a dream. But nothing conld change the facts, and with a bewildered mind the laid the clothes upon the bed again, and passed the remainder of the night in troubled and interrupted shmbers.

In the meantime, perplexities of a less metaphysical kind began to da:ken on the fortmes of the barber; and in common with his species he felt in his turn the influence of those inferor caluses, to which for its own wise ends ailcurving l'rovidence secms often to abandon human in-
terests. A handsome house had been erected on tho opposite side of the road, about half-way between tho barber's dwelling and the village, and spectlation was exhansted as to its probable nse; some said it was intended for a toll-honse, others for a shrine of bac chus. Before the point could be decided a typhons fever confined O'Berne to his apartment and his bed, from which he was mable to rise during the space of a summer month. During this time (the first period of afliction which they had ever known), his wife attended him with a tenderness and care that excited in his mind a deeper sentiment of affiction and respect towards her than he had ever felt before. What heart, be it high or low, that ever yielded to affection, has not, like that of the poor barber, experienced, either in its bitterness or in its consolation, the truth so delightfully sung since then by our national poet?

> When we first see the charms of our youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream that will never return, When our cup, which hat sparkled with pleasure so high, First tastes of the other-whe dark thowing urn; Then, then is the monent affection can sway, With a depth and a temberness joy never knew.
> Love nursel among pleasmes is tainless as they ; But the luve bonn of sorrow, like sorrow is true.

Nor was the gratitule of OBerne on first making this discovery, in its happier sense, less tender or less true that he was but a village barber.

On the first tlay of his convalescence, a new, and it mist be confessed. an unwelcome surprise awaited the invalin. W'alking with difficulty to the low window, where his wife had plated a chair, he looked ont with strange and altered eyes upon the healthy active word, that still continued its career of growth, of bloom, and of decay, machanging in design, thongh for ever varying in effects. The sma still smote the rijening grain; the fiesh wind shook the boughs; the noisy carmen rattled by to
market, and the smaller birds, which least of Nature's children seem known to sickness or to pain, fluttered with vigorous wing and frequent twitter abuat the leaves, and amid the branches of the rustling elder.

But there was one sight, winich, from the moment when it first had canght the barber's eye, diverted him from every other thought. The new house, above alluded to, had been completed and inhabited during his illness, and it was with astonishment and disuay he perceived that the inmate was no other than a rival barber. He could not without anxiety contemplate the superior splendour displayed by this new competitor. The front of the house was handsomely dashed; the pole, excceding at least by half the size of O'Berne's, was surmounted by a gilded bail that shone like another sun, while close beneath was fastened a long bamer of hair that flouted the winds as if anticipating trimmph. Above the lintel of the door was a sign board, executed in metropolitan style, which annomsed the proprictors (for it seemed to be a partnership) as "Fitzgerald and O'Hanlon, late from Paris and Dublin, professors of hair-cutting and perfuming", etc.
"Mary", said the convalescent to lis wife, as he surveyed this great display, "why didn't you tell me there was a new barber set up since I lay down?"
"I didn't think of it", replied the wife; "what matter can it be to us?"
" l'm afraid time will show us that", said 0'Berne. "Wan't Ireland big enough without their coming to plant themselves, and their pole, over-right my very dur?"
"What simifies themselves and their great pole?" replied the wife. "You have your custom made, and the neighoms will stand by you, l'll engage".
"That's not the way of the work", replied the barber, "and l'd be a fool if I thonglit it would be the way with we: there are some I know I can connt upon. There's
the blackemith, becanse he has no capers that way, and he says :o one knows the sweep of his jaws lut myselfhe'll stick to me; and there's my third consin, Pat Sheehy, the weaver, will stay by me for bloul's sake; and a few more friends I may be sure of; and perhaps others that will be horest, as some will be ragues, "ithout expecting it ; but the rest, you'll find, will have their nutions. The golden ball will draw many an eye away, and where the eye goes, the chin and head will follow. But where's the use of talking?"

The event even outstripped the anticipations of the barber. The time lost by his own illuess and that of his wife, who fell ill of the same disease immediately on his recovery, accelerated a catastrophe which he had too much canse to fear. The villagers were unwilling to frequent a house which lad now for two months been the seat of contagion. Party spirit also lent its influence to the success of the new-comers, and O'Berne lost many a head and chin to political differences.

In fine, before the lapse of many years, extreme and squalid misery descended on the dwelling of the barber. By degrees, retrenchment fullowed retrenchment, until what once were necessaries, assmed the character of luxurics too costly to be thought of. The barber and his wife no longer appeared abroad except when it could not be avoided, and at length that day was one of joy to the family which saw them supplied with a bare sufficiency of ford.

From circle to circle, however, they descended in the region of adversity, nor had they yet arrived at the elepths of the abyss. The rent of their tenement ran into arear, and they were menaced more than once with an ejectment. This was the only event which began to strike a real glom into the mind of the barber, already weakened by misfortune and tite effects of sickness. White it startled every aftection of his heart, it awoke in all its force (as the 11*
heart in its alarm will ofen do) the full power of an imagination that prosperity bad lulled into comparative inaction.

The barber, though he had received the same education, did not use it to the same advantage as his wife. It perplexed, while it soothed him, to observe the serenity with which his wife sustained the adverse change in their circmustances. She, who had sacrifieed so much for him, did not even seem to be conscious that she had made any sacrifice whatever. Her wealthy relatives were now all scattered and burdened with their own separate claims, and could do nothing to assist the barber. Still, in their distress, her concern seemed all for her husband and her children. The sea is not more necessarily agitated by the sighing of the winter wind, than is a generous and re$l_{1}$ ious bosom by the accents of distress and sorrow in a fellow being. So natmral, so free from effort or reluctance, "ipeared the affectionate concern with which the gentle Mary exerted herself to alleviate the sufferings of her husband and her children.

At different times her gentle uncomplaining conduct produced varying effects upon her husband's mind. Somstimes, when lis reflections took a gloomy turn, the clear angelic serenity of her looks would, with an influence like that of gentle music, subdue his discontent, and restore his thoughts to calmness and to order; at others, when he beheid her sharing in their common want, and remembered what she was when she resigued abundance and re-pectability to unite her earthly lot to h.s, his anguish frre exceeded what it was when he thought onty of his own privations.
"We are worse off now", he said to her, one summer evening, as they sat before the open window which looked upon their little orchard, and watched the erows winging hinh abose them to the distant wood; "our case is worse than hat of even the amimats that are left withont reason. 'A.c ince of the romel wond is fice to them; from the wom
to the eagle, all are well provided for. The crow has lis nest upon the bough, and the hare has her form in the furze, and their food is ready for them at morning in the fields, or by the river, for no trouble but the pains of seeking it. In the water, in the air, or on the earth, fool, cluthing, and a home, are ready fond for all. The goldinch has his painted feathers, and the robin his grain of seed, while our poor babes are perishing with cold and hunger".
"Fur every pain we bear with true patience in this life", said his wife, "we shall receive an age of glory and of happiness in the next".
"Yet who would murmur at a Providence that is inscrutable", resumed O'Berne, in a fit of sombre musing; "if men would only do their duty by each other? But it is not, and it never will be so. They say that if you take a young bird unfledged from the nest, and set it down alone in some field far away, where the parents cannot find it, and leave it there and watch it, they say there is no bird that passes, of whatever kind, and hears its lonesome chirp, that will not brug it a worm, or a monthful of some other food, until it gets strength to shitt ior itself. But men! men must have laws to force then even to do so much as will keep the breath of lifo within the lips of their own Linci".
"All is well", said M.ry, "while we keep our own fidelity. L"t the storm blow as it will, let all our prospects and our possessions go to ruin; all still is well whilo lieaven is not ofiended. Lat us keep our hands the stained, and in His natue who distributed sufiering and joy, let the worst that will befall us. It is not want no. plenty that can either give or take away our peace of mind. To be contented with the will of Heaven, and to strive to put it into practice, is always in our power, and if we are not so disposed in our distress, we may bo certain that we shouk not be so under any change whatsver. Let us presenve ow innocence, and all is well'.
"You are very easily contented", said the barber with an angry look. "What were your thoughts, two months since, when the fire seized on the grocer's house next door, and we saw, with on own eyes, the remains of an lablapy infant dag ont of the ruins?"
"I will tell yon, Godfrey, what I thought", replied his wife; "I trembled for myself when I beheld it. He, said I, who has ereated the world so fair, and filled it with so many blessings, who has made that beantiful sun, and those millions of shining stars, and who daily and homery shows his goodness and his mercy in new acts of kiuduess to his creatures; he too it is who has permitted that sinless child to perish by a frightful death. Let me therefore take the warning, and beware in what condition I fall into his hatids; for if he thus afficts the imocent and good on Earth, what should be done with us? I speak to you in this way, dear Godfrey, becanse I sce you are begiming to sink in spirits. Reware, my dear, dear hashand; it is in our moments of gloom and melancholy, as well as in those of thonghtless gaiety, that the enemy of our souls endeavours to seduce us into crime or matness".

As she said these words she haid her hand caressingly upon her husband's shoulder. Noved by the action as well as by the words with which it was accompanied, O'Berne was softened, and melted slowly into tears.
"Read to me", said he, "and it may be better".
llis "ife complied, and taking from the drawer a copy of the seriptures, began to read a portion of the New Testanent. Godfrey listened, and it seemed to him as if he had never heard the words before. Fur several days atter he became totally absorbed in the perusal of the volume ; the profomid wistom of its comeds, the majestic simplicity of its marative, and the stupendons nature of the evonis which it recorded, the heartfelt spinit of prayer with which it was pervaded, the tenible sulemmity of iis
warnings, the melting tenderness of its promises, and the striking nature of the examples by which both were illustrated, made a deep and strong impression on the mind of the village philosopher. It seemed to him as if he never before had heard how all things were first called into existence; how murder entered first into the world, which, until then, was the abode of love and happmess. He there heard the Deity delivering his law to man, amid the lightnings and the thmoders of Mount Sinar; he saw in the fate of Eli and his sons, an example of the divine justice against neglectful parents; be dwelt with enchantment on the mystical heauties of the story of Ruth and the marriage of Rebecca: and he traced with astonishment and awe, the tremendous and affecting history of the origin, the fall, and restoration of his species, detailed in language worthy of a subject so sublime. He read, and it astonished him to think how mechanical till now had been the nature of his feelings and his practice. What! was he then one of those who really believed that the Divinity himself had come on Earth to teach his creatures, both by word and by example, the real nature of moral goodness; to overthrow the worldly error which ascribed to human pride the honours duc to virtue; and to introduce - modesty, humility, paticnce, and milducss, to the same rauk in human estimation which they had ever held in the divine, and which men till then accorded to false glory, ambition, revenge, and haughtiness of soul?

The philosophic barber, however, while he wondered how little hitherto he bad felt the real nature of the character be professed in society, rather revolved these wonders in his intelleet than let then sink into his heart. His imagination became deeply impressed, and he brooded by day and dreamed by night on what he hat been studying, until his whole mind became absorbed with the one engrossing subject. 'To change the heart, it is not sufficient that the mind should be excited. To create a
spirit or tenderness and love is of far greater importance in the way of virtue, than to captivate the fancy or amaze the understanding.

The impatience, therefore, with which he bore the in creasing perplexity in his affairs, was not in any permanent degree diminished. A week of extreme misery and privation was closed by a furmal ejectment from the honse in which he lived. We pledge onr elves not to the truth of the events of a few days and nights immediately succeding, but relate them as they are told in the neighbourhood, reserving all comment to the conclusion of the tale. It was a Friday evening, and the family were to give up possession before twelve on the following Monday. With a mind weakened by distress and apprehension, the barber spent the day pacing alone from room to room of the little dwelling, like one distracted in his thonghts.
"If it be true", said he, striking his forehead with a burst of anger,-_"if it be true, that immaterial things can hourly, as young Danaher asserted, exert an influence over what is passible and material, why will they not interfere to serve as well as to perplex and to annoy us? Why will not that power, whatever it may have been, that visited me for my discomfort in that lonely inn and at Rath Danaher, present itself again for my assistance, at a time when human aid has left me at my last extremity?"

His wife, who overheard those words, was afraid that her husband's misfortunes were begiming to affect his reason.
"Remember, she said, 'that apart from human aid we have but one source of power to which we can apply".
"I would apply to AN'", eried her husband with a burst of frenzy; "from whatever source assistance comes, 1 am ready to receive it".

Saying this, he rushed rom the room. The fit of passion having passed away, he was able to reflect with
more distinctness on the nature of what he had said, and his imagination froze at the thought that it was possible he might yet be taken at his word. Terror, in addition to the former excitement, now seized upon his uerves, and unfitted him for any settled thought. He could only wait in hopeless silence the passing of the shocking gloom that seized upon his mind, without knowing how to quicken its departure.

In this mood, say the story-tellers, he retired to rest. The chamber in which he slept looked out upon the orchard, at the door of which, some evenings betore, the conversation already recorded had taken place between the barber and his wife. The bed was so placed that the former could see as he lay down, on a mooulight night, a considerable portion of the orchard and the country lying far beyond it. Such a night was that of which we speak; it was between one and two o'clock, and in mid-wiuter, when after a few hours' slumber, the view of the orchard, with its moonlight paths, crossed by the sharply defined shadows of the trees, came slowly on his sight through the uncurtained window.

For a time as he looked out upon the scene, the barber could not tell if he were waking or asleep, so indistinct and floating was the conscionsness that existed in his mind. All doubt, however, ceased, or rather he ceased to question what his actual condition was, when he beheld a figure dressed in a grotesque suit of black, advancing through the trees and approaching the windows with a slow but steady pace. An unaccountable influence held the barber motionless, until the stranger approached so near that his singular drapery almosi appeared to touch the glas. It seemed to the former as if an iron hand were laid upon his breast and pressed him to the bed. The moonlight falling on the back of the figure prevented him from seeing with distinctiess what the features were of this unknown intruder, but the sense of horror which
his presence excited was almost insupportable. After a little time the figure slowly raised one hand, and retiring a little from the window, waved it gracefully as a sign for Godfrey to arise and fullow. The sequel is gathered from Godfrey's own indistinct recollection of what took place. He could not, he said, resist the summons; he got up like one nuder the influence of some necromantic power, hastily drew on his clothes, and proceeding to the uindow, opened the sash and stepped out into the orchard. The figure retired, still turning at intervals, and beckoning with one hand until they had passed into the open country.

On a sloping hill at the eastern side of the village stood a grove of firs, shadowing a tract of soil which onee had been a burying-ground, but in which no interment had taken place for centuries before. Tradition only, and the half-obliterated remains that were sometimes dug out of the soil, supplied the history of its former uses, for neither monument nor grave-stone had for a long period been discernible upon the slope. Near the borders of this sombre grove it was that O'Berne beheld the figure panse and seem to wait his arrival. Still moved by the same irresistible influence, the barber pressed forward up the slope, fixing his eye upon the stranger, and even eager for the conference which he anticipated with a dizzy sense of terror. i ir were his wonder and his awe diminished, when, on turning round to address him, the stranger revealed the countemance and figure of his old master !

## CHAPTER IX.

TVe pursuc the barber's narrative as he is said to have lelivered it
"You said" (the stranger slowly and calmly enunciated each syllable, like one who utters words of the last
importance), " that you were ready to receive assistance from ANY source. I am one who have both the will and the power to afford $i t$ ".
"And who are you?" the oarber would have said in turn, but his jaws, locked fast as if by a fit oi tetanus, refused to articulate the words. His guide, lowever, seemed to understand his thought.
"Who I am", said he, with a voice so inexpressibly mournful that it penetrated to the hearer's soul, "is of no importance to your present views or mine. Let it be enongh for you to know, and for me to tell you, that I can procure you the assistance you require. Speak therefore, and tell what thou wouldst have".

The barber replied at once :-
"Food for my family and a certain home. They are miserable. If thou canst secure them sustenance and shelter, thou shalt have my gratitude".
"I require it not", replied the figure with a smile of subtle scorn. "I seek not love but service. I have it in my power to do all and more for thee than thou requirest, but no one offers wages without requiring a return. I offer then to relieve you from your present difficulty, but it is on one condition".
"Name it", cried the barber.
"It is a simple one", replied the spirit. "Those who are at war do not use to pay the servants of their Enemy. You must be one of us, if you would receive our aid".
"What! become like you an open enemv to the Divinity?"
"Become like us".
"There is no step in crime or in calamity", replied the barber, "beyond an express and formal hatred of the Deity. I dare not accept of the condition".
"Remain then as theu art, and serve in wretchedness", "eplicd the fiend. "He whom thou servest has abandoned hee to want and woe. Continue if thou wilt to worship
a neglectful master instead of one who is willing to repay thee with abundance".
"It may be", said the barber, "that he does but try my patience and my loyalty. This life is short : he may be bounteons in the next".
"Feed on that painted hope if thon wilt", replied the fiend, " and see if it will satisfy thy present misery. Did He not tell thee likewise that whosoever should forsake all things for Him in this world, should receive an hundredfold even in the prosent life?"
"Aye", said the barber with a sigh, " but he meant in the sweets of a good conscience, which is a treasure beyond all that kings or emperors enjoy".
"Well", said the spirit, "be content with that, if thou prefer it. If thou accept my offer, happiness and peace and plenty shall surround thee for the term of thy mortal life; if not, aflliction, trouble, and necessity".
"For my mortal life perhaps", replied the barber, "but how shall it be after?"
"Why", said the fiend, "thon wouldst not look to be better than thy master".

Godfrey was silent, and the spirit, after a pause, resumed:
"To-morrow thou shalt have the choice of misery or joy. I do not press thee to decide at once. Whenever the extremity may be at hand, my power will not be distant".

With these strange words he vanished, and the barber returned to his dwelling. Of his adventures on the way home, or the manner in which he obtained an entrance into his own honse, he had no recollection. On the following moming he found himself in his bed as usual, but could remember nothing of what took place from the moment of the spirit's disappearance. There were no corroborating sigus in the position of his dress or in the state of the window, that bore testimony to the reality of his
midnight excursion; and he would have been inclined. notwithstanding the regular train of the occurrences, and the vivid impression he retained of what had passed, to prononnce the whole a dream, if it were not that the two former mysterious events which had befallen him, left his reason far more open to an admission of supernatural agency.

The day which followed was the same in which, as set forth in a preceding portion of this narrative, Mr. Moynehan the tax-gatherer left home to dine at Castle Tobin. It was a trying one to Godfrev, on more than one account. Not one of the inmates of the dwelling had tasted food since they arose, and at night the cries of the younger children rent the father's breast. To complete the dreariness and discomfort of the scene, the night was gusty and full of showers, and the sound of the inclement weather breaking against the doors and windows, seemed to give promise of the destitution which awaited them when they should no longer own the shelter of a roof.

Emaciated even more by wasting thoughts than by the want of necessary food, the barber sat in the chair, which now but rarely held a customer, attending in silence (if he attended at all) to the consolatory expressions that were now and then addressed to him by his wife, and weaving vain conjectures on the future.
"Talk you of comfort?" he said, looking backward on the latter with a ghastly smile. "Have you the wallet ready, then? and the wattle and tin can? and the slate and voster for Mortimer to study in the dyke on summer days, when we all sit down together by the roadside in the shade, away from the dust of the horses' feet and the carriage wheels, while we ask the gentlefolks for charitv as they roll by? not forgetting the linen caps for the girls, and all the beggar's furniture? Have you all that ready, since you talk of comfort ?"
"Even if it came to that", replied his wife, with a tone
of slight severity mingled with affection, "I trust we all have resignation to endure it".
"It would be less a burden to my mind", said the barber, "that you had asked me 'why I brought yon to this misery?' rather than to hear you speak so kindly. And why, why did I do so? Why did I not leave you where I formd you, happy and prosperous in your father's house?"

At this moment one of the younger children which had crept from its pallet of straw, took Godfrey by the coat, and looking up with a pallid face and crying accent, said:-
"Father, Ellen is hungry".
If those who make themselves miserable about fancied evils, could know the pangs that rent the heart of 0'Berne at this instant, it is probable they would look upon their own condition with a more contented eye. In the agony of his sonl the mhappy man bent down his head, and half murmured between his teeth:-
"If the opportunity now were offered me again, I would not, I think, reject it".

He had scarcely framed these words in his own mind, when the tramp of horse's hoofs was heard approaching the door, and soon after a loud knocking with a whip handle made the panel eeho through the house.
"Hollo! ho! ho! Who's within? Open, I say! O'Berne, w e are you? Are your razors ready?"
"They have got a new method of shaving, They have gnt a new method of shavingOh, I wouldn't lie under that razor, For all that hies under the sun.
" O'Berne, I say! Godfrey, bring out the light! "'Tis Mr. Moynehan the tax-gatherer's voice", said Iary.
"And drunk", alded the barber,
"May Heaven forgive him!"
"Why-0'Berne, I say! Are you asleep or doad? Open! opeu the door!
"Over the mountain and over the moor, Barefoot and wretched I wander forlorn, My father is dead, and my mother is poor, And I weep for the days that will never return. Pity, kind gentlefolks
"Come-come-barber, this is no joke".
The door was opened, and Mr. Moynehan made his appearance, wrapped in a dark frieze travelling coat, which glistened with rain, as did the fresh and well-nurtured countenance of the owner. In one hand he held the bridle of his horse, which seemed inclined to follow him into the house.
"How are yon? how are you?" said the tax-gatherer, as he staggered forwards,-"no compliments at all at present, do you see? I'm come to stay the night with you, for 'tis rather late and windy".
"You have chosen but a poor house for your lodging, sir", said the barber.
"No matter for that; many a better fellow often slept in a worse. So that you find a dry corner for my horse, you may put myself anywhere, do you see ?"
"Mortimer", said the barber, "take the gentleman's horse round to the little cow-honse, and see him well rubbed for the night".
"And hark yon!" said the tax-gatherer, setting his arms akimbo, and endeavouring to keep his balance while he gazed on Mortimer, "before you do so, my young hero, give me that portmanteau that's fastened behind the saddle. 'That's right", he added, as the boy complied, "King George would have a crow to pluck with me if I let anything happen to them. And hark in your earanother thing-I took a glass too much at Castle Tobin : no matter-a set of rogues-They have their reasons for tempting me to exceed".
"Mrary", said the barber, "put the children to bed, and shut the door".
"Good night, Mrs. O'Berne—good night—And hark you-Mrs. O'Berne, I see you're shocked to see me as I am, but'tis my weakness, that and a little tender-heartedness about the making out of an inventory-I confess it -if an honest, hospitable country gentleman sends me, in a goodnatured sort of way, a sack of corn for that poor animal abroad, and then omits all mention of his own neat riding nag, I haven't the heart to charge him with it. Good Mrs. O'Berne, I protest to you, there is not a single four-wheeled carriage, nor a gig, nor a riding horse in the whole neighbourhood of B ——. Those are all phantoms that we meet every day upon the roads-phantoms, ma dam-I have the best authority for it-the word of the owners themselves-all ghosts of grayhounds, ghosts of pointers, ghosts of spaniels, terriers, servants, and all. Oh! Mrs. O'Berne, there's nothing in the island but ghosts and rogues! There's that attorney-no matter who-he's an honest fellow to be sure, and keeps a capital bottle of whisky: he had the assuranee, last week, after putting blank, blank, blank, against horses, carriages, and servants, to turn about as he handed me the paper, and offer me a ride in his own curricle as far as the village. And I protest to you, the ghost of a curricle carried us both uncommonly well. As for the great men of the county, I can't for the life of me tell how they manage with two hearths and six windows. There's a place that shall be nameless - I don't say 'tis Castle Tobin now-where I can count four-and-twenty windows as I ride up the avenue; but on entering I cannot persuade Tob - the owner I mean-that it is more than quarter the number. Assessed taxes! assessed rogues and swindlers! But good night, these things must not continue-Pray for me,-your prayers, I think, are heard. As for that husband of yours-he deals in witcheraft".
"Who ?-I ?" cried the barber, starting from a fit of gloomy musing.
"Ha, ha, ha! observe how he starts. Look at him, Mrs. O'Berne. I would not trust my life with that fellow across the street".

Godfrey gathered his brows and looked darkly on the ground.
"Look at him", continued the tax-gatherer, laying his hand on Mrs. O'Berne's arm, and pointing with the other to her husband, who, in an attitude of ghastly anger, looked backward in his face. "There are men who go through life straight, like the handle of my whip; and there are others that, like the lash, will take any crooked bend you give it. Look at him, how he eyes the portmanteau!"

Again the barber started.
"Ha, ha! Come, come, O’Berne, I did but jest. You must learn to take a joke".

Mrs. O'Berne retired, and the tax-gatherer remained with her hasband in the kitchen. During the foregoing conversation, a dreadful struggle had been taking place within the mind of the latter. The gold! Mr. Moynehan, in his random jest, had harped his thought aright. That portmanteau would secure his family for ever against all fear of indigence. Terrified by the workings of his own breast, and desirons to remove a temptation which he feared might grow too stroug for his already flickering virtue, he approached the tax-gatherer, and said, with a hoarse and mournful energy of voice and manner:
"Mr. Moynehan, it is as your friend I advise you to return home to-night. There are evil minds abroad, hearts weakened by affliction, and unable to resist the deadly thoughts that want and melancholy whisper to them in the silence of the night. Be wise, therefore, and return to your house at once".
" Returu to my house!" cried the tax-gatherer, setting
both his hands upon his sides, and looking on the barber with a stare of high defiance. "And who are you, sir, that order me to return to my honse? I shall stay where I am, sir, and you may frown and grind your teeth as you will, sir, but I shall not be ordered off by you. And I will tell yon more, l'll have myself shaved to-night ; so get your apparatus ready on the instant".
"To-night", said O'Berne, " pray do not say to-night. It is already one o'clock".

But Mr. Moynehan, like many who have not a perfect possession of their reason, was obstinate. He insisted on being shaved, and took his seat in the centre of the room, while the barber, with trembling knees, and a mind shaken to its foundation by its own internal struggles, prepared the implements necessary to the task allotted to him.
"These things must have an end, O'Berne", the taxgatherer resumed, as he loosened his neck-cloth and laid it on the back of the chair. "I cannot continue long to lead this life--'tis bad-'tis wicked--'tis unchristian. My good lady is for ever lecturing me about it, and I believe she's right. I promised her this morning that this should be the last time I would ever dine from home again, and I am resolved to keep my word, I am resolved to-_"

Here he began to grow drowsy as he sat, and continued nodding in his chair, while he spoke in interrupted sentences :
"Yes-she's right—the women are right after all about these matters-they are more doc-do-docile-well-I'll mend. She hinted that I might begin too late-but no-to-morrow morning will be time enough -to-night it would be late indeed-Cas-Ca-Castle To-'Tob--Tobin-farewell-l'll mend-I'li--re-form-I'll _l'll-To-morrow I'il begin-I'll__"

IIe dropped his head upon his breast and fell fast asleep. The storm had now subsided, and the moon by fit. ats (in the preceding wight, gleamed brightly on the
hearth. The barber opened the door, which looked into the orchard. The picture was one which might have made a spectator tremble, if there had been a spectator there. O'Berne, with his worn and haggard comntenance, stauding at the open door, and looking with wild eyes and ghastly teeth into the moonlit orchard. The tax-gatherer sleeping, with his neck-cloth laid aside, and his head langing back in the profound repose of drunkennessthe hour late-the night favourable-and the instruments, which might as readily be mado to serve the purposes of destruction as of utility, lying open on the barber's table. Let us close the scene upon this horrible tableau.

## CHAPTER X.

In less than two hours after she had first retired to rest, the sleep of Mrs. O'Berne, which had been disturbed by frightful dreams, was altogether broken by the sound of a foot-step in her room. Looking up, she beheld her husband, with an end of cardle lighted in his hand, looking pale and terrified. In answer to her question, he said, that the tax-gatherer had not yet retired to rest. She fell asleep again and did not wake till morning. Her husband then informed her, that Mr. Moynehan, notwithstanding all his persuasions, had insisted on leaving the house on the preceding night, and taking the road to his own residence, which was well known to be infested by footpads. But he had good news also for her ear. Before leaving the house, he had lent him a sum which would be more than sufficient to reëstablish them in all their former comfort. But this was to be kept a secret.

There was something in the manner or her husband, as be gave her this account, which perplexed and pained her.

It was not gloomy, as before, but mequally and filfully joyous. He laughed, and his laughter was broken by a spasmodic action of the frame, as if a searing iron had suddenly been applied to a part of it. Mrs. O'Berne now feared, from many things her husband said, that the unexpected generosity of the tax-gatherer might produce an effeet as dangerous to her husband's mind as his previous poverty.

In the evening, while Mary sat musing on what had passed, her husband, who had gone ont on business, suddenly entered the house with a hurried and agitated look.
"I was right", said he, "in warning Mr. Moynehan not to take that road last night".
"Why so?"
"Ilis horse was found this morning near the village, but withont a rider".

Mrs. OBerne elasjed her hands with a silent gesture of atiright.
"I tell you trutli-and there was blood upon the saddle-cloth-blood, Mary".
"He was murdered then?"
"Why so? Who told you that? How do you know it?"
"What else docs it look like? What else do they think of it?"
"Think! Oh, they think as you do-but it is all conjceture".
"Let him have perished as he may", sail Nary, hurried onward by the dreadful tidings into an energy monsual to her disposition, "it is certain at least that he has perished. O- fearful Providence! It was a heart of stone that took him in his fit of sin!"
" Be charitable, wife", said the barber angrily.
"I shonld be so, indeed. I thank you for the counsel. If he was murdered, then, may Heaven forgive his murderer!"
"Pray for him", said the barber, "but not that way. Perhaps the wretch was crazed with want or hangerperhaps he was strongly tempted-and that when ruin was threatening him on one side and the temptation assailed him on the other-and the opportunity-and the silenceand the night-perhaps he could not hold his hand-but what of that?-Our children shall not starye, at all events-I have the gold- the gold".

And he langhed with a shocking levity.
"Y'es, we have reason to rejoice", replied his wfe, witw calmness-"but the widow-the poor widow! To-night, while the wind is howling about her house, how lonesome is her heart, and low within her: They had one child, a boy; and she is often looking at him how, and asking herself if the story can be true. Oh, wretched man! Had he, who did the deed, no wife, no family, to care for, when he made a widow and an orphan at a blow? And all for a little dross!"
"Well—well", said the barber hurriedly, "perhaps he means to pay it back again as soon as he can, and to lay the bones in consecrated gromb. What more can the poor wretch do now? Oh, wife, they say such money is easily earned, but he who did it knows better".
"To-inght", continued Mary, following up her own train of thought, "while the servants are whispering in the kitcheu, she is lying on her bed, with the child close by her, and listening to every fresh account they bring her of her loss. To sce a husband or a wife go calmly to their doom-to tend them in their last sickness- to read them holy lessons-to pray for them aloud when they are dying or when they are dead--that's happiness to what she feels to-night, although when you were sick I thought it would be misery. She must not even know that he lies in holy ground".
" But perhaps be shall in time. Let us talk no more of this, to-night, at least".
"Aye, Godfrey, it is best; blood will speak, if it should burst the grave for it".

There was a cobbler in B $\qquad$ , who, like our barber, could scarcely obtain as many half-pence by bis awl as, might procure him a sufficiencs of the cheapest food. Yct, however he was enabled to procure the means, the fellow was a habitual drunkard. It was his practice when intoxicated, to take his post at the village cross, and, putting this hands under his leather apron, to commence a string of vociferous abuse against all the inhabitants of the place without exception. The out-pouring usually continued five or six hours without intermission, from exordium to peroration, greatly to the scandal of the regular inhabitants, and to the entertainment of the little urchins of the place, who gathered round him in a circle in order to chorus his monologue with their shrill hurras. Yet, at other times, the unfortunate wretch could be as decent and well conducted as any individual in the place, and he might lave been, as the world goes, an estimable character, if the fascination of strong drink had not an influence over him which it appeared almost impossible for him to resist.

Within a fortuight after the occurrence just related, it happened that this cobbler was sitting at work in his miserable hut, and singing, as he made his lapstone ring, when he was surprised to see the barber cross his threshold. The latter having closed the door behind him, and shoved in the bolt, approached the man of patches with a serious countenance.
"Sla,nalian", said he, "I have something serious to say to you, and it may be for your advantage, provided you promise to keep it secret".
"Sacret, Mr. O'Berne? As to keepin' a sacret, providin' its nothin' agin law or conscience, I'll keep a sacret with any man brathin', though 'tis I says it, that oughtn't".
" It is not against law or conseience. Listen then. For three nights successively, within the last fortnight, I dreamed of money in a certain place, that I will name to you, provided you promise to assist me in obtaining it".
"Assist you! l'll engage I will so, an' welcome. An' is this what you call something sarions to say to me? Now I cail it something pleasant-an' joyful-an' delightful!" exclaimed the cobbler, springing from his seat as he completed the climax. "Come away, an' let us lay hands on it at once".
"No-no-" said the barber, "not so fast. The search must be made at night. I will call on you myself about eleven o'clock, and be ready to come with me. I have not even mentioned it to my wife, for fear she might have some scruples about nsing the money. The spot is not far distant, though lonesome enough. I will tell you where it is when l come at night".

O'Berne was true to his appointment; and on this night it was, that in the presence of the cobbler, he dug up in a lonesome ruin, within less than a quarter of a mile of the village, that treasure, for the possession of which he accounted to his wife in a very different manner. A moderate portion of the prize easily bribed the cobbler to keep silence until it should suit O'Berne's consenience to call on him to give testimony of the manner in which he had obtained the money.

Soon after, the barber and his family left the neighbourhood of B —— where they were not heard again of for more than a score of years.

## CHAPTER XI.

Young Edmund Moynehan was brought np with all the care that could possibly be bestowed on the education of a child. He was carefully preserved, in his early years,
from all access of superstition. He heard none of those garnlous tales which too often hannt the nursery, and bespeak future victims to weakness of mind, almost in tho very cradle. In the mean time, the true spirit of religion was deeply impressed upon his heart; and his practico was the more fervent in proportion as it was more enlightened. He grew apace, and in time inherited the offico which had proved so fatal to his father. He exercised it, however, in a very different manner. He took no bribes, and he allowed no false returns. The astonishment which such a line of conduct excited about B——_ was proportioned to the novelty of the provocation. Almost every tax-payer joined in abuse of Edmund Moynehan. Many called him a mean, cxact, prying fellow; and a few of the more fiery gentry even talked of "calling him ont"; but he did not alter his course, and they found themselves under the necessity of being as exact as himself. In all other respects, he was what his father had been in his earlier and happier days.

He had reached his three-and-twentieth year without meeting any adventure out of the ordinary course of rural life in the rank in which he moved. He yet retained a strong recollection of his parent, and he felt, withont the least emotion of revenge, a strong desire to investigate the mystery of his disappearance.

One evening, he was standing at the window of the small parlour which looked out (for he now occupied the dwelling first owned by his father) on the waters of the Shamon. Althongh the sun shone bright, a westerly gale drove fierely along the surface of the stream, and confined the fishing craft to their moorings by the windward beach. The narrow-pinioned fishers hovering above the broken waves, by their sereams and rapid motion added much to the interest of the scene. Occasionally a bulky commant flew with ontstretched neck along the surface of tho bay, while the fleasure boat (which Moynehan some-
times used in his days of leisure), tossed and turged at her anchor by the shore.

Living, notwithstanding his occupation, in comparative solitude, with few objects to interest his thonghts in any remarkable degree, it is not surprising that young Muynehan often dwelt with undiminished interest upon the mystery of his father's fate. That violence, and human violence, had been employed in his destruction, he entertained no doubt. Of greater enterprise and firmness than his father had been, he only wanted footing for the inquiry, and the total absence of this was what often lay heavy at his heart.

A por.rait of his father, rudely finished, yet with sufficient resemblance to correspond with his recollection of the original, was suspended against the wall. $\mathrm{Op}_{\mathrm{p}}$ pressed with the reflections which crowded on his mind as he gazed on the familiar features, he left the house and hurried to the strand, where he paced for some time in silence a!ong the margin of the water. His boatman was employed in reparing the keel of a small skifi, which was used as a kind of tencer on the peasure boat. Near him, Rick Lillis, grown gray with yeare, and somewhat bowed by care, was leming against a huge block of stone, and observing the bou:tman at work.
"The young masther looks as if he was put out a little", said the hoatman.
"Ah, little admination he should", replied the old herdsman. "It is fourteen years and better now since we lost the ould one. Many's the time since I repented that I didn't go with him that night, or make him go with me. Bat when a man's hours come they say the world wonth't put it off. I might well know them hills were no place for any oue to be thraveling at night. let aloue such a night as that; but he wonldn't be said by me. I havd of a thing happening among them hills vefore, that was
enough to make anybody look about him before he'd venture among 'em late at night".
" What was that ?"
"I'll tell you. You know Jerry Lacer, the pedlar, that used to go throngh the counthry formerly sellin' ribbons, an' rings, an'snuff-boxes, an' things that way, at the great honses an' places along the road?"
"Yon mean him that has a shop now overright where 0'Berne the barber lived formenly at B___?
"I do-the very man. He was thravellin' from Cork, an' he took the conthrary way through the same mountains that my master (rest his sowl!) an' myself went that night. Well, if he did, it come late upon him, an' he turned off the road, thinkin' to make a short cut, an' he lost his way in the mountains, an' it was midnight before he met a human clristian, or one ha'p'orth. 'What'll become o' me at all, I wondher', says Jerry; ''twas the misforthinate hour I ever turned off $0^{\prime}$ you, for one road', says he. Well, on he went, an' in place o' comin' to any place, 'tis lonesomer an' lonesomer the road was gettin' upon him, till at last he hard a nize, as it were o' somebody hammerin' at a little distance. So he med towards the nize. Well, 'tisn't long till he comes to a little lonesome cabin without e'er a windy in front, and a rish light burnin' within, an' the doore half open, an' the ugliest man ever you see sittin' upon a stonl in the midalle of the floore, and he havin' a tinker's anvil on his lap, an' he makin' saucepans.
'. 'Bless all here', says Jerry, pushing in the door.
"The little man made him no answer, only looked up finmight in his face, an' tould him to come in an' shet the doore.
.' Au' what do you want now?' says the little tinker, when Jerry done what he bid him.
"، Shelther, then, for the night, plase yom lordskip, fays Jerry, thinkin' it bether to be civil.
"' Take a sate by the fire', says the tinker, 'an' we'll see what's to be dolle'.
"'That your reverence may lose nothin' by it', says Jerry, dhrawin' a chair. 'Them that give the stranger shelter in this world, won't be left withont it themselves in the next'.
"Well, there they sat. There was a pot boiling over the fire, an' it had a smell o' mait, which, I'll be bail, Jery wasn't sorry to find. So afther a while, the tinker went out, as he said, to dig a handful o' pzaties, to have with the mait, an' tould Jerry for his life not to touch one ha'p'orth about the place, an' above all things, not to look into the pot, for if he'd daar do it, the mutton 'ud be spiled. Well, haydly was he outside the doore, when Jerry was a'most ready to faint, wantin' to know what was in the pot. So as there was ne'er a windee, and the doore fast shet, he thought he'd take one dawny peep. 'Never welcome himself an' his pot', says Jerry, 'if he hadn't to say anything about it, sure I wouldn't care one bane what was in it. I'm kilt from it, for a pot', says he, fixin' his two eyes upon it. 'I won't look at it at all'; says he, ''tis up at the dhresser l'll look, an' I'll whistle the Humours $0^{\circ}$ Glin, an' who knows but I'd shkame away the thoughts of it 'till himself 'ud come in'. So he turned his back to the fire, and began whistling. ''Tis bilin' greatly, whatsomever it is', says he by an' by. 'Ah sure what hurt is there in one peep? How will he ever find it out? A likely story indeed, that the mutton 'ud be spiled by one look. He's an ould rogue, that's what he is, an' l'll have a peep in spite o' the Danes'. So he went to the firesite, and he ruz the lid. There was a great steam, an' the wather bilin' tantivity. 'I'm in dhread 0 ' my life', says Jerry. "What'll I do at all, if he pins me in the fact? No matther, here goes, any way', an' he struck down a fleshfork into the wather. Well, I'll ga bail he opened his eyes wide enough, when
he diew up upon the points of the fork a collop of a man's hand --"
"Eyeh, Rick, howl!"
"I'm only tellin' you the story as I hard it myself. Sure I wasn't by".
"Do you mane to persuade me a thing o' that kind ever happened?"
"Can't you hear my story? what do I know only as I hear? 'Well', says; Jerry, an' he lookin' at his prize, 'here's a state', says he; 'here's purty work; what in the world will become o' me now at all?' says he: 'I'll let down the pot-lid any way'.
"Well hardly all was right, when the tinker come in.
"' Did you look in the pot?' says he.
"' Oh my lord', says Jerry, "what for 'ud I be lookin' in it?'
"' Are you hungry ?'
"' Not much, my lord'.
"'Will you take a cup o the broth ?"
"Well, Jerry thought he'd dhrop, when he hard him axin' him to take a cup o' the broth.
" 'Not any, we're obleest to your reverence', says he, bowin' very polite.
"'What'll you do then?' says the tinker.
'"' I'll stay as I am, with your lordship's good will'.
"'There's a bed within in the room, there; may be you like to take a stretch on it?'
" Why then I believe I will, plase your reverence', says Jerry, as I'm tired'.
"So he took nis pack, an' away with him into the room, as if he was walkin' into the mouth of a tiger. He didn't like to go to bed, althongi there was the nicest bedstead in a corner, with white dimity curtains, an' a fine soft ticl, an' the room nately boorded an' somudid as if there was at kitchen moder it. So he ronled himself in his great coat, an' sat down in a corner waitin' to see what
'ud happen, bein' in dhread he'd fill asleep, if he stretched upon the bed. 'The moon was shinin' in the windee, when, about twelve o'cluck, as sure as yon're standin' there, he tould my father, he seen the bed sinkin' in the ground. Oh, his heart was below in his shoe! 'Wasn't it the good thought o' me', says he, ' not to go to bed? I declare to my heart', says he, 'l'll make a race while he's below!' So ont he started, an I'll engage 'tis long till he was canght goin' through the mountains at night again".
"Dear knows, that's a wondherful story", said the boatman. "But asy! what boat is that I wondher, runnin' in for the little creck? Some jot or another: may be dhruv in by the wind, an' she comin' in from Cove".

On nearer approach, however, the vessel seemed too small to answer this conjecture. She was a little cutter, of about ten or twelve tons burden, with snow whito sails, close-reefed, and dresched to the peak with spray. Casting anchor near the shore, a small boat was lowered from the stern, into which two persons entered, and proceeded to land. On reaching the shore, one left the boat, while the other, pushing off into the breakers, which even here ran high, returned to the cutter. The stranger, who remained, was a man decply" dedined into the vale of years", wrapped in an old plaid cloak, and wearing a cap of scal-skin. He stooped much, and walked with so much difienity, that but for a stick, on which he leaned, it would have been impossible for him to have maintaned his upright position. Perceiving him about to take the road leading to the interior, young Moynchan approached, and politely asked him to his house for the night, as it was usual to do with any stranger who travelled in these lonely districts. The only inn, he informed him, at which he could obtain accommodation, was at such a distance that it would fatigne him extremely to reach it on foot that daj. The same accommodation he offered for his boatman.

There was in the stranger's manner of accepting the courtesy, an air of deep humility and deprecation, that indicated habinal suffering. He trembled like one in a fit of palsy, and bowed low, supporting himself by grasping his stick with both hands, while he murmured forth his thanks. The same deep gratitude he showed for every trivial attention that was paid him on his entering the house. It seemed as if he thought the humblest attitude he conld assume was far above his pretensions, and no exertions that either the widow or her son could make, were sufficient to draw him into free and unembarrassed conversation throughout the evening. He sat as far apart as possible from every individual that was present, bowed with the utmost respect at every word that was addressed to him, as if it were a favour of the last importance. 'Two or three times, Edmund Moynehan saw, or fancied he saw, the eyes of the stranger rest upon his features with au expression of inquiry, which, however, instantly disappeared as soon as their glances met. After Mrs. Moynehan had retired for the night, he endeavoured to lead their guest into more familiar dialogue, and to invite him to contidence by showing him an example.
"You must excuse my mother's retiring so early", said Edmund; "she always does so, since my father's death. We are rather a lonely family at present".
"Indeed, sir?" said the stranger with a smile.
"You are probably new to this country?" asked Eimund.
"Indeed, sir, much the same. It is now so long since I left it, that I may well be called a stranger".
"Ah, then it is not likely that you are aequainted with onr misforme. I never like, of course, to allude to it in the presence of my mother, but now that she is gone, it may furnish you with some kind of apology for the somy entertaiment you have met to-night".

The strauger bowed low, but made no reply, and Edmond
(who loved to talk of his father's unacconntable disappearance) gave him a full detail of all the circumstances respecting it which had come to his knowledge. The stranger scemed to listen with the deepest interest, but like one who was habitunted to feelings of a still deeper kiud than any which the narrative was calculated to excite in the mind of an uninterested person.
"There are few circumstances attending my father": death", said Edmund, "supposing him to have perished, and indeed it would be idle to think otherwise, which are to my mind so painful as its sudderness. Fiven at this distance of time, and with my slight remembrance of my father, it is surprising to myself what slight circumstances will bring his fate, in all its force, upon my mind. The other day, I happened to be present in the cottage of a tenant, who lay in his death-sickness, endeavouring with all the power of his heart and mind to review and anticipate the coming jndgment on the whole. When I saw him piously receiring the rites of his religion, and dying at last amid the audible prayers of his family, how keenly did the thought of my father's murder penetrate my son!, when I compare it with this peaceful parting!"

Edmond pansed, but the stranger made no remark.
"Still", continued Edmund, "I wouid not exchange his lot with that of his murderer".
"No, no-oh, no", replied the stranger.
"To be sure", said Edmund, "I can but guess what the remorse attending such a crime should be, but even from conjecture, I wonder how a human being could prefer the custody of such a torturing secret, even to detection and ignominy".
"Hanging", said the stranger, "is such a horrid death".

* lint can it, short as the auguish is, be anything so horrible as the remorse for such a deed?'
"Un, no, I said not that", replicd the stranger, "for
sure I am—at least I think-that were the innocent truly to know what it is to feel remorse, they would never steep their hands in crime. But they know nothing of it -books-legends - all are painted flame to the fire of gennine remorse in a bosom that is capable of feeling it".
"If such be your opinion", said Edmund, "how do you account for the apparent indifference in which many live who are known to have perpetrated the most appalling crimes?"
"I know not", said the stranger; "that such is the fact appears indisputabie, but I cannot account for it on natural reasons. Yet dreadful as it is to feel remorse, so far at least as one may guess, to do nothing but tremble for the finture, and nothing but shodder at the past ; to lie on a restless bed, and find no comfort in the daylight, nor in the sight of friends' faces or the hearing of familiar conversation; I should still prefer remorse in its most poignant form, to the dreadful insensibility that you describe'.
"You, then", said Edmind, "wonld not be one of those who prefer remorse to reparation?"
"How can I answer you?" replied the stranger, "Death, eertain death is a thing so terrible to contemplate with a steady eye".
"It would appear indeed", said Edmund, "as if there were persons who could find it easier to inflict than to endure it".

At this moment the stranger, who scarcely seemed to be in health during the whole conversation, complianed of fatigue, and expressed a wish to go to rest. Edmund ordered a light, and the servant went before to prepare the room.
"There's no sin, I hope, sir", said the old man, turning round with dificulty as he slowly watked towards the chamber door. "'lhere's no sin after all, I hope, that may not meet forgiveness. Even yon, sir, I am sure,
conld forgive the man who has injured you so nearly, provided he were humbly to beg forgiveness at your feet? How much more reasonably might he hope for merey at its very source?"
"The difference is essential", answered Edmond. am far from feeling personal resentment against the autho: of my father's death. I do not mean to boast that I anm free from even the first impulses of passions that are common to our nature; but as there are pangs that pierec too deep for tears-as there is bliss too exquisite for langhter-so also there are injuries that in their very marnitude exclude all thought of self-redress-that in a peculiar manner seem to make vengeance (as sure it is in every ease) an usurpation of the divine prerogative".

The stranger retired, and Edmund soon after followed his example. He had not yet, however, closed his eyes, when the door opened, and a head was protruded into the apartment. It was that of old Rick Lillis.
" Whist! Misther Edmund!"
"Well, Rick?"
"Are you aslecp, sir?"
"How could I answer your eall if I were ${ }^{\text {" }}$
"Sure enongh, sir", said Riek, coming in and closing the door behind him. "Do you know that sthrange jettleman, sir:"
"Not 1. Do you know anything of him?"
"Oh, no, sir, only I just stepped in to mention a dhroll thing I seen him doing that surprised me".
"Doing? When? Is he not in his room?"
"He was, sir, an" I seen the candle shim" there when I was walkin' down the lawn to go home for the sioh , but of a sodden it moved, atio out it come io rlie. palour. 'I declare to my heart', says $I$, 'I'll go back an' sce "hat that jad waits out in the parlorr again'. So 1 crep up to the windee, an' I jest tuk off my hat this way an'
peeped in, and sure there I seen him plain enough. An' what do you think he was doin', sir?"
"How can I tell?"
"Sure enougl. Well, he had the candle ruz up in his hand, an' he viewin' the pecthur-your poor father's pecthur this was-again the wall, an' if he did, afther viewin' it all over, he med towards the table, an' down be sat, an' covered his face this way with his two hauds for as good as a quarter of an hour; an' when he done thinkin', or whatsomever he was doin', he ruz up again an' tuk out a little pocket-book, an' wrote something; but, just at that moment, it so happened that I hot the pane o' glass with the lafe o' my hat unknownst, an' he started like a little robineen, which I did also, an' run for the bare life, round by the haggart an' in the kitchen doore, in dhread o' my life he'd ketch me. An' that's my story."
"It's curious," said Moynehan. "Were you able to learn from his boatman who they were?"
"Not a word, sir. Many an offer I med, but it's no use for me."

On the following morning to the astonishment of all the family, the stranger was nowhere to be found. The bed appeared as if it had been slept in, but there was no other trace remaining of their visitor. All inquiry was vain ; and they ceased at length to speak of what had taken place.

## CHAPTER XII.

Winat was more singular, the manner of the stranger's disappearance was as much a secret to himself as to anyboily else. He had gone to rest on the preceding night in the bed which was assigned to him, nor did he wake 'till
after sunrise on the following morning. What then was his astonishment and terror to find himself fully dressed, wrapped in his cloak, and lying in a meadow on the roadside, within more than a mile from the river, and in sight of the village of $\mathrm{B}-$-! Ashamed, however, to return to his hostess and her son after so singular an adventure, and not knowing how he could obtain credit for the truth, he pursued his way without interruption.

It happened in a few months after, that Edmund Moynehan, returning late from a journey, called into Rath Danaher, where he was acquainted. In the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon a report then prevalent about B———, respecting a "haunted house" in the outskirts of the place, which had once, they said, been temanted by a barber of the name of O'Berne, but in consequence of having got an ill name, had for a long time continued uninhabited. The barber and his wife, they understood, had died abroad, but more than once of late strange noises had been heard about the place at night, and one person in particular distinctly averred that he had seen the ghost of the barber himself, with a light in his hand, going through all his professional evolutions as if attending and entertaining customers. One or two, they said, on the strength of this report, had had the courage to sit up alone at niglit to question the phantom, but in vain, for they had neither seen nor heard anything supernatural.

So highly was Edmund's euriosity exeited by this account, that he immediately formed the resolution to watch with Lillis for the appearance of the phantom. The moment he announced this determination, he became, as may be supposed, the hero of the company. All crowded ahout him deseribing the fearfnl nature of the sounds which had been heard, and advising him to give up the idea as rash and foolish. At one time, they said, steps as of hoofs iron-shod were heard resounding throngh
the house: at another, whispers and sighs were andibly heathed in the very face of the listener; while at other times, a heavy pace was heard descending the stairs, and at avery landing-phace a leap that shook the walls to their foundation and made every door upon that story fly open oyen as if burst by lightning.

It may be easily supposed that, of the two, Rick Lillis was not the more desirous to put this audacious experiment in sxecution. He was cncouraged, however, on understanding that the boatinan was to be of the party. On the following evening, the three set out together to the barber's house. The night was falling fast, but a bright crescent supplied the place of the declining day-light. The barber's house had all the appearance of a longdeserted tenement. The windows were broken, the shatters shut, the little flower-plots overgrown with weeds, and the wood-work of the building crushed and wormeaten. On entering the lonse, Rick and the boatman proceeded to make two large fires, one for themselves in 20 imuer room, the other for Edmund Moynehan in that which had heretotore served the purpose of a kitchen. lu each there was a table laid with lights and materials for supper. In what had been the kitchen, young Moywhan remained alone, having given directions to his two attendants, whatever they might see or hear, not to intrude on him uncalled. As this was the chamber which had especially the fame of being "haunted", Rick felt no inclination whatever to dispute his commands, and would even have been better pleased that the prohibition had been wholly muconditional.

Night had long fallen, and the two fellow-servants, encouraged by the absence of any thing which could give combenance to the anful rumonrs they had heard, began to converse with freedom. whiis they rait hands on the cneer which had been laid before them. Rick, in the meanime, exerted all his eloquence and all his ghostly

Jore in labouring to shake the obstinate incredulity of lis companion, who could and would admit no possibility of the truth of such a rumour.
"Tell me", he said, at last, in indignation, "if you wero to see it yourself, would you believe it?"
"I would".
""lis a wondher. An' you won't believe other people when they sees it. Dou't they say many a time, that if a man buries money, or if he didn't pay his debts before he died, or wronged any body, he'll be troubled that way, an' risin' ever an' always till-_"

He paused, for at this moment a noise was heard at the door of the room in which they sat. It opened, and a sight appeared which froze the very heart of Rick, and even appalled for a time the incredulous mind of the boatman. A figure wearing a barber's apron, and bearing in its hands a basiu and other professional implements. was seen distinetly to advance into the lighted room, and slowly moved towards where the watchers sat. Fick muttered a fervent ejaculation.
"I'll spake to it", said the boatman.
"A' lim, eroo! 'lim a-vourneen!"
"Do you mind his ejes?" said Tim.
"Blazin' like two coals o' fire", said Rick. "A' Tìm, what'll become of us!-Oh, wisha, wisha!'
"I'll spake to it", said Tim.
"A' Tim, don't asthore! The less you say to it the betther, 'till the third time of it comin', an' if I wait for the third time, l'll give you leave to say my name isn't Rick Lillis".

The figure passed slowly by, and into the room in which young Moynehan sat. While this event proceeded, the latter was occupied with thoughts of an absorbing kind. The loneliness of the place and the purpose for which he had come thither, theew him naturally into a mood of melancholy reflection, and his thoughts gradually
fixed themselves upon his father's story, which always occupied the decpest place in his mind. He regretted extremely that he had not taken greater pains to search aftet their strange guest, whose conduet respecting the portrait, together with his unceremonious departure, had indicated something more than an accidental interest. While he pursued these thoughts, the door of the inner room was opened, and it required all his presence of mind to enable him to maintain his resolution. The barber's ghost was there indeed before his eyes! One glance, however, at the old man's countenance was sufficient to reassure him, while at the same time it touehed as if with an electric tangent the deepest feelings of his nature. The figure, differing only in attire, was that of the old man to whom they had given a night's lodging a short time iefore!

Elmund paased : he held his very breath with caution, while the figure, with dreamy eyes and measured thoughtfui action, set about the task which he seemed to have in hand. His motion, however, although soft, was not so noiseless as to intimate the presence of a spiritual being. He laid aside the basin, took out a razor which appeared covered with rust, and seemed to whet it for some moments. He then paused for a long time, and seemed to suffer under the infliction of some excruciating doubt.
"Thou shalt not steal!"-he said in a whisper, "that's true. But must our children perish ?"

He paused, and Edmund bent his whole mind to listen.
"Mary!" continued the harber, "lay by that prayer book, and attend to me. Mary, I say! True-true! she is asleep-they are all asleep but he and I. Who'll find it out? None-nonc-there is no fear".

Here he set a chair, and seemed as if watching the movements of another person.
"Monesty?" said he, still speaking in broken whispers,
"what's that? Is it justice? That my babes shonld starve while he -besides-'tis public-the public moneya mere grain-a drop-Oh! all the gold! what a heap! what a heap of gold! Here's riches! Where's the evil! 'Tis nothing to the state, and we shall never want again".

It then suddenly appeared as if his thoughts had taken a wholly new direction, for he put on a hurried manner, and exclaimed with great rapidity, but yet in whispered accents-
"What's to be done?-He wakes! He will search the house, and all will be discovered. I know it-the pear-tree in the orehard-Is it locked again, and the stones as heavy as the gold? -Thief?-hark! Who calls me thief?"

Here he shrunk upon himself with so much terror as to contract his figure to nearly half its usual height. "Oh, yes-all that is past! I can no longer look them in the face". Again his manner changed, and sinking on his knees, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, as if arrested by some object of riveting interest. "Who has done this?" he said in a whisper. "Quite stiff and cold! and the portmanteau gone! Oh, misery! what a night! how ill begun, and ended immeasurably worse-let him lie there awhile - we'll find a time to bury it. But the gold! yes! yes!-the gold! the gold! the gold! We are safe at last-our children shall not starve".

Here he held up his lands as if in exultation, and burst into a loud and lengthened fit of laughter, while he hugged lis arms close, as if they held a treasure, and his countenance was convulsed between delight and biting agony. After a little time, he started as if some new thought had struck him.
"The razor-" he said, "the razor-where did I leave it?"

Edmund, however, had secured what he now considered the dumb but fatal witness of its owner's guilt. The
distress of the slecper seemed extreme at not finding it, but again his thoughts appeared to run into a new direction, and after muttering something more about the orchard and the pear-tree, he advanced to the kitchen door and opened it. Edmund quickly followed, but the door was fast before he reached it, nor conld all his strength or dexterity avail to open it. Conceiving the quantity of evidence hardly sufficient to take any decided step upon the instant, he waited until morning, when he hastened to lay the whole before a neighbouring magistrate. It was determined, in order, by the number of witnesses, to add as much as possible to the evidence already procured, to watch for another night in the deserted house, in the expectation of a second ghostly visit from its former owner. The police supplied by the magistrate were stationed in the garden, while Edmund, now without light or fire, awaited, in a secret corner of the kitchen, the appearance of him whom he strongly suspected to be his father's murderer. He was not disappointed. About midnight the barber came, but not, as on the preceding night, a walking sleeper. He entered wide awake-wrapt in his cloak, and fullowed by a man whom Edmund easily recognized as the boatman who had spent the night with him at their house.
"You shall be well rewarded", said the barber, "but be secret. I will show you where the body lies that I told you of-but remember there are the deepest reasons for keeping secret the whole story of my friend's death, and thongh I wish to have him laid in holy ground, it would be evil and not good to have it talked of".
"Never fear", said the boatman, "only show the spot".
The barber accordingly led the way to the garden. Edmund foilowed to the pear-tree, at the root of which they dug up the soil, setting their spades in the direction indicated by the old man. In a short time he saw them raise from the earth the bones of a human figure, which
they placed upon the gromid. Closing in the grave, they took the cloth between them, and were in the act of retiring from the orchard, when Edmund adranced up wi the path before them, and commanded them to halt.
"Who's there?" exclaimed the barber.
"The son of your victim", answered Edmund; " of him whom you murdered mith this razor, and whose bones you are conveying hence. Yon are our prisonce".

Itho barber had scarcely heard these words when he sunk, overpowered by terror, at the feet of his accuser. The assistant, affrighted at what was said. was about to fly, when he was intercepted by the magistrate's police, who brought the whole party before that functionary on the following morning. The latter, having heard the whole of the circumstances, was abont to issue a warrant of committal, when the barber, who had not said a word in his own defence during the whole of the proceedings, requested at length to be heard in explanation. His wish was instantly complied with, and the deepest silence and attention prevailed while he spoke as follows:-
"It will surprise yon, Mr. Magistrate, and you, Mr. Monnehan, to learn, that notwithstanding all this weight of circumstance, I am not guilty of the oflence with which you charge me. When I have proved my imocence, as I shall do, my case will furnish a strong instance of the fallibility of any evidence that is indirect in a case where human life is interested. All the circmmstances are truemy extreme recessity-his midnight visit to my houselis disappearance on that night, accompanied by sigus of violence-my subscquent increase of wealth-and the: seeming revelation of my waking dream, as overtheard by Mr. Moynehan : and yet I am not gnity of this crinie. If you will have patience to listen, I will tell you how far my guilt extended, and where it stopped".

He then detailed the circumstances preceding the nocturnal visit of the deceased tax-gatherer, disguising
nothing of his poverty, nor the many temptations by which he was beset.
"Still", said he, "I tell you a simple truth when I assert that, during the whole time of this visit, while be lay slecping in his chair, and while I held the razor in my hand, so shocking a thonght as that of taking a fellowcreature's life never once, even for an instant, crossed my mind. But there was another temptation which did suggest itself, and to which I did give way. The portmanteau containing the mones, lay on a chair near the window-he slept profoundly-I took the key from his pocket-I removed the money, which was chicfly in gold and silver, and filling the two bags in which it was contained with small pebbles of about an equal weight, I replaced the portmanteau as it was before. I then awoke him with difficulty, and fearful of being discovered if ho remained till morning, persuaded him to resume his journey.
"He had scarcely left the house when I found myself seized with an maccountable terror at the idea of detection and ignominy. Accordingly, abstracting from the sum a few pieces of silver for present uses, I made fast the remainder in a bag, and hurried ont into the air, uncertain whither to direct my steps. I ran across the neighbouring fields with the design of secking out some place of concealment for my treasurc. An old ruin within a short distance of the village suggested itself as a favourable spot for my desigu, and thither accordingly I hastened. In an obscure corner of the building I deposited the money, and returued to my own house with a mind distracted by ansiety and remorse.
"On my way home, I heard voices, and the sound of horses' feet, in a field upon my right. I listened, and the words I caught scemed to be those of people who were exercising and leaping horses. Soon after, a horse without a rider left the field at full gallop. The sounds ceased,
sud in a short time I saw two horsemen galloping from the place. Strange as it may seem, I bave the proof of what I am about to state, and let it warn you, sir, and all who are in power, to weigh well the grounds on which they decide the guilt or innocence of the wretches whom they judge. I entered the field, and found there, lying at a distance from the ditch, the body of the tax-collector, newly dead, with a dreadtul wound upon the head, and the portmanteau gone! My first impulse-I know not wherefore-was to conceal the work of murder. Favoured by the night, which still continued stormy, I conveyed the body to my own orchard, where I gave it temporary interment in the spot from which I was last night detected in the act of sceing it removed. It would be vain to tell what poignancy this dreadful addition to the terrors of the night imparted to my remorse. I felt almost as if I had been myself the anthor of lis destruction; and the apparent certainty, likewise, that the detection of the crime which I had committed, would be sufficient to convict me also in the eyes of all judges of that which I had not, made my life one protracted thought of fear and misery".

Here the barber related, with feelings of the deepest shame, the device which be had adopted of digging up the treasure in the presence of the cobbler, in order to throw a veil over the real origin of his new prosperity.
"Still", said he, "I could not be at rest amid the scenes which continually reminded me of that terrible event. The consciousness of meanness joined to guilt added the poignancy of self-contempt to the deeper anguish of remorse. I fled the country, and sought refuge in change of scene from my fears and my remembrances.
"But it was in vain. I could not finl repose, for I carried my violated conscience still about me. Every new article I purchased for the use of my family-every fresh morsel of food that I lifted to my lips, secmed like a new and aggravated theft. I would at this time have
given the whole world for a friend to whom I could confide the secret that destroyed me. I thought of making a full disclosure to my wife, but she was far too good and holy to be the depositary of such a confidence.
"I entered into trade, and was successful, and in my success, for a time, I lost something of my inward agony. r will not weary you, gentlemen, by a long detail of the means by which I became acquainted with many of the real perpetrators of the more hicinous offence. They were two persons who dined in company with Mr. Moynehan at Castle Tohin, on the evening previous to his disappearance. One died in Ireland soon after the occurrence-the other, William Cusack (commonly called Buffer), died abroad, and left this written coufession of their common guilt, which I obtained as you shall hear.
" The hand of Providence began to press upon my house. One member after another of my family dropped into the grave, until I remained alone in the world with my remorse for a companion. Misfortune humbled me: I sought relief at length at the right source, and revealed the whole to a clergyman who attended me in a dangerous illness. It was through his means that document came into my possession-and it is in fulfilment of his injunction that I have now come to the restitution of the money which I have so long retained".

Strange as the barber's defence appeared to Edmund and the magistrate, it was fully substantiated in the sequel by the testimony of the clergyman who had placed the confession, for his security, in the hands of O'Berne. The mode of his detection by Edmund Moynchan relieved the barber from an apprehension which had long sat next to his remorse upon his mind. This was the fancy that he had been haunted by an evil spirit, who disturbed him in his slecp, and had on one occasion engaged him in a fatal compact. It now appeared that himself, in his somnambulism, had performed all those feats which had so much
perplexed him, and that his midnight excurson to the firgrove was but a dream, to which he never would have paid attention, but for the corroboration afforded to it by the other mysterious occurrences. There was no prosecution instituted on the minor offence, and the barber continued long after to lead a penitential life in the neighbourbood. The house, however, has long been razed (as we have already mentioned) to the earth, and it is legend alone that preserves the memory of its situation amongst the neighbouring villagers.

## TIIE BROWN MAN.

> All sorts of cattle he did eat:
> Sonc say he ent up trees,
> And that the forcst sure he would
> Devour up by degrees.
> For houses and churches werc to him geese and turkeys;
> He ate all, and left none behind,
> But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack, Which on the hills you'll find. Dragon of Wantley

Tire common trish expression of "the seven devils" does not, it would appear, owe its origin to the supernatural influences ascribed to that numeral, from its frequent associations with the greatest and most solemn occasions of theological history. If one were disposed to be fancifully metaphysical upon the subject, it might not be amiss to compare credulity to a sort of mental prism, by which the great volume of the light of speculative superstition is refracted in a manner precisely similar to that of the material, every-day sun, the great refractor thus showing only blue devils to the dwellers in the good city of London, orange and green devils to the inhabitants of the sister (or rather step-daughter) island, and so forward until the seven component hues are made out through the other nations of the Earth. But what has this to do with the story? In order to answer that question, the story must be told.

In a lonely cabin, in a loncly glen, on the shores of a lonely lough, in one of the most lonesome districts of west Munster, lived a lone woman named Guare. She had a beautiful girl, a dauglter named Nora. Their cabin was the only one within three miles round them every way. As to their mode of living, it was simple enongh, for all they had was one little garden of white cabbage, and they had eaten that down to a few heads between them; a sorry prospect in a place where even a handful of prishoc weed was not to be had without sowing it.

It was a very fine morning in those parts, for it was only snowing and hailing, when Nora and her mother were situng at the door of their little cottage, and laying out plans for the next day's dinner. On a sudden, a strange horseman rode up to the door. He was strange in more ways than one. He was dressed in brown, his hair was brown, his eyes were brown, his boots were brown, he rode a brown horse, and he was followed by a brown dog.
"I'm come to marry you, Nora Guare", said the Brown Man.
"Ax my mother fust, if you plaise, sir", said Nora dropping him a curtsey.
"Yon'll not refuse, ma'am", said the Brown Man to the old mother. "I have money enough, and I'll make your daughter a lady, with servants at her call, and all manner of fine doings about her". And so saying, he flung a purse of gold into the widow's lap.
"Why then the Heavens speed you and her together, take her away with you, and make much of her", said the old mother, quite bewildered with all the money.
"Agh, agh", said the Brown Man, as he placed her on his horse behind him without more ado. "Are you all ready now?"
"I am!" said the bride. The horse snorted, and the dog barked, and almost before the word was out of her mouth, they were all whisked away out of sight. After
travelling a day and a night, faster than the rind itself, the Brown Man pulled up his horse in the middle of the Mangerton mountain, in one of the most lonesome places that eye ever looked on.
"Here is my estate", said the Brown Man.
"A'then, is it this wild bog you call an estate?" said the bride.
"Come in, wife; this is my palace", said the bridegroom.
" What! a clay hovel, worse than my mothcr's?"
They dismounted, and the horse and the dog disappeared in an instant, with a horrible noise, which the girl did not know whether to call suorting, barking, or laughing.
"Are you hungry ?" said the Brown Man. "If so, there is your dimer".
"A liandful of raw white-cyes,* and a grain of salt!"
"And when you are sleepy, here is your bed", he continued, pointing to a little straw in a corner, at sight of which Nora's limbs shivered and trembled again. It may be easily supposed that she did not make a very hearty dimer that evening, nor did her husband neither.

In the dead of the night, when the clock of Mucruss Abbey had just tolled one, a low neighing at the door, and a soft barking at the window, were heard. Nora feigned sleep. The Brown Man passed his hands over her eyes and face. She snored. "l'm coming", said he, and he rose gently from her side. In half an hour after, she felt him by lier side again. He was cold as ice.

The nest night the same summons came. The Brown Man rose. The wife feigned sleep. He retmened cold. The morning came.

The mext night bame. The bell tolled at Mucruss, and was heard across the lakes. The Brown Man rose - A kind of potato.
again, and passed a light before the eyes of the feigning sleeper. None slumber so somud as they who will not wake. Her heart trembled; but her frame was quict and firm. A voice at the door summoned the hasband.
"You are very long coming. The earth is tossed up. and I an linngry. Hurry! Inwry ! Hurry ! if you would not lose all".
"I'm coming", said the Brown Man. Nora rose and followed instantly. She beheld him at a distance winding. through a lane of frost-nipt sallow trees. He often paused and looked back, and once or twice retraced his steps to within a few yards of the tree, behind which she had shomk. The moon-light, cutting the shadow close and dark about her, afforded the best concealment. He again proceeded, aud she followed. In a few minutes they reached the old Abbey of Mucruss. With a sickening heart she saw him enter the church-yard. The wind rushed through the huge yew-tree and startled her. She mustered courage enongin, nowever, to rach the gate of the church-yard and look in. The Brown Man, the horse, and the dog, were there by an open grave, eatiug somethras, and glancing their brom, tiery eyes about in every direction. The moon-light shone full on them and her. Looking down towards her shadow on the earth, she stared with horror to observe it move, although she was herself perfectly still. It waved its black arms and motioned her back. What the feasters said, she understood not, but she seemed still fixed in the spot. She looked once more on her shadow ; it raised one hand, and pointed the way to the lane; slowly rising from the ground, and confronting her, it walked rapidy ofit in that direction. She tollowed as quickly as might be.

Sine was scarcely in her straw, when the door creaked hehind, and her busband entered. He lay down by her side, and started.
"Uf! Uf!" said she, pretending to be just arakened, "how cold you are, my love!"
"Cold, inagh? Indeed you're not very warm yourelf, my dear, l'm thinking".
" Little admiration I shonld'nt be warm, and you laving ". n'ome this way at night, till my blood is snow broth, no less".
.. . aph!" said the Brown Man, as he passed his arm rumal her waist. "Ha! your heart is beating fast?"
"Little admiration it should. I am not well, indecd. Them pzaties and salt don't agree with me at all".
" Umph!" said the Brown Man.
The next morning as they were sitting at the break-fast-table together, Nora plucked up a heart, and asked Have to go to her mother. The Brown Man, who eat motling, looked at her in a way that made her think he knew all. She felt her spirit die away within her.
"If yon only want to sce your mother", said he, "there is no oecasion for your going home. I will bring her to you here. I didn't marry yon to be keeping you gadding".

The Brown Man then went out and whistled for his dog and his horse. They both cane; and in a very few minutes they pulled up at the old widow's cabin-door.

The poor woman was very glad to see her son-in-iaw, though she did not know what could bring lim so soon.
"Your danghter sends her love to you, mother", says the Brown Man, the villain, " and she'd be obliged to you for a loand of a shoot of your best clothes, as she's going to give a grand party, and the dress-maker has disappointed her".
"'lo be sure and welcome", said the mother; and making up a bundle of the clothes, she put them into his hands.
"Whogh! whogh!" said the horse as they drove of:, "that was well done. Are we to lave a meal of her?"
"Easy, ma-coppuleen, and gon'll get your 'nongh
before night," saic the Brown Man, "and you likewise; my little dog."
"Boh?" cried the dog, "I'm in no hurry-I hunted down a doe this morning that was fed with milk from the horns of the moon."

Often in the course of that day did Nora Guare go to the door, and cast her eve over the weary flat before it, to di-cern, if possible, the distant figures of her bridegroom and mother. The dusk of the second evening found her alone in the desolate cot. She listened to every sound. At length the door opened, and an old woman, dressed in a new jock, and leaning on a staff, entered the hut. "O mother, are you come?" said Nora, and was about to rush into her arms, when the old woman stopped her.
" Whist! whist! my child!-I only stepped in before the man to know how you like him? Speak soft!y in dread he'd hear you-he's turning the horse loose in the swamp abroad, over."
"O mother, mother! such a story!"
"Whist! easy agrain-how does he use you?"
"Sorrow worse. That straw my bed, and them white-eves-and bad ones they are-all my diet. And 'tisn't that same, only-"
"Whist! easy, again! IIell hear you, may beWell?"
"I'd be casy enough, only for his own doings. Listen, mother. The fust night I came, about twelve oclock-_"
"Easy, speak easy, eroo!"
"He got up at the call of the horse and the dog, and staid out a good homr. He ate nothing mext day. The second night, and the second day, it wats the same stury. The third-:'
"Ilusht! husht! Well the third night?"
"The third night I said I'd watch him. Mother, don't hold my hand so hard- He got up, and I got up after him-Oh, don't laugh, mother, for 'tis frightul-I
followed him to Mucruss church-yard_Mother, mother you hurt my hand-I looked in at the gate-there was great moonlight there, and I could see everything as plain as day."
"Well, darling-husht! softly! What did you see?"
"My lusband by the grave, and the horse,-_ Turn your head aside, mother, for your breath is very hot-and the dog, and they eating.-Ah, you are not my mother!" shrieked the miserable girl, as the Brown Man flung off his disguise, and stood before her, grinning worse than a blacksmith's face throngh a horse-collar. He just looked at her one moment, and then darted his long fingers into her bosom, from which the red blood spouted in so many streams. She was very soon out of all pain, and a merry supper the horse, the dog, and the Brown Man had that night by all accounte.

## OWNEY AND OWNEY-NA•PEAK.

## Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young fellow; What a sheep's look his elder brother has!

Fletcier's Elder Brother.

When Ireland had kings of her own-when there was no such thing as a coat made of red cloth in the comntrywhen there was plenty in men's houses, and peace and quietness at men's dons (and that is a long time since)there lived, in a village not far from the great city of Lumneach,* two young men, cousins: one of them named Owney, a smart, kind-hearted, handsome youth, with limb of a delicate form, and a very good understanding. His cousin's name was Owney too, and the neighbours christened him Owney-na-peak (Owney of the nose). on account of a long nose he had got-a thing so out of all proportion, that after looking at one side of his face, it was a smart morning's walk to get round the nose and take a view of the other (at least, so the people used to sty). He was a stout, able-bodied fellow, as stupid as a beaten hound, and he was, moreover, a cruel tyrant to his young cousiu, with whom he lived in a kiud of partuership.

Both these were of an humble station. They were smiths-whitesmiths-and they got a good deal of business to do from the lords of the court, and the

[^11]knights, and all the grand people of the city. But one day young Owney was in town, he saw a great procession of lords, and ladies, and generals, and gieat peuple, anong whom was the king's daughter of the court-and sarely it is not possible for the young rose itself to be so beautiful as she was. Ilis heart fainted at her sight, and he went home desperately in luve, and not at all disposed to business.

Money, he was told, was the surest way of getting acquainted with the king, and so he began saving until he had put together a few hoys,* but Owney-na-peak finding where he had hid them, seized on the whole, as he aied to do on all young Owney's earnings.

One evening young Owney's mother fourd herself about to die, so she called her son to her bed-side and said to him: "You have been a most dutiful good son, and 'tis proper you shonld be rewarded for it. Take this china cup to the fair-there is a fairy gift upon it-use your own wit-look about you, and let the highest bilder have it-and so, my white-headed boy, God bless you!"

The yomg man drew the little bed-curtain down over his dead mother, and in a few days afier, with a heavy heart, lie touk his china cup, and set off to the fair of Garryowen.

The place was merry enongh. The field that is called Gallows Green now, was covered with tents. There was plenty of wine (putteen not being known in these days, let alone parliament) -a great many handsome girls-and'tis unknown all the keol that was with the boys aud themselves. Poor Owney walked all the day through the tair, wishing to try his luck, but ashamed to offer his chima cup anong all the fine things that were these for sale. Evening "as drawing on at last, and he was thinkiag of going home, when a strane man tapped him on the shonder, aud said: " Nly gond you'h, I hive been making

> A log, 1s. 1d.
you through the fair the whole day, going abont with that cup in your hand, speaking to nobody, and looking as if you would be wanting something or another."
"I'm for selling it," said Owney.
"Wliat is it you're for selling, you say ?" said a second man, coming up, and looking at the cup.
"Why then," said the first man, "and what's that to you, for a prying meddler, what do you want to know is it he's for selling?"
"Bad manners to you (and where's the use of my wishing you what you have already?) haven't I a right to ask the price of what's in the fair ?"
"E'then, the knowledge o" the price is all yon'll have for it," says the first. "Here, my lad, is a golden piece for your cup."
"That cup shall never hold drink or diet in your house, please Heaven," says the second; "here's two gold picces for the cup, lad".
"Why, then, see this now-if I was forced to fill it to the rim with gold befere I could call it mine, you shall never hold that cup between your fingers. Here, boy, du gou mind me, give me that, once for all, and here's ten gold pieces for it, and say no more".
"'Ten gold pieces for a china cup !" said a great lord of the court, that just rode up at that minute, "it miust surely be a valnable article. Here, boy, here's twenty pieces for it, and give it to my servant".
"Give it to mine", cried another lord of the party, " and here's my purse, where you will find ten more And if any man offers another traction for it to outhid that, l'll spit him on my sword like a suipe".
"I outbid lim", said a fair young lady in a veil, by his side, flinging twenty golden pieces more on the ground.
There was no roice to ontbid the laty, and young Owney, kneeling, gave the cup into her hands.
"Fifty gold pieces for a china cup!" said Owney to
himself, as he plodded on home, "that was not worth two! Ah! mother, you knew that vanity had an open haud."

But as he drew near home, he determined to hide his money somewhere, knowing, as he well did, that his cousin wonld not leave him a single cross to bless himself with. So he dug a little pit, and buried all but two pieces, which he brought to the house. Ilis cousin, knowing the business on which he had gone, laughed heartily when he saw him enter, and asked hin what luck he had got with his punch-bowl.
' Not so bad, ncither," says Owney. "Two pieces of gold is not a bad price for an article of old china."
"Two gold pieces, Owney, honey! erra, let us see 'em, may be you would?" He took the cash from Owney's hand, and after opening his eyes in great astonishment at the sight of so much money, he put them into his pocket.
"Well, Owney, I'll keep them safe fur you, in my pocket within. But tell us, may be you would, how come you to get such a mort o' money for an old cup o' painted chaney, that wasn't worth, may be, a fipenny bit ?"
"To get into the heart o' the fair, then, free and casy, and to look about me, and to cry old china, and the first man that come up, he to ask me, what is it I'd be asking for the cup, and I to say out bold: 'A hundred pieces of gold,' and he to laugh learty, and we to huxter together till he beat me down to two, aud there's the whole way of it all."

Owney-na-peak made as if he took no note of this, but next morning early he took an old china sancer himself had in his cupboard, and off he set, without saying a word to anybody, to the fair. You may easily imagine that it creat d no small smrprise in the place, when they heard a great big felluw, with a china saucer in his hand, crying out: "A raal chaney saucer going for a hundred pieces of goold! raal chaney-who'll be buying ?"
"Erra, what's that you're saying, you great gomeril ?" says a man, coming up to him, and looking first at the saucer, and then in lis face. "Is it thinking any body would go make a muthaun of himself to give the like for that sancer?" But Owney-na-peak had no answer to make, only to cry out: "Raal chaney! one hundred pieces of goold!"

A crowd soon collected about him, and finding he would give no account of himself, they all fell upon him, beat him within an inch of his life, and after having satisfied themselves upon him, they went their way laughing and shouting. Towards sunset he got up, and crawled home as well as he could, without cup or money. As soon as Owney saw him, he belped him into the furge, looking very mournful, although, if the truth must be told, it was to revenge himself for former good deeds of his cousin, that he set him about this foolish business.
"Come here, Owney, eroo", said his cousin, after he had fastened the forge door, and heated two irons in the fire. "You child of mischief!" said he when he had caught him, "you shall never see the fruits of your roguery again, for I will put out your eyes". And so saying, he smatched one of the red-hot irons from the fire.

It was all in vain for poor Owney to throw himself on his knees, and ask mercy, and beg and implore forgiveness: lie was weak, and Owney-na-peak was strong: he held him fast, and burned out both his cyes. Then taking lim, while he was yet fainting from the pain, upon his back, he carried him off to the bleak hill of Knock patrick,* a great distance, and there laid him moder a tombstone, and went his ways. In a little time after, Owney came to himself.
" 0 sweet light of day! what is to become of me now ?"

[^12]thought the poor lad, as he lay on his back under the tomb. "Is this to be the fruit of that unhappy present? Must I be dark fur ever and ever? and am I never more to look upon that sweet countenance, that even in my blindness is not entirely shut out from me?" Ife would have said a great deal more in this way, and perhaps more pathetic still, but just than he heard a great mewing, as if all the cats in the world wern coming up the hill together in one faction. He gathered himself up, and drew back under the stone, and remained quite still, expecting what would come next. In a very short time he heard all the cats purring and mewing about the yard, whisking over the tombstones, and playing all sorts of pranks among the graves. IIf felt the tails of one or two brush his nose; and well for him it was that they did not discover him there, as he afterwards found. At last-
"Silence!" said one of the cats, and they were all as mute as so many mice in an instant. "Now, all you cats of this great comity, small and large, gray, red, yellow, black, brown, mottled, and white, attend to what I'm going to tell you in the name of your king and the master of all the cats. The sun is down, and the moon is up, and the night is silent, and no mortal hears us, and I may tell you a secret. You know the king of Munster's daughter ?"
"O yes, to be sure, and why wouldn't we? Go on with your story", said all the cats together.
"I have heard of her for one", said a little dirty-faced black eat, speaking after they had all done, "for l'm the cat that sits upon the hob of Owney and Owney-na-peak, the whitesmiths, and I know many's the time young Owney does be talking of her, when he sits by the fire alone, rubbing me down and planning how he can get into her father's court".
"Whist! you natural!" says the cat that was making the specel, "what do you think we care for your Owney, or Owney-ra-peak?"
"Murther, murther !" thinks Owney to himself, " did any body ever hear the aiqual of this ?"
"Well, gentlemen", says the cat again, "what I have to say is this. The king was last week struck with blindness, and you all know well, how and by what means any blindness may be cured. You know there is no disorder that can ail mortal frame, that may not be removed by paying a ronnd at the well of Barryowen* yonder, and the king's disorder is such, that no other cure whatever can be had for it. Now, beware, don't let the secret pass one $0^{\prime}$ yer lips, for there's a great-grandson of Simon Magus, that is coming down to try his skill, and he it is that must use the water and marry the princess, who is to be given to any ore so fortunate as to heal her father's eyes; and on that day, gentlemen, we are all promised a feast of the fattest mice that ever walked the ground". This speech was wonderfully applauded by all the cats, and presently after, the whole crew scampered off, jumping, and mewing, and purring, down the hill,

Owney, being sensible that they were all gone, came from his hiding place, and knowing the road to Barrygowen well, he set off, and groped his way out, and shortly knew, by the roaring of the waves, $\dagger$ rolling in from the point of Foynes, that he was near the place. He got to the well, and making a round like a good Cluristian, he rubbed his eyes with the well-water, and looking up, saw day dawning in the east. Giving thanks, he jumped up on his feet, and you may say that Owney-na-peak was much astonished on opening the door of the forge to find him there, his eyes as well or better than ever, and his face as merry as a dance.

[^13]"Well, cousin", said Owney, smiling, "you have done me the greatest service that one man can do another; you put me in the way of getting two pieces of gold ", said he showing two he had taken from his hiding place. "If you could only bear the pain of suffering me just to put out your eyes, and lay you in the same place as you laid me, who knows what luck you'd have?"
"No, there's no occasion for putting out eyes at all, but could not you lay me, just as I am, to-night, in that place, und let me try my own fortune, if it be a thing you tell hruth; and what else could put the eyes in your head, Atter I burning them out with the irons?"
"Yon'll know all that in time", says Owney, stopping him in his speech, for just at that minute, casting his eye towards the hob, he saw the cat sitting upon it, and looking very hard at him. So he made a sign to Owney-n:i-peak to be silent, or talk of something else; at which the cat turned away her eyes, and began washing her face, quite simple, with her two paws, looking now and then sideways into Owney's face, just like a Christian. By and by, when she had walked out of the forge, he shut the door after her, and finished what he was going to say, which made Owney-na-peak still more anxious than before to be placed under the tombstone. Owney agreed to it very readily, and just as they were done speaking, cast a glance towards the forge window, where he saw the imp of a cat, just with her nose and one eye peeping in throngh a broken pane. He said nothing, however, but prepared to carry his cousin to the pace; where, towards nightfall, he lainl him as he had been laid himself, snug nuder the tombstone, and went his way down the hill, resting in Shanagolden that night, to see what would come of it in the morning.

Owney-na-peak had not been more than two or three hours or so lying down, when the heard the very same avises coming up the hill, that had puzzled Owney the
night before. Seeing the cats enter the chureh-yard, he began to grow very uneasy, and strove to hide himself as well as he could, which was tolerably well too, all being covered by the tombstone excepting part of the nose, which was so long that he could not get it to fit by any means. You may say to yourself, that he was not a little surprised, when he saw the cats all assemble like a congregation going to hear mass, some sitting, some walking about, and asking one another after the kittens and the like, and more of them stretching themselves upon the tombstones, and waiting the speech of their commander.

Silence was preclaimed at leugth, and he spoke: "Now all you cats of this great county, small and large, gray, red, yellow, black, brown, mottled, or white, attend-"
"Stay! stay!" said a little cat with a dirty face, that just then came running into the yard. "Be silent, for there are mortal ears listening to what you say. I have run hard and fast to say that your words were overheard last night. I am the cat that sits npon the hob of Owney and Owney-na-peak, and I saw a bottle of the water of Barrygowen hanging up over the chimbley this morning in their house".

In an instant all the cats began sereaming, and mewing, and flying, as if they were mad, about the yard, searching every corner, and peeping under every tombstonc. Poor Owney-na-peak endeavoured as well as he could to hide himself from them, and began to thump his breast and cross himself, but it was all in vain, for one of the cats saw the long nose peeping from under the stone, and in a minate they dragged him, ronsing and bawling, into the very middle of the church-yard, where they flew upon him all together, and made smithereens of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

The next morning very carly, young Owney came to the church-yard, to see what had become of his comsin.

He called over and over again upon his name, but thers was no answer given. At last, entering the place of tumbs, he found his limbs seattered over the earth.
"So that is the way with you, is it?" said be, clasping his hands, and looking down on the bloody fragments: "why then, thongh you were no great things in the way of kindness to me when your bones were together, that isu't the reason why l'd be glad to see them torn asunder this morning early". So gathering up all the picees that he could find, he put them into a bag he had with him, and away with him to the well of Barry gowen, where he lost no time in making a round, and throwing them in, all in a heap. In an instant, he saw Owney-na-peak as well as ever, scrambling out of the well, and helping him to get up, he asked him how he felt himself.
"Oh! is it how I'd feel myself you'd want to know?" said the other; "easy and I'll tell you. Take that for a specimert!" giving him at the same time a blow on the head, which you may say was'nt long in laying Owney sprawling on the ground. Then without giving him a minute's time to recover, he thrust him into the very bag from which he had been jnst shook himself, resolving within limself to drown him in the Shannon at once, and put an end to him for ever.

Growing weary by the way, he stopped at a shebeen house overright Rubertstown Castle, to refresh himself with a morning, before he'd go any further. Poor Owney did not know whit to do when he came to himself, if it might be rightly called coming to himself, and the great bag tied up about him. His wicked cousin shot him down behind the door in the kitchen, and telling him he'd have his life surely if he stirred, he walked in to take something that's good in the little parlour.

Owney could not for the life of him avoid cutting a hole in the bag, to have a peep about the kitchen, and seo whether he had no means of escape. He could see only
one person, a simple looking man, that was © unting his beals in the chimney-comer, and now and then striking his breast, and looking up as if he was praying greatly.
"Lord", says he, "only give me death, death, and a favourable judgment! I haven't any body now to look after, nor any body to look after me. What's a few tinpennies to save a man from want? Only a quiet grave is all I ask".
"Murther, murther!" says Owney to himself, "here's a man wants death and can't have it, and here am I going to lave it, and, in troth, I dou't want it at all, see". So, after thinking a little what he had best do, he began to sing out very merrily, but lowering lis voice, for fear be should be heard in the next room:

> "To him that tied me here, Be thanks and praises given! Y'll bless himm nightit and day, For packing me to Heaven, Of all the roads you'll name, He surely will not lag, Who takes his way to Heaven By travelling in a bag !"
"To Heaven ershishin?"* said the man in the chimneycorner, opening his mouth and his eyes; "why then, you'd be doing a Christian turn, if you'd take a neighbour with you, that's tired of this bad and villainous world".
"You're a fool, you're a fool!" said Owney.
"I know I am, at least so the neighbours always tell me-but what hurt? May-be I have a Christian soul as well as another; and fool or no fool, in a bag or out of a bag, l'd be glad and happy to go the same road it is you are talking of".

After seeming to make a great favour of it, in order to allure him the more to the bargain, Owney agreed to put him into the bag instead of himself; and cautioning him against saying a word, be was just going to tie him, when

> Does he say?
he was tonched with a little remorse for geing to have the innocelt man's life taken: and seeing a slip of a pig that was kitled the day before, in a corner, hanging up, the thought struck him that it would do just as well to put it in the bag in their place. No sooner said than done, to the great surprise of the natural, he popped the pig into the bag, and tied it up.
"Now", says he, "my good friend, go home, say nothing, but bless the name in Heaven for saving your life; and you were as near losing it this morning, as ever man was that dil'ut, now".

They left the house together. Presently out comes Owney-na-peak, very hearty; and being so, he was not aile to perceive the difference in the contents of the bag, but hoisting it upon his back, he sallied out of the house. Before he had gone far, he came to the rock of Foynes, from the top of which he flung his burden into the salt waters.

Away he went home, and knocked at the door of the forge, which was opened to him by Owney. You may fancy lim to yourself crossing and blessing himself over and over again, when he saw, as he thought, the ghost standing before him. But Owney looked very merry, and told him not to be afraid. "You did many is the good tum in your life", says he, "but the equal of this never". So he up and told lim that he found the finest place in the world at the bottom of the waters, and plenty of money. "See these four pieces for a specimen", showing him some he had taken from his own hiding hole: "what do you think of that for a story?"
"Why then that it's a dhroll one, no less; sorrow bit av I wouldu't have a mind to try my luck in the same way; how did you come home here before me that took the straight road, and didn't stop for so much as my gusthah* since I left Knockpatrick ?"

> * Literally—waik in.
"Oh, there's a short cut under the waters", said Owney. "Mind and only be civil while you're in Thieruaoge, and you'll make a sight o' money".

Well became 0 wney, he thrust his cousin into the bag, tied it about him, and putting it into a car that was returning after leaving a load of oats at a corn-store in the city, it was not long before he was at Foynes again. Here he dismounted, and going to the rock, he was, I am afraid, half inclined to start his burden into the wide water, when he saw a small skiff making towards the point. He hailed her, and learned that she was about to board a great vessel from foreign parts, that was sailing out of the river. So he went with his bag on board, and making bis bargain with the captain of the ship, he left Owney-na-peak along with the crew, and never was troubled with him atter, from that day to this.

As he was passing by Barrygowen well, he filled ? bottle with the water; and going home, he bought a fine suit of clothes with the rest of the money he had buried, and away he set off in the morning to the city of Lumneach. He walked through the town, admiring everything he saw, until he came before the palace of the king. Over the gates of this he saw a number of spikes, with a head of a man stuck upon each, grimning in the sunshine.

Not at all daunted, he knocked very boldly at the gate, which was opened by one of the guards of the palace. "Well! who are you, friend?"
"I am a great doctor that's come from foreign parts to cure the king's eyesight. Lead me to his presence this minute".
"Fair and softly", said the soldier. "Do yon see all those heads that are stuck up there? Yours is very likely to be keeping company by them, if you are so foolish as to come inside those walls. They are the heals of all the doctors in the land that came before you; and that'z

## 人̂12

 OWNET AND OWNEY-NA-PEAK.what makes the town so fine and healthy this time past praised be Heaven for the same!"
"Don't be talking, you great gomeril", says Owney, "only bring me to the king at once".

He was brought before the king. After being warned of his fate if he should fail to do all that he undertook, the place was made clear of all but a few guards, and Owney was informed once more, that if he should restore the king's eyes, he should wed with the princess, and have the crown after her father's death. This put him in great spirits, and after making a round upon his bare knees about the bottle, he took a little of the water, and rubbed it into the king's eyes. In a minute he jumped up from his throne and looked about him as well as ever. He ordered Owney to be dressed out like a king's son, and sent word to his daughter that she should receive him that instant for her husband.

You may say to yourself that the princess, glad as she was of her father's recovery, did not like this message. Small blame to her, when it is considered that she never set her eyes upon the man himself. However, her mind was changed wonderfully when he was brought before her, covered with gold and diamonds, and all sorts of grand things. Wishing, lowever, to know whether he had as good a wit as he had a person, she told him that he should give her, on the next morning, an answer to two questions, otherwise she would not hald him worthy of her hand. Owney bowed, and she put the questions as follows:
"What is that which is the sweetest thing in the world?"
"What are the three most beantiful objects in the creation?"

These were puzzling questions; but Owney having a small share of brains of his own, was not long in forming an opinion upon the matter. He was very impatient for
the morning; but it came just as slow and regular as if he were not in the world. In a short time he was sum. moned to the court-yard, where all the nobles of the land assembled, with flags waving, and trumpets sounding, and all manner of glorious doings going on. The princess was placed on a throne of gold near her father, and there was a beautiful carpet spread for Owney to stand upon while he answered her questions. After the trumpets were silenced, she put the first, with a clear sweet voice, and he replied:
"It's salt !" says he, very stout, out.
There was a great applause at the answer; and the princess owned, smiling, that he had judged right.
"But now", said she, "for the second. What are the three most beautiful things in the creation?"
"Why", answered the young man, "here they are. A ship in full sail-a field of wheat in ear-and-"

What the third most beautiful thing was, all the people didn't hear; but there was a great blushing and langhing imong the ladies, and the princess smiled and nodded at him, quite pleased with his wit. Indeed, many said that the judges of the land themselves could not have answered better, had they been in Owney's place; nor could there be any where found a more likely or well-spoken young man. He was brought first to the king, who took him in his arms, and presented him to the princess. She could not help ackuowledging to herself that his understanding was quite worthy of his handsome person. Orders being immediately given for the marriage to proceed, they were made one with all speed; and it it is said, that before another year came round, the fair princess was one of the most beautiful objects in the creation.

## THE VILLAGE RUIN.

The lake which washes the orehards of the village of ___ divides it from an abbey now in ruins, but associated with the recollection of one of those few glorious events which shed a scanty and occasional lustre on the dark and mourntill tide of Irish history. At this foundation was educated, a century or two before the English conquest, Melcha, the beautiful daughter of O'Melaellin, a prince, whose character and conduct even yet afford room for speculation to the historians of his country. Not like the maids of our degenerate days, who are scarce exceeded by the men in their effeminate vanity and love of ornament, young Melcha joined to the tenderness and beauty of a virgin the austerity and piety of a hermit. The simplest roots that fed the lowest of her father's subjects, were the accustomed fool of Melcha; a conch of heath refreshed her delicate limbs; and the lark did not arise earlier at morn to sing the praises of his Maker than did the danghter of OMelachlin.

One subject had a large proportion of her thoughts, her tears and pravers-the misery of her afficted country, for she had not fallen on happy days for Ireland. Some years before her birth, a swarm of savages from the north of Europe had landed on the castern coast of the island, and in despite of the gallant resistance of her father (who then possessed the crown) and of the other chicfs, succeeded in establishing their power throughout the country. Thor-
gills, the barbarian chief who had led them on, assumed the sovereignty of the conquered isle, leaving, however, to O'Melachlin the name and insignia of royalty, while all the power of government was centred in himself. The history of tyranny scarcely furnishes a more appalling pieture of devastation and oppressive cruelty than that which followed the success of this invasion. Monasteries were destroyed, monks slanghtered in the shelter of their cloisters; cities laid waste and burnt; learning almost exterminated; and religion persecnted with a virulence peculiar to the gloomy and snperstitious character of the oppressors. Historians present a minute and affecting detail of the enormities which were perpetrated in the shape of taxation, restriction, and direct aggression. The single word Tyranny, however, may convey an idea of the whole.

Astonished at these terrible events, OMelachlin, thougn once a valiant general, seemed struck with some base palsy of the sonl that rendered him insensible to the groans and tortures of his subjects, or to the barbarons cruclty of the monster who was nominally leagued with him in power. Apparently content with the shadow of dominion left him, and with the security afforded to those of his own household, he slept upon his duties as a king and as a man, and thirty years of misery rolled by without his strikiug a blow, or even to all appearance forming a wish for the deliverance of his afficted country. It was not till lee was menaced with the danger of sharing the afliction of his people that he endeavoured to remove it.

Such apathy it was which pressed upon the mind of Melcha, and filled her heart with shame and with anlliction. A weak and helpless maid, she had, however, notling but her prayers to bestow mon her country, nor were those bestowed in vain. At the age of fifteen, rich in virtue as in beanty and in talent, she was recal'ed from those cloisters whose shadows still are seen at evenfall reflected in the waters of the lake, to grace the
phantom court of her degenerate fatber. The latter, prond of his child, gave a splendid feast in honour of her retarn, to which he was not ashamed to invite the oppressor of his subjects and the usurper of his own authority. The coarser vices are the usual concomitants of cruelty. Thorgills beheld the saintly daughter of his host with other eyes than those of admiration. Accustomed to mould the wishes of the puppet monarch to his own, he tarried not even the conclusion of the feast, but desiring the company of O'Melachlin on the green without the palace, he there disclosed to him, with the bluntness of a barbarian and the insolence of a conqueror, his infamous wishes.

Struck to the soul at what he heard, O'Melachlin was deprived of the power of reply or utterance. For the first time since he had resigned to the invader the power which had fatlen so heavy on the land, his feelings were awakened to a sense of sympathy, and self-interest made him pitiful The cries of bereaved parents, to which till now his heart had been impenetrable as a wall 0 o: brass, found sudden entrance to its immost folds, and a responsive echo amid its tenderest strings. He sat for a time upon a bench close by, with his forehead resting on his hand, and a torrent of tempestuous feelings rushing throngh hie bosom.
"What sayest thou?" asked the tyrant, after a long silence. "Shall I have my wish? No answer! Hearest thou, slave? What insolence keeps thee silent?"
"I pray you, pardon me", replied the monarch, "I was thinking then of a sore annoyance that has lately bred about our castle. I mean that rookery youder, the din of which even now confounds the music of our feast, and invades with its untimely harshness our cheering and most singular discourse. I would I had some mode of bauishing that pest-I would I had some mode-I would I had".
"Ho! was that all the subject of thy thought ?" said

Thorgills - "why, fool! thou never wilt be rid of them till thon hast burned the nests wherein they breed "
"I thank thee", answered the iusulted parent; "I'll take thy comesel. I'll burn the nests. Will you walk into the house?"
"What first of my request?" said Thorgills. "Tell me that".
"If thon hadst asked of me", replied the king, "a favourite hobby for the chase, or a hound to guard thy threshold, thou wouldst not think it much to grant a week at least for preparing my heart to part with what it loved. How much more, when thy demand reaches to the child of my heart, the ouly offspring of a mother who dicd before she had beheld her offspring ".
"A week, then let it be", said Thorgills, looking with contempt upon the starting tears of the applicant.
"A week would scarce suffice", replied the monarch, "to teach my tougue in what language it should communicate a destiny like this to Melcha".
"What time wouldst thou require, then ?" cried the tyrant hastily.
"Ihou seest", replied the king, pointing to the new moon, which showed its slender crescent above the woodcrowned hills that bomeded in the prospect. "Before that thread of light that gimmers now upon the distant lake, like chastity on beauty, has fulfilled its changes, thou shalt receive my answer to this proller".
"Be it so", said Thorgills; and the conversation ended. When the guests had all departed, the wretelied monarch went into his oratory, where he bade one of his followers order Melcha to attend him. She found hin utterly depressed, and almost incapable of forming a design. Ilaving commanded the attendants to withdraw, he endeavomed, but in vain, to make known to the astonished princess the demand of the usurper. He renembered her departed mother, and he thought of her own
sanctity, and more than all, be remembered his helpless condition, and the seeming impossibility of doing anything within the time to remove from his own doors the misery which had already befallen so many of his suljects, without meeting any active sympathy from him. Was this the form which he was to resign into a ruilian's hands? Was it for such an en! he haid instilled into her delicate mind the principles of carly virtue and Christian piety? By degrees. as he contemplated his sittiation, his mind was roused by the very nature of the exigency to devise the means of its removal. He commmicated both to Melcha, and was not disappointed in her firmuess. With a zeal beyond her sex, she prepared to take a part in the desperate counsels of her father, and the still more desperate means by which he proposed to put them into execution. Assembling the officers of his conrt, be made known to all, in the presence of his danghter, the flagrant insult which had been offered to their sovereign, and obtaned the ready pledge of all to peril their existence in the furtherance of his wishes. He monfolded in their sight the green banmer of their country, which had now for more than thirty years lain hid amongst the wrecks of their departed freedom, and while the memory of furmer glories shone warmly on their minds throngh the gloom of recent shame and recent injuries, the monarch easily directed their enthusiasm to the point where he would have it fall, the tyranny of Thorgills and his comntrymen.

On the following lay, the latter departed for the capital, where he was to await the determination of his colleague. Accustomed to hold in contempt the imbecility of the conquered king, and hard himself at heart, he knew not what prodigints actions may take their rise from the impulse of paternal love. That rapid month was fruitful in exertion. Comiers were dispatched from the palace of O'Melachlin ts many of those princes, whose suggestions for the deliverance of the isle he had long since received with apathy
or disregard. Plans were arranged, troops organizel, and a general system of intelligence establi-hed thronghout the island. It is easy to mite the oppressed againet the oppresoor. All sepmed almost to anticipate the wishes of the sovereign, so suddenly his scheme was spread thromehsat the comtry. The moon rolled by, and by its latest glimmer a messencer was dispatched to the capital to inform the tyrant that O'Melachlin would send his daughter to meet him at whatever place he should appoint.

There was an island on the lake in Meath, in which Thorgills had crected a lordly palace, surromded by the richest woods, and affording a delicions prospect of the lake and the suromding comatry. Hither the luxurious monarch directed that the dangliter of OMelachlin should be sent, together with her train of tifteen noble maikens of the court of O'Helachlin. The address of the latter in seeming to accede to the wishes of the tyrant, is preserved amongst the ammals of the isle. It requested him to consider whether he might not find elsewhere some ohject more deserving of his favour than "that brown girl", and besouyht him to remomber "whose fathen's child sle was".

Far from leing tonched by this appeal, the usurper, on the appointed day, selected in the eapital fifteen of the most dissolute and brutal of his followers, with whem he arrived at evening at the remdezvons. It was a portentons night for Ireland. Even to the eyes of the tyrant and his ging, half blinded as they were to all but their own hideons thoughts, there appeared something gloomy and foreboding in the stillness of nature, and seemed even to pervale the mamers of the preple. The villages were silent as they passed, and there appeared in the ervecting of the few they met upon the ronte an air of deepeseated and ahnot menating intelligence.

Neantime, with ferlings widely diferent and an anxiety that even the greatmess of the enterprize and the awaked spinit of hervism could not wholly subdue, O"Mclachlin
prepared himself for the painful task of bidding farewell to his beloved daughter. Melcha, already aware of his design, awaited with the deepest anxiety, yet mingled with a thrilling hope, the approach of the auspicious moment that was to crown her ardent and longcherished wishes or to dash them to the earth for ever. Alone, in her royal father's oratory, she lay prostrate before the marble altar, and wet with floods of tears the solid pavement at its base. She prayed not like a fanatic or a worldling, but like one who uuderstood with a feeling mind the real miseries of her country, and knew that she addressed a power capable of removing them. The step of her father at the porch of the oratory aroused the princess from her attitude of devotion. She stood up hastily upon her feet, like one prepared for enterprise, and waited the speech of OMdachlin. He came to inform her that all was ready for her departure, and conducted her into an adjoining chamber, that he might bid her farewell. The father and danghter ambraced in silence and with tears. Believing from the error of the light that she looked pale as she stood befere him, he took her hand and pressed it in an encouraging manner.
"Follow me", he said, " my child, and thou shalt see how little cause thou hast to fear the power of this Norwegian Holofernes".

The king conducted her into another room, where stood fifteen young maidens, as it seemed, and richly attired.
"Thou seest these virgins, Melcha", said the monareh.
"Their years are like thine own, but under every cloak is a warrior's sword, and they do not want a warrion's hand to wield it, for all that is woman of them is their dress. Dost thon think", he added tenderly, "that thou bast firmmess for such a task as this ?"
"] have no fear", seplied his danchter. "He who put strength into the arm of Judith can give courage to the heart of Melcha".

They departed from the palace, where the anxious father remained a little longer, until the fast advancing shades of night shonid enable him to put the first steps of his design into effect. As soon as the earliest stars begau to glimmer on the woods of Meath, he took from its recess the bamuer which so long had rested idle and inglorious in his hall, and the brazen sword which was once the constant companion of his early successes and defeats, but which now had not left its sheath since he received a visionary crown from Thorgills. Girding the weapon to his side, he drew the blade with tears of shame and sorrow, imprinted a kiss upon the tempered metal, and hastened with reviving hope and energy to seek the troop who awaited him in the adjoining wood. Momnting in haste. they hurried along through forests and defiles which were in many places thronged with silent multitudes, armed, and waiting but the signal word to rush to action. They halted near the borders of the lake of Thorgills, where a number of eurrachs, or basket boats, were moored under shelter of the wood. After holding a council of war, and allotting to the several princes engaged their parts in the approaching enterprise, O'Delachlin remained on the shore. casting from time to time an anxions eye to the usurper's isle, and awaiting the expected signal of his danghter.

The princess, in the meantime, pursued her hazardons journcy to the abode of Thorgills. The sun had already set before they reached the shores of the lake which surrounded the castle of the tyrant, and the silver bow of the expiring moon was glimmering in its pure and tranquia waters. A barge, allotted by Thorgills for the purpose, was sent to convey them to the island, and they were welcomed with soft musie at the entrance of the palace. The place was lonely, the gnards were few, and the blind security of the monarch was only equalled by his weakness. Besides, the revel spirit lad de-cended from the chicftain to his train, and must, even of those who were in arms,
had incapacitated themselves for using them with auy energy.

Melcha and her train were condueted by a half-intoxicated slave to an extensive hall, where they were commanded to await the orders of the conqueror. The guide disappeared, and the princess prepared for the issue. In a little time, the hangings at one side of the apartment were drawn back, and the usurper, accompranied by his ruffian band, made his appearance, hot with the fumes of intoxication, and staggering from the late debauch. The entrance of Thorgills was the signal for Melcha to prepare her part. All remained still while Thorgills passed from one to another of the silent band of maidens, and paused at length before the "brown girl", for whom O'Melachlin had besought his pity. A thrill of terror shot throngh the heart of Melcha as she beheld the hand of the wreteh about to grasp her arm.
"Down with the tyrant!" she exclaimed, in a voice that rung like a bugle call. "Upon him, warriors, in the mame of Erin! Bind him, but slay him not!"

With a wild "Farrah!" that shook the roof and walls of the abhorred dwelling, the youths obeyed the summons of the heroiae. The tornado bursts not sooner from the bosom of an eastern calm, than did the band of warriors from their delicate disguise at the sound of those beloved accents. Their swords for an instant gleamed unstained on high, but when next they rose into the air they smoked with the streaming gore of the oppressors. Struck powerless by the charge, the tyrant and his dissolute crew were disabled before they had even time to draw a sword. Thorgills was seized alive, and bound with their scarfs and bands, while the rest were hewed to pieces, without pity, on the spot. While this was done, the heroic Delcha, seizing a torch which burued in the apartment, rushed swittly from the palace. The affrighted guards believing it to be some arwition, gave way as she ap-
proached, and suffered her to reach the borders of the lake, where she waved the brand on high, forgetting in the zeal of liberty her feminine character, and more re. sembling one of their own war-goddesses than the peaceful Christian maiden, whose prasels and tears, till now, had been her only weapons. Like a train to which a spark has veen applied, a chain of beacon-fires sprang up from hill to hill of the surromding country, amid the shonts of thonsands gasping for the breath of freedom, and hailing that feeble light as its arising star. The boats of O'Aldachlin, shooting like arrows from the surrounding shores, darkered the surface of the lake, and the formost reached the isle before the guards of the tyrant, stupefied by wine and fear, had yet recovered courage to resist. They were an easy prey to OMelachlin and his followers; nor was the entorprise thus ann-piously commenced, permitted to grow coll until the power of the invaders was destroyed thronghout the isle, ana lielcha had the happor ness to see peace and liberty restored to her afllicted country.

In the waters of that lake which so often had bome the usurper to the lonely scene of his debancheries, he was consigued amidst the acelamations of a liberated people to a nameless sepulche, and the power he had abosed once mere reverted to its rightful owner.

In one thing only did the too confiding islanders ueglect to profit by the adsice of Thorgills himself. They diel mor. bu'n the nests. They sublered the straugers still to possess the sea-port towns and other important huids thromerhont the iste; an impudence, however, the effeet of which did not appear till the reign of O'Melachlin was ended by his death.

The realer may desire to know what became of the beantiful ant heroic princess who hanl so considerable a share in the restoration of her comntry's frecdom. Is this had been the only Earthly object of her whetes, even from
childhood, with its accomplishment was ended all that she desired on Earth. Rejecting the crowds of noble and wealthy suitors who ardently sought her hand, and preferring the solitude of her own heart to the splendours and allurements of a court, she besought her father, as a recompense for her ready compliance with his wishes, that he would allow her once more to retire into the convent where she had received her education, to consume her days in exercises of piety and virtue. Pained at her choice, the king, however, did not seek to thwart it; and after playing her brief but brilliant part upon the theatre of the world, she devoted in those holy shades her virgin love and the residue of her days to Heaven.

Such are the recollections that hallow the Village Ruin, and dignify its vicinity with the majesty of historical association. The peasantry choose the grave of the royal nun as the scene of their devotions; and even those who look with contempt upon their humble piety, and regard as superstition the religion of the huried princess, feel the genial current gush within their bosoms as they pass the spot at evening, and think upon her singleness of heart and her devoted zeal. Long may it be before feelings such as these shall be extinguished.

## THE KNIGHT 0F THE SHEEP.

## CHAPTER I.

In the days of our ancestors it was the custom, when "strong farmer" had arrived at a certain degree of inde pendence by his agricultural pursuits, to confer upon him a title in the Irish language, which is literally translated, "The Knight of the Sheep." Though not commonly of noble origin, those persons often exercised a kind of patriarchal sway, scarce less extensive than that of many a feudal descendent of the Butlers or the Geraldines.

In one of the most fertile townlands in one of our inland counties, lived a person of this class, bearing the name of Bryan Taafe. No less than three spacions tenements acknowledged his sway, by the culture of whieh he had acquired, in the course of a long life, a quantity of wealth more than sufficient for any purpose to which he might wish to apply it.

Mr. Taate had three sons, on whose education he had lavished all the care and expense which couid have been expected from the most affectionate father in his walk of life. He had a great opinion of learning, and had frequently in his mouth, for the instruction of his children, such snatches of old wisdom as "Learning is better than houses or land," and

> "A man without learning, and wearing fine elothes, is like a lig wilh a gold ring iu his nose."

Accordingly, the best teachers that Kerry and Limerick could afford were employed to teach them the classies
mathematics. and such other branches of science and letters as were current in those parts. The two elder sons showed a remarkable quickness in all their studies; but the voungest, thongh his favourite, disappointed both him and his instructors. So heavy was he at his book, that neither threats nor caresses could have any effect in making him arrive at anything like proficiency. However, as it did not proceed from absolute indolence or obstinacy, his father was content to bear with his backwardness in this respect, although it in some degree diminished the especial aftiction with which he once regarded him.

One day as Mr. Tatafe was walking in his garden, taking the air before breakfast in the moming, he called Jury Fugaty, his steward, and told him he wanted to speak with him.
"Jemy", says Mr. Tafe, after they had taken two or three turns on the walk togrether, "I don't know in the world whatll I do with Garret."
"Why so, masther?"
"Ah, J'm kilt form him. You know yourself what a great opinion I always had $v$ ' the leaming. A man, in fact, inn't considhered worth spakin' to in these times that hann't it. 'Tis for the same raison I went to so much eost and trouble to are schoolin' for them there bovs; and to be sure an for Shmus and Guillam, I haven't any canse to complain, but the world wouldn't get good o "Garret. It was romly the other momin' I asked him who it was discovered America, and the answer he made me was, that he helieved it was Nebuchodonezzar."
"A'no?"
"'Tis as thrue as von're standin' there. What's to be done with a man "r that kind? Sure. as I often represented to himelf, it would be a disgrace to me if he was ever to go abroad in foreign parts, or any place o' the kimb, amd to make such an miswer as that to any gentleman or lady, afther all I lost by him. 'Tisnt so with

Shamus and Guillaum. There isn't many goin' that conld thrace histhory with them boys. I'd give a dale, out o' regard for the poor woman that's gone, if Garret conld come any way near 'em"'.
"I'll tell you what it is, masther", said Jerry, "there's a dale that's not over bright at the book, an' that wonld be very 'cute for all in their own minds. May be Master Garret wonld be one o' them, an' we not to know it. I remember myself one Motry Hierlohee, that not ore ha'p'orth o' good could be got of hin goin' to sctool, an' he turned out one of the greatest janines in the parish afther. There isn't his aiquals in Munsther now at a lamentaion or the likes. Them raal janiuses does be always so full of their own thonghts, they can't bring themselves, as it were, to take notice of those of other people".
"Maybe you're right, Jerry", answered Mr. Taafe; "I'll take an opportunity of trying".

He said no more, but in a few days after he gave a great entertainment to all his acquan:ances, rich and poor, that were within a morning's ide of his own house, taking particular care to have every one present that hari any name at all for "the learning". Mr. Tatafe was so rich and so popular amongst his neighbours, that his honse was crowded on the day appointed with all the scholars in the comery, and they had no reason to complain of the entertainment they received from Mr. Taati. Everything geod and wholesome that his shcep-walk, his paddock, his orehard, his kitchen-garden, his pautry, and hi- cellar, could afford, was placed before them in abundance; and seldom did a merrier company assemble together to enjoy the hospitality of an Irish farmer.

When the dimer was over, and the guests busily occupied in conversation, the Knight of the Sheep, who sat at the head of the table. stood $1 p$ with a grave air, as if he were about to address something of importance to the company. Ilis venerable appearance, as he remained
standing, a courteous smile shedding its light over his aged conntenance, and his snowy hair descending almost to his shoulders, occasioned a respectful silence amonsst the guests, while he addressed them in the following words:-
"In the first place, gentlemen, I have to return you all thanks for giving me the pleasure of your company here to-day, which I do with all my heart. And I feel the more honoured and gratified because I take it for granted you have come here, not so much from any personal feeling towards myself, but because you know that I have always endeavoured, so far as my poor means would enable me, to show my respect for men of parts and learning. IVell, then, here you are all met, grammarians, geometricians, arithmeticians, geographers, astronomers, philosophers, Latinists, Grecians, and men of more sciences than perhaps I ever heard the names of. Now there's no doubt learning is a fine thing, but what good is all the learning in the world without what they call mother-wit to make use of it? An ounce $o^{\text {a }}$ mother-wit would buy an' sell a stoneweight of learning at any fair in Munsther. Now there are you all scholars, an' here an I a poor country farmer that hardly ever got more teaching than to read and write, and maybe a course of Vuster, and yet I'll be bound I'll lay down a problem that maybe some o' ye wouldn't find it casy to make out".

At this preamble, the curiosity of the company was raised to the highest degree, and the Knight of the Sheep resumed, after a bricf pause :
"At a farm of mine, about a dozen miles from this, I have four fields of precisely the same soil; one square, another oblong, another partly round, and another triangular. Now, what is the reason that, while I have an excellent crop of white eyes this year out of the square, the oblong, and the round ficld, not a single stalk would grow in the triangular one?"

This problem produced a dead silence amongst the guests, and all exerted their understandings to discover the solution, but without avail, although many of their conjectures showed the deepest ingenuity. Some traced out a mysterious connection between the triangular boundary, and the lines of the celestial hemisphere; others said, probably from the shape of the field an equal portion of nutrition did not flow on all sides to the seed so as to favour its growth. Others attributed the failure to the effect of the angular hedges upon the atmosphere, which, eollecting the wind, as it were, into corvers, caused such an obstruction to the warmth necessary to vegetation, that the seed perished in the earth. But all their theories were beside the mark.
"Gentlemen", said Mr. Taafe, "ye're all too eleverthat's the only fault I have to find with ye'r anowers. Shamus", he continued, addressing his eldest son, "can you tell the raison?"
"Why, then, father", said Shamus, "they didn't grow there, 1 suppose, because you didu't plant them there".
"You have it, Shamus", said the knight; "I declare you took the ball from all the philosophers. Well, gentlemen, can any o' ye tell me, now, if you wished to travel all over the world, from whom would you ask a passport?"

This question seemed as puzzling as the former. Some said the Great Mogul, others the Grand Signior, others the Pope, others the Lord Lieutenant, and some the Emperor of Austria; but all were wrong.
"What do you say, Guillaum?" asked the knight, aduressing his second son.
"From Civility, father", answered Guillamm; 'for that's a gentleman that has acquantances everywhere".
"You're right, Guillaum", replied the knight. "Well, I have one more questiun for the company. Can any one
tell me in what country the women are the best house kepers?"

Agrain the company exhansted all their efforts in con jocture, and the grographers showed their leaming by naming all the countries in the world, one after another. but to no purpose. The Kuight now turned with a fond look towards his youngest son.
"Garret", said he, "can you tell where the women are good housekeepers?"

Garret rubbed his forehead for a while, and smiled, and shook his head, but could get nothing out of it.
"I declare to my heart, fither", said he, "I can't tell from Adam. Where the women are good housekeepers? —stay a minute. Maybe", said be, with a knowing look, " maybe 'tis in America?"
"Shamu; do you answer," said the knight, in a disappointed tone.
"In the grave, father", answered Shamus, "for there they never gad abroat".

Mr. Taiate acknowledged that his eldest son had once more julged right; and the entertamments of the night proceeded without further intemuption, until, wearied with feating and mu-ic, such of the company as could not be accommodited with beds, took their departure, each in the direction of his own home.

## CIIAPTER II.

Os the following morning, in the presence of his houseLold. Mr. Tatife made a present to his twe eldest sons of one homdred founds each, and wat induced to bestow the same sum on Garret, although he by no mans thought he deserved it after dingracing him as he had done before his guests. He signified to the joung men at the same time,
that he gave them the money as a free gift, to lar ont in any way they pleased, and that he never shouk ask tuem to repay it.

After breakfast, the ohd knight, as nsual, went to tako a few turns in the garden.
"Well, Jerry", said he, when the steward liad joined him according to his orders; "well, Jerry, Garret is no genius".

A groan from Jerry seemed to announce his acquiescence in this decision. He did hut, however, resign all hope.
"With submission to your honomr", said he, "I wouldn't call that a fair thrial of a man's parts. A man mightn't be able to answer a little cran o' that kind, an' to have more sense for all than those that would. Wait a while until you'll see what use he'll make o' the hunurea pomils, an' that'll show his sinse betticer than all the riddles in Europe".

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that Jeyry's propnsition mas but reasonable; and, accordingly, at the end of a tweivemonth, he callal his three sons before him, and examined them one after another.
"Well, Shamus", said he, "what did 5ou do with gour humdred pounds?"
"I bought stock with it, father".
"Very good. And yon, Guillam?"
"I laid it out, father, in the iutherest of a little farm westwards".
"Very well managed again. Well, Garret, let us hear what you did with the hmmel ponnls".
"I spent it, father", said Garrer.
"Spent it! Is it the whole humbed pounds ?"
"Sure, I thonght you told us we might lay it out ses we liked, sir:"
"Is that the raison you shon'd be suel a produal as to waste the whole of it in a year? Wull, hear to me, now,
the three o' ye, and listen to the raison why I put ye to these trials. I'm an ould man, my children; my hair is white on my head, an' it's time for me to think of turning the few days that are left me to the best account. I wish to separate myself from the world before the world separates itself from me. For this cause I had resolved, these six months bars, to give up all my property to ye three that are young an' hearty, an' to keep nothing for myself but a bed under my old roof, an' a sate at the table and by the fire-place, an' so to end my ould days in peace an' quiet. To you, Shamus, I meant to give the dairy-farm up in the mountains; the Corcasses and all the meadowing to you, Guillanm ; and for you, Garret, I had the best of the whole,-that is, the house we're living in, and the farm belonging to it. But for what would I give it to you, after what you just tould me? Is it to make ducks and drakes of it, as you did o' the hundhred ponnds? Here, Garret", said he, going to a corner of the room and bringing ont a small bag and a long hazel stiek; "here's the legacy I have to leave you-that, an' the king's high road, an' my liberty to go wherever it best plases you. Hard enongh I airned that hundhred pounds that you spent so aisily. And as for the farm I meant to give you, I give it to these two boys, an' my blessing along with it, since 'tis they that know how to take care of it".

At this speech the two elder sons cast themselves at their father's feet with tears of gratitude.
"Yes", said he, "my dear boys, l'm rewarded for all the pains I ever took with ye, to make ye industrious, and thuifty, and cverything that way. I'm satisfied, under Heaven, that all will go right with ye; but as for this boy, I have nothing to say to him. Betther for me I never saw his face".

Poo: Garret turned aside his head, but he made no attempt to excuse himself, nor to obtain any favonr from his rigid father. Aiter wishing them all a timid farewell,
which was but slightingly returned, he took the bag and staff, and went about his business.

His departure secmed to give little pain to his relatives. They lived merrily and prosperously, and even the old knight limself showed no anxiety to know what had become of Garret. In the meantime, the two elder sons got married ; and Mr. Taafe, in the course of a few years, had the satisfaction to sce his grandchildren seated on his knce.

We are often widely mistaken in our estimate of gencrosity. It may appear a very noble thing to bestow largely; but, before we give it the praise of generosity, we must be sure that the motive is as good as the decd. Mr. Taafe began, in the course of time, to show that his views in bestowing his property on his two sons were not wholly free from selfishness. They found it harder to please him now that they were masters of all, than when they were wholly dependent on his will. His jealousies and nurmurs were interminable. There was no providing against them bcforehand, nor any allaying them when they did arise. The consequence was, the young men, who never really felt anything like the gratitude they had professed, began to consider the task of pleasing him altogether burdensome. In this feeling they were encouraged by their wives, who never ceased murmuring at the cost and trouble of entertaining him.

Accordingly, one night while the aged kninht was marmuring at some inattention which was shown inim at table, Shamus and Guillaum Taafe walked into the room, determined to put an end for ever to his complaints.
" I'd like to know what would plaise you!" exclaimed Shamus. "I suppose you won't stop until you'll tako house and all from us, an' turn us out, as you did Garet, to beg from doore to doore ?"
"If I did itself, Shamus", said the knight, looking at him for some moments with surpuice. "Id fici no nuro than I gave",
"What good was your giving it", cried Guillaum, " when you wou't let us enjoy it with a monent's comfurt ?"
" Do you talk that way to me, too, Guillaum? If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use me so".
"Great thanks he got from you for any good that was in him", cried one of the women.
"Let him take his stick and pack ont to look for Garret", said the second woman, "since he is so fond of him".

The old knight turred and looked at the women.
"I don't wondher", said he, "at anything I'd hear ye say. You never yet heard of anything great or good, or for the public advantage, that a woman would have a hond in,-only mischief always. If you ask who made such a road, or who built such a bridge, or wrote such a great histhury, or did any other good action o' the kind, 1:: engage 'tis sellom you'll hear that it is a woman done it ; bint if yon ask who is it that set such and such a pair fighiin', or who is it that caused such a jewel, or who is it that let out such a sacret, or ran down such a man's character, or occasioned such a war, or bronght such a man to the gallows, or cansed diversion in such a family, or anything o' that kind, then, l'll engage, you'll hear that a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recoorse to histhory to know ye'r doins. 'Tis madher our eyes. 'I'was the likes o' ye two that hurned 'lhroy, an' made the King o' Leinsther rebel agaiu' Brian Born".

At this the two women pulled the caps off their heads, and set up such a screaming and shrieking as might be heard from thence to Cork.
"Oh, murther! murther!" says one of them, " was it for this I married you, to be compared to people o' that kind?"
"What mison has he to me", cried the other, "that he'? compare me to them that would rebel again' Brian

Boru? Would I rebel again' Bian Beru, Sbamus, a' a gal ?"
"Don't heed him, a-vourneen, he's an ould man".
"Oh, vo! vo! if ever I thought the likes 0 ' tha! would be said o' me, that I'd rebel again' Brian Boru!"
"There's no use in talking, Guillaum", cried the second, who probably took the allusion to the fate of Troy as a slight on her own personal attractions; "there's no use in talkin', but I never'll stay a day undher your roof with anybody that would say I'd burn Throy. Dues he forget that ever he had a mother himself? Ah, 'tis a bad apple, that's what it is, that despises the three it sprung from".
"Well, I'll tell you what it is, now", said the eldcst son, "since 'tis cume to that with you, that you won't let the women alone, I won't put up with any more from you. I belicre, if I didn't show you the outside o' the doore, you'd show it to me before long. There, now, the woild is free to you to look ont for people that'll plaise yui betther, since you say we cin't do it".
"A', Shamus, agra", said the old knight, looking at his son with astonishment; "is that my thanks aftleer all?"
"Your thanks for what ?" cried Guillanm; " is it fur plasin' your own fancy? or for makin' our lives miserable ever since, an' to give crossness to the women ?"
"Let him go luok for Garet, now", cried one of the women, " an' see whether they'll agree betther than they did before".
"Ah-Shamus - Guillaum - a chree", said the poor old man, trembling with terror at sight of the open dour, "let ye have it as ye will; I am surry for wlat I said, a'ra gat! Don't turn me out on the high road in my ond days! I'll engage, I never'll open my mouth abain' one o' ye again the lungest day I lise. A', shamus, a-vich,
it isn't long I have to stay wid ye. Your own nair will be as white as mine yet, plaise God, an' 'twouldu't be :ishin' to you then for a dale that you showed any disrespect to mine".

His entreaties, however, were all to no purpose. They turned him ont, and made fast the door behind him.

Imagine an old man of sixty and upwards turned out on the high road on a cold and rainy night, the north wind beating on his feeble breast, and without the prospect of relief before him. For a time he could not Lelieve that the occurrence was real; and it was only when he felt the rain already penetrating through his thin dress that he became convinced it was but too true.
"Well", said the old man, lifting up his hands as he crept out on the high road, "is this what all the teaching come to? Is this the cleverness an' the learning? Well, if it was to dc again! No matther. They say there's two bad pays in the world-the man that pays beitorehand, an' the man that doesn't pay at all. In like manner, there's two kinds of people that wrong their lawful heirs-those that give them their inheritance before death, and those that will it away from them afther. What'li I do now at all? or where'll I turn to? a poor old man n' my kind that isu't able to do a sthroke o' work if I was ever so fain! An' the night gettin' worse an' worse! Easy!-Isn't that a light I see westwards? There's no one, surely, except an unnatural son or daughter that wonld refuse to give an old man shelter on such a night as this. I'll see if all men's hearts are as hard as my two sons' ".

He went to the house, which was situated at the distance of a quarter of a mile from that which he so lately looked on as his own. As he tottered along tho dark and miry brheen which led to the cottage door, the barking of a dog inside aroused the attention of the inmates. Being already in bed, however, before he had
arrived there, none of them were very willing to give admission to a stranger.
"Who's there?" cried the man of the house, as the old knight knocked timidly at the door. "Do you think we have nothing else to do at this time o' night but to ho gettin' up an' openin' the doore to every sthroller that goes the road?"
"Ah! if you knew who it was you had there", said the knight, "you wouldn't be so slow of openin' the doore".
"Who is it I have there, then ?"
"The Knight of the Sheep".
"The Kuight of the Sheep! Oh, you born villyan! 'Twas your son Shamus that chated me out o' thirty good pounds by a horse he sonld me at the fair o' Killeedy-an animal that wasn't worth five! Go along this minute with you: or if you make me get up, 'tis to give you something that you wouldn't bargain for".

The poor old man hurried away from the door, fearing that the farmer would be but too ready to put his threat into execution. The night was growing worse and worse. He knocked at another door; but the proprietor of this in like manner had suffered to the extreme cleverness of Guillamm Taafe, and refused to give him shelter. The whole night was spent in going from door to door, and finding in every place where he applied that the great ability of his two sons had been beforehand with him in getting a bad name for the whole family. At la:t, as the morning began to dawn, he found himself unable to proceed further, and was obliged to lic down in a little paddock close to a very handsome farm-house. Here the coldness of the morning air and the keenness of his grief at the recollection of his children's ingratitude had such an effect upon him that he swooned away, and lay for a long time inseusible upon the grass. In this condition he was found by the people of the house, who soon after came out to look after the bounds and do their usual
farming work. They had the humanity to take him into the house, and to put him into a warm bed, where they used all proper means for his recovery.

When he had come to himsclf, they asked him who he was, and how he had fallen into so unhappy a condition. For a time the old knight was afraid to answer, lest these charitable people, like so many others, might have been at one time sufferers to the roguery of his two eldest sons, and thus be tempted to repent of their kindness the instant they had heard on whom it had been bestowed. However, fearing lest they shonld accuse him of duplicity in case they might afterwards learn the truth, he at length confessed his name.
"The Knight of the Sheep !" exclaimed the woman of the house, with a look of the utmost surprise and joy.
"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she continued, calling out to her husband, who was in another room. "A', come here, asthore, until you see Misther 'Taafe, the father o' young Masther Garret, the darlin' that saved us all from ruin".

The man of the house came in as fast as he could run.
"Are you Garret Taafe's father?" said he, looking. surprised at the old knight.
"I had a son of that name", said Mr. Taafe, " though all I know of him now is, that I used him worse than I would if it was to happen again".
"Well, then", said the farmer, "my blessing on that dyy that ever you set fuot within these doores. The roze in May was never half so welcome, an' I'm betther piased than I'll tell you, that I have you undher my roaf".
"I'm obliged to you", said the knight, "but what's the raison o' that?"
"Your son Garret", replied the man, " of a day when every whole ha'porth we had in the work was going to be canted for the vent, pint a hand in his pocket an' leat us thirty pounds till we'd be aule to pay hia agan, an' we
not knowin' who in the world he was, nor 'ee us, I'm sure. It was only a long time afther that we found it out by others in various parts that he had served in like manner, and they told us who ne was. We never seen him since; but l'm sure it would be the joyful day to us that we'd see him coming back to get his thirty pounds".

When the old knight heard this, he felt as 1. somebody wa rumning him through with a sword.
"And this", said he, "was the way poor Garret spent the hundhred pounds! Oh, murther! murther! my poor boy, what had I to do at all, to go turn you adhuitt as I done, for no raison! I took the wrong for the right, an' the right for the wrong! No matther! That's the way the whole world is blinded. 'That's the way death will show us the differ of many a thing. 0 murther! Garret! Garret! What'll I do at all with the thoughts of it! An' them two villyans that I gave it all to, an' that turned me out afther in my ould days, as I done by you! No matther".

He turned into the wall for fear the people would hear him groaning; but the remorse, added to all his other sufferings, had almost killed him.

In a little time the old knight began to recorer something of his former strength under the care of his new acquaintances, who continued to show him the most devoted attention. One morning the farmer came into his room with a large purse full of gold in his hand, and saill:
"I told you, sir, I owed your son thirty pounds; an' since he's not comin' to ax for it, yon're heartily welcome to the use of it until he does, an' I'm sure he wouldn't wisi to see it betther employed".
"No, no", replied Mr. Taafe, "I'll not take the money from you; but I'll borrow the whole purse for a week, an at the end $o$ ' that time I'll return it safe to you".

The farmer lent him the purse, and the knight waited for a fine day, when he set off again in the morning, and took the road leading to the dwelling from which he had been expelled. It was noon, and the sun was shilin: bright, when he arrived upon the little lawn before the door. Sitting down in the sunshine by the kitchen-garden wall, he began counting the gold, and arranging it in a number of little heaps, so that it had a most imposiug effect. While he was thus occupied, one of his young daughters-in-law-the same whose beauty had drawn upon her the unhappy allusion to the mischief-making spouse of Menelaus-happened to make her appearance at the front door, and looking around, saw the old knight in the act of counting his gold in the sunshine. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she ran to her husband, and told him what she had seen.
"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus; " you don't mean to persuade me to a thing o' that kind"
"Very well", replied the woman, "I'm sure, if you don't believe me, 'tis asy for ye all to go an' see ye'rselves".

So they all went, and peeping throngh the little window one afther anuther, were dazzled by the sight of so much gold.
"You done very wrong, Shamus", said Guillaum, "ever to turn out the ould father as you done. See, now, what we all lost by it. 'That's a part o' the money he laid by from year to year, an' we never'll see a penny of it".

At this they all felt the greatest remorse for the manner in which they had acted to the old man. However. they were not so much discomaged but that some of them ventured to approach and salute him. On seeing them draw nigh, he hastily concealed the gold and returned their greeting with an appearance of displeasure. It was by much persuasion, and after many assurances of their regret for what had passed, that he consented once more
to come and take up his abode beneath their rnnf, desiring at the same time that an ass and cart might be sent to the farmer's for a strong box which he had left there.

At the mention of a strong box, it may easily he magined what were the sensations of his hearers. The ass and cart were procured without delay, and, before evening, those grateful children had the siti:faction to behoid a heary box, of very promising dimensiuns, deposited in a corner of the small chamber which was to be reserved for the future use of their aged parent.

In the meanwhile, nothing could exceed the attention which he now received from the young people. 'I .ey seemed only unhappy when not occupied in contributing in some way to his comfort, and percuving lis remorse for the manuer in which Garret had been treated, used all the means in their power to discover whither he had gone. But it is not always in this life that one false step can be retraced. The old knight was not destined to eco his son again, and his grief at this disappointment had no slight effect in aggravating the infumities of his old age.

At length, perceiving that he was near lis end, he called his sons and danghters to his bellsice, and addressed them in the following words:-
"Whatever canse I had once to complain of ye, Shamus and Guillaum, that's all past and gone now, and it is right that I shonld leave you some little remembrance for all the trouble I gave you since my comin' home. Do jou see that chest over there?"
"Ah, father! what chest?" cried the sons. "I Lon't be talkin' of it for a chest".
"Well, my good buys", said the finimt, "ryy will is in that chest, so I need tell ye no more".
"Don't speak of it, father", said seamus, "for. is the Latin poct suys :-

> 'Non possidentem malis Wuele beathu'

Only as yon're talkin' of it at all for a chest, where's the bey, father?"
"Ah, Stamus!" said the knight, "you were always great at the Latin. The key is in my waistcoat pocket".

Soon after he expired. The two sons, impatient to inspect heir treasure, could hardly wait until the old man ceased to breathe. While Shamus unlocked the box, Guillaum romained to keep the door fast.
"Well, Shamus", said his brother, "what do you find there ?"
" A parcel of stones, Guillaum !"
" Nonsense, man! try what's undher 'em"
Shamus complied, and found at the bottom or the box a rope with a running noose at the end, and a scroll of paper, from which Shamus read the following sentence aloud, for the information of his brother :-
"The last Will and Testament of Bryan Taafe, commonly called The Knight of the Sheep.
"Imprimis. To my two sons, Shamus and Guillaum, I bequeath the whote of the limestones contained in this box, in return for their disinterested love and care of me ever since the day when they saw me counting the gold near the kitchen-garden.
"Item. I bequeath the rope herem contained for any futher to hang limself, who is so funli,h as to give away his property to his heirs before his deuti".
"Well, Shamus", sail Guillaum, " the poor father laid out a dale on our education, but I declare all the taichin' le ever gave us was nothing to that".

# THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE. 

> Eoldiers.-Toom, ho:-tell Antony Brutus is ta'en
> Anlung. - This is not Brutus, friends: but, I assure you,
> A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe, Give him all kindness. I hat rather have Such men my friends than enemies.

Julius Cascr.

Remember ye not, my fair young friend, in one of those excursions which rendered the smmer of the past !ear so sweet in the enjoyment and so momuful in the recollection-remember ye not my having pointed out to your observation the ruined battlements of Carigogmmiel (the Rock of the Candle), which shoot upward fiom a craggy hillock on the Shamon side, within riew of the ancient city of Linerick? I told you the legend fiom which the place oricimally derived its name-a legend which I thought was distinguished (especially in the closinc incident) by a tenderness and delicacy of imagination, worthy of a Grecian origin. You, too, acknowledged the simple beanty of that incident; and your approyal induces me to hope for that of the world.

On a misty evening mange, when all the west is filled with a hazy smushime and the low clouds stuep ant cling around the hill tops, there are few nobler spectacles
, contemplate, than the ruins of Carrigogunniel Castie. this fine buildiag, which was dismantled by one of William's generals, stands on the very brink of a broken hill, which, toward the water, looks bare and craggy, hut in the landward side slopes gently down under a close ad verdint cover of elms and underwood. It is when seen from this side, standing ligh above the trees, and against the red and broken clonds that are gathered in the west, that the ruin assumes its most imposing aspect.

Such was the look it wore on the evening of an antumn day when the village beanty, young Minny O'Donnell, put aside the woodbines from her window, and looked out upon the Rock. Her father's cottage was situated close to the foot of the Liil, and the battlements seemed to frown downward upon it with a royal and overtopping hanghtiness.
"Hoo! murder, Minny honey, what is that you're doing? Looking out at the Rock at this hour, aud the sun just going down bebind the turret?"
"Why not, aunt?"
"Why not?-Do you remem"er nothing of the candle?"
"Oh, I don't know what to think of it; I am inclined to donbt the story very much; I have been listening to that frightful tale of the Death Light since I was born, and I have never seen it yet".
"You may consider yourself fortunate in that, child, and I advise you not to be too anxious to prove the troth of the story. I was standing by the side of poor young Dillon myself, on the very day of his marriage, when he looked out upon it through the wicket, and was blasted as if by a thmoder-stroke. I never will forget the anguish of the dear young bride: it was heart breaking to see her torn from his side when the life had left him. Poor creature! her shrieks are piercing my ears at this very noment".
"That story terrifies me, aunt. Speak of it no more, and I will leave the window. I wonder if Cormac knows this story of the Fatal Candle".

The good old woman smiled knowingly on her pretty niece, as, insteal of answering her half query, she asked -"Do you not expect him here before sunset?"

Minny turned hastily round, and seated herself opposite a small mirror, adorned by one of those highly carved frames which were popular at the toilets of our grandmammas. She did so with a double view of completing her evening toilet, and at the same time sereening herself from the inquisitive glances of her sharp old relative, while she continned the conversation.
" He promised to be here before", she replied, "but it is a long way".
"I hope he will not turn his eyes upon the Rock, it he should be detained after nightfall. I suspect, Minny. that his eyes will be wandering in another direction. I think he will be safe, after all".
"For shame, aunt Norry. You onght to be ashamed of yourself, an old woman of your kind to speak in that way. Come now, and tell me something funur, while 1 an dressing my hair, to put the recollection of that frightful adventure of the Candie ont of my head. Would not that be a good figure for a Banthee ?" she added, shaking out her loug bright hair with oue hand, in the mamer which is often attributed to the warning spirit, and casting at the same time a not indifferent glance at the mirror above mentioned.
"Partly, indeed,-hut the Banthee (meaning no offence at the same time) is far from being so young or so bloming in the cheeks; and by all accounts, the eyes tell a different story from yours-a story of death, and not of marriage. Merry would the banthee be that would be soing to get rong Mr. Cormac for a kusband to-morrow moming early".
" i"l go lowk at the Rock again, if you continue to talk such nonsense".
"Oh, bubboso!-rest easy, darling, and I'll say no-thing.-Welt, what story is it I'm to be telling you ?"
"Something funny".
"Oyeh, my heart is bothered with 'em for stories. I don't know whint l'll tell you. Are you 'cute at all?"
"I don't knnw. Only middling, I belicve".
"Well-l'il tell you a story of a boy that flogged Europe for 'enteness, so that if you have a mind to be ready with an answer for every cross question that'll be put to yon, you can learn it after him ;-a thing that may be useful to ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{d}$ one time or another, when the charge of the house is loft in your hands".
"Weil, let me hear it".
'I will, thon, do that. Go on with your dress, and I'll have $m$, storv done before you are ready to receive Mr. Cormac".

So saying, the drew a stool near her niece, and leaning forward witn her chin on her hand, commenced the following tale.
"There w's a comple there, long ago, and they had a son that they diln't know rightly what was it they'd do with him, for they had not money to get him Latin enough for a priest, and there was only poor call for day labourers in the country. 'I'll tell you what I'll do', says the father, says he; 'I'll make a thief of him', says he; 'sorrow a better trado there is going than the roguery, or more money-mal:ing for a boy that wonld be industrious'. 'It's tron fur you', says the wife, making answer to him; 'hut where will you get a master for him, or whell twe him for an apprentice in such a business? ' l'll tell you that', says the husband to her again. 'l'll send him to Kerry. Sorrow better hand would you get at the husiness anrwhere, than there are about the monntains there-and l'll be bound he'll come home to us a
good hand at his business', sars he. Well and good, they sent off the boy to Kery, and bound him for seven years to a thief that was well-known in these parts, and cou ted a very clever man in his line. They heard no mure of him for the seven rears, nor hardly knew that they were out, when he walied into them one moming, with his 'Save all here!' and took his seat at the table along with them-a fine, handsome lad, and mighty well spoken. 'Well, Mun,' says the father, 'I hope you're master 0 ' your business?' 'Jretty well for that, father', says he ; ' wait till we can have a trial of it'. 'With all my heart', says the father; 'and I hope to see that you haven't been making a bad use o' your time while you were away!' Well, the news ran among the neighbours, what a fine able thief Mun had come home, and the landlord himself came to hear of it among the rest. So when the father went to his work the next morning, he made $n p$ to him, and'Well', says he, 'this is a queer thing l'm told about you, that you had your son bound to a thief in Kerry, and that he's come home to you a great hand at the business'. 'Passable, indced, he tells me, sir', says the father, quite proud in himelf. 'Well, I'll tell you what it is', says the gentleman; 'I have a fine horse in my stable, and l'll put a guard npon him to-might, and if your son be that great hand that he's reported to be, let him come and steal him out from among the people to night; and if he does, he shall have my daughter in marriage, and my estato when I die,' says he. 'A great offer, surely', says the poor man. 'But if he fails', says the genteman, 'I'll prosecute him, and have him hanged, and yon along with lim, for serving his time to a thief-a thing that's clearly agdin' all law', says he. Well, 'tis mknown what a whilluloo the father set up when he head this. ' $O$ murher, sir,' says he, 'and sure 'tis well yon know that if a spirit itself was there he conldn't steal the horse that would be guarded that way, let alune my poor boy', says
he; 'and how will it be with us, or what did we ever do to yon, sir, that you'd hang us that way?' 'I have my own riasurs for it', says the gentleman, 'and you'd better go home at once, and tell the boy about it, if you have a mind he should try his chance'. Well, the facher went home crying and banling, as if all belonging to him were dead. 'E', what ails you, father', says the son, 'or what is it makes yon be bawling that way?' says he. So he up and told him the whole busincss, how they were to be hanged, the two of them, in the morning, it 'he wouldn't lave the racer stolen. 'That beats Ireland', says the son; 'to hang a mau for not stealing a thing is droll, surely; but make your mind easy, tather, my master would think no more of duing that than he would of eating a boiled potatu'. Well, the old man was in great spirits when he heard the boy talk so stont, alchough he wasn't without having his donbts upon the business for all that. Tae boy set to work when the evening drew on, and dressed himself like an old bucough,* with a tattered frieze coat about him, and stuching, withouc any soles to 'em, with an old caubeon of a straw hat upon the side of his head, and the tin can under his arm. 'Tis what he had in the tin can, I tell you, was a good sup of spirits, with a little poppy juice equeczed imto it to make them sloepy that would ve atter drinking it. Well and good, Minmy, my child, he made towards the gentleman's house, and when he was passing the pariour window, he saw a beautiful young lady, as fair as a lily, and with a fine blush entirely, sitting and looking om about the conntry for herself. So he took off his hat, and turned ont his tous, and made her a low bow, guite degant. 'I dechure to my heat', says the yumg laty, speaking to her servant that stoud behmed her, 'I wouldn't cesire to see a handsomer man han that:If he had a beiter shout of clohes upon him, he'd be equad to any gendeman, he's so slim and delicate'. And * A lame man-idiomatically, beggar-man.
who was this but the gentleman's danghter all the while! Well, 'tis well became Mun, he went on to the stable door, and there he found the lads all watehing the racer. I'll tell you the way they watehed her. They hid one mpon her back, and another at her head, where she was tied to the manger, and a great number of them abont the place, sitting down between her and the door. 'Save all here!' says Mnn, putting in his head at the door. 'E', what are ye doing here, boys?' says he. So they up and told him they were guarding the racer from a great Kerry thief they expected to be stealing her that night. "Why then he'll be a smart fellow, if he gets her out of that', says Mun, making as if he knew nothing. 'I'd be for ever obliged to ye, if ye'd let me light a pipe and sit down awile with ye, and I'll do my part to make the company agreeable'. 'Why then,' says they, 'we have but poor treatment to offer you, for though there's plenty to eat here, we have nothing to drink-the master wouldn't allow ns a hap'orth in dread we'd get sleepy, and let the horse go.' 'Oh! the nourishment is all I want', says Mun, 'I'm no way dry at all'. Well and good, in the came, and he sat among them telling stonies until past midnight, eating and langhing ; and every now and then, when he'd stop in the story, he'd turn about and make as if he was taking a good drink out of the ean. 'You seem to be very fond of that tin can, whatever you have in it', says one of the men that was sitting near lim. 'Ob, its no signify', says Mun, shutting it up as if not anxious to share it. Well they got the smell of it about the place, and 'tis little pleasure 1ley took in the stories after, only every now and then throwing an ere at the can, and suufing with their noses, like pinters when game is in the wind. 'Tien't any spring water rond have in that. I believe', says one of them. 'You're we'come to try it', says Mm, 'mily l thonght yon might have some objection in regat of what you said when 1
came in'. 'None in the world', says they. So he filled a few little norgins for 'em, and for the man on the horse and the man near the manger, and they all drank until they slept like troopers. When they were all fast, up got the youth, and he drew on a pair of worsted stockings over every one of the horse's legs, so they wouldn't make any noise, and he got a rope and fastened the man I tell you was upon the racer's back, by the shoulder:, up to the lafters, when he drew the horse from under him, and left him hanging fast asleep. Well became him, he led the horse out of the stable, and had him home at his father's while a cat would be shaking his ears, and made up comfurtably in a little out-house. - Well', says tie o'd man when he woke in the morning and saw the herse sto'en-' if it was an angel was there', says he, 'he conl n'. do the business cleverer than that'. And the sante thing he said to the landloid, when he met him in the field the same morning. 'It's true for you, indeed', said the gen lemm, 'nuthing coald be botter done, and l'll take it as an honour if jour son and yous, If will give me your conpany at dinuer to-day, and l'll have the pleasure of introducing him to my daughter'. ' E ', is it me dine at your honour's table?' says the old man, looking dumn at his dress. 'liis just', says the genteman again, 'and I'll take no apology whatever'. Well and good, they made themselves ready, the two of them, and joung Mun came riding upon the racer, covered all over with the best of wearables, and looking like a real genteman. ' E ', what's that there, my chitd ?' says the father, pointing to a gallows, that was plant d right opposite the gentleman's ladl dour. 'I dun't know-a gallows, I'm thinking', says the sta, - 'sure 'tisn't to hang us he would b:, afier asking us to his house, unless it be a thing he means to give ns our dimer first, and our dessert atter, as the fastion goes', says he. Will in whth them, and they turd the company all waiting, a power of ladies and lords,
and great people entirely. 'I'm sorry to keep you wait:ng', says Mum, making up to them, quite free and easy, 'but the time stole upon us'. 'You cruldn't blame the time for taking after yourself', says the gentleman. ' It's true, indeed', says Mun, 'l stole many is the thing in my time, but there's one thing I'd rather thieve than all the rest-the good will $o$ ' the ladies', says he, smiling, and looking round at them. 'Why, then, I wouldn't trust you very far with that either', says the young lady of the house. Well and good, they sat down, and they ate their dimer, and after the cloth was removed, there was a covered dish laid upon the table. 'Well', says the gentleman, 'I have one trial more to make of your wit-and I'll tell you what it is :-let me know what is it I have in this covered di.h; and if you don't, I'll hans you and your father upon that gallows over, for stealing my racer'. 'O murther! d'ye hear this?' says the father,-_' and wasn't it your honours bidding to steal her, or yon'd hang us? Sure we're to be pitied with your honour', says the poor old man. 'Very well', says the gentleman, 'I tell you a fact, and your only chance is to answer my question'. 'Wrell, sir', says Mun, giving all up for lost, 'I have nothing to say to ron-although fir the fox may go, hell be caught by the tail at last'. 'I declare you have it', says the gentleman, uncoreing the dish, and what shonld be in it only a fox's tail! Well, they gave it up to Mun, that he was the greatest rogne going, and the young lady married him upon the spot. They had the maste's estate when he died; and if they didn't live happy, I wish that you and I may".
"Amen to that, aunt. Will you lay the mirrur aside for a moment.-Ha! whose fault was that?"
"Oh, Minny, you have broken the nifror-0, my child! my chid!!"
"Why so! It is not so valuable".
"Valuable! It is not the worth of the partry glass,

## 352

darling—but don't you know it is not good? It is not lucky-and the night before your bridal, too!"
"I am very sorry for it", said the girl, bending a somewhat serions gaze on the shattered fragments of the antiqne looking-glass. Then, by a transition which it would require some knowledge of the maiden's history to account for, she said, "I wonder if Cormac was with the Knight, when he made the sally at the castle, yesterday".

The answer of the elderly lady was interrupted by the sound of several voices in an outer apartment exclaiming, "Cormac! Cormac! Welcome, Cormac! It is Cormac!"
" And it is Cormac!" echoed Minny, starting from her seat, and glaneing at the spot where the mirror ought to have been. "Yon were right, aunt", she added, in a disappointed tone, as she bounded out of the room, "it was mulucky to break the mirror".
"It might for them that would want it", replied the old lady, following at a lively pace; "but for you, I hope it will bring nothing worse than the loss of it for this night".

She found Minny seated, with one hand clasped in those of a young soldier, dressed in the uniform of the White Knight, smiling and blushing with all the artlessuess in the wotd. The young man wore a close fitting truis, which disjlay ed a handsome form to the best advantage, and contrasted well with the loose and flowing drapery of his mantle. The birrede of green cloth, which had confined his hair, was laid aside; and a leathern girdle appeared at his waist, which held a bright skene and pistol. The appearance of both figures, the expression of hoth comnenances, secure of present, and confident of filture happiness, formed a pieture

Which some would smile, and more perhaps would sigh at ;
a picture which would bring back pleasing recollections rubligh to sweeten the temper of the somrest pair that

Hymen ever disunited, and to move the spleen of the hest natured old bachelor that ever dedicated his heartn to Dian and solitude.

The evening proceeded as the eve of a bridal might be supposed to do, with its proportion of mirth and mischief. The lovers had been acquainted from chilhood; and every one who knew them felt an interest in their fortunes, and a share in the happiness which they enjoyed. The sun had been already long gone down, when Minny, in compliance with the wish of her old aunt, sang the following words to an air, which was only remarkable for its simplicity and tenderness:-

## I.

I love my love in the mozning, For she, like morn, is fair;
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak; lts clouds, her golden hair;
Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind; Her tears, its dewy showers;
And her voice, the tender whispering wind That stirs the early bowers.

## II.

I love my love in the morning, I love my love at noon ;
For she is bright as the lord of light, Yet mild as autumn's monn.
Her beauty is my bosom's sun, Her faith my fostering shade;
And I will love my darlmg une Till even sun shall fate.
III.

I love my love in the morning, I love my love at sven;
Iler smile's soft play is like the ray That lights the western Heaven.
I loved her when the sun was high, I loved ber when he rose,
But best of all, when evening's sigh Was murmuring at its close.

The song was searcely ended, when Minny felt her arm grasped with an unusual force by the young soldier. Turning round, in some alarm, she beheld a sight which filied her with fear and anxiety. Her lover sat erect in his chair, gazing fixedly on the open casement, throngh which a strong and whitish light shone full upon his face and person, It was an interlunar night, and Minny felt at a loss to conjecture what the cause could be of this extraor iinary appearance.
"Minny", said her lover, "look yonder! I see a caiille burning on the very summit of the rock above us! Althongh the wind is bending every tree upon the hillside, the flame does not flicker or change in the slightest deyree. Look on it!"
" Do not look!" exclaimed the old aunt, with a shrill crr. "May lleaven be about us! Do not glance at the wiudow. It is the death light!"

Minny clasped her hands, and sank back into her chair.
"Let stme one close the window", said the young soldier, speaking in a faint tone. "I am growing ill; let some one close the window".

The old woman adranced cantionsly towards the casement, and extending the handle of a broom stick at the utmost stretch of her arm, was endeavouring to push the shutter to, when Minny, recovering from her astonishment, darted at her an indignant look, ran to the window, closed it, and left the room in darkness deeper than that of night.
"What was that strange light ?" asked the young soldier, looking somewhat relieved.

With some hevitation, and a few prophetic groans and oscillations of the head, the old story-teller informed him that it was a light, whose appearance was commemorial with the rock itself, and that it nsually foreboded considerable danger on misfortune, if not death, to any unhappy being on whom its beams might chance to fail. It aps
peared, indced, but rarely ; yet, there never was instance known in which the indication proved fallacions.

The soldier recovered heart to laugh away the anxicty which had begun to creep upon the company ; and, in a little time, the mirthful tone of the assemblage was fully restored. Lights of a more terrestrial description than that which figured on the haunted rock, were introduced ; songs were sung ; jests echoed from lip to lip; and merry feet pattered against the earthen floor, to the air of the national rinceadh fudha. The merriment of the little party was at its highest point, when a galloping of horses, intermingled with a distant rolling of musketry, was heard outside the cottage.
"My fears were just !" exclaimed Cormac, stopping short in the dance, while he still retained the hand of his lovely partner: "the English have taken the castle, and the White Knight is flying for his life !"

His surmise was confirmed by the occurrence which instantly followed. The door was dashed back upon its hinges, and the White Knight, accompanied by two of his retainers, rushed into the house. The chieitain's face was pale and anxious, and his dress was bespattered with blood and mire. Three figures remained in a group near the door, as if listening for the somnds of pursuit ; while the revellers hurried together like startled fawns, and gazed, with countenances indicative of strong interest or wild alarm, upon the baffled warriors.
"Cormac !" cried the Knight, perceiving the bridegroom among the company, "my good fellow, I missed you in an unlucky hour. These English dogs have worried us from our hold, and are still hot upon our scent. I have only time to bid my stout soldiers farenell, and go to meet them, for I will not have this hapy floor stained with blood to-night".
"That shall not be, Knight", exclained the bride
yroom; "we will meet them, or fly together. You were ny father's foster-child".
"It is in vain-look there!" He laid bare his left arm, which was severely gashed on one side.-"They have had itaste of me already, and the bloodhounds will never tire ill they have tracked me home. And yet, if I had only one day's space-Kavanagh and his followers are at Kilmallock, and the castle might be mine again before the noon rises to-morrow evening".
"Kavanagh at Kilmallock!" exclaimed Cormac. "0 my chieftain! what do you do here? Fly, while you have ime, and leave us to deal with the foe".
"It were idle", repeated the Kuight, "their horses are resher than ours, and my dress would betray me".
"My mare will bear you safe", cried the young soldier, with a burst of enthusiasm; "and for your dress, take mine, and let me play the White Knight for once"

The chieftain's eyes brightened at the word, and a 'ope seemed to bloom out upon his cheek,-but a low sound of suppressed agony from the bride checked it in the spring.
" No, Cormac", he said, "I will not be your murderer".
"There is no fear", said Cormac, warmly, "you will ', 'e back in time to prevent mischief; and if you remain, it will be only to see me share your fate. This is my only chance for life; for I will give the world leave to cry shams pon my head, if ever I outlive my maste".
"What says the bride?" inquired the Knight, bending on her a look of mingled pity and admiration.
"I will answer for her", said Cormac; "she had rather 'e the widow of a true Irishman, than the wife of a false ne'.
"O allilu? we'll all be murthered if you don't hurry", aid the aunt. "What do you say, Minny, my child?"
"Cormac speaks the truth", replied the trembling gin,
hanging in her weakness on his shoulder; "if there be no other way, I am content it should be so".

She was rewarded for this effort of heroism by a fervent pressure of the hand from her betrothed, and the exchange of accoutrements was presently effected. The Knight mounted Cormac's mare, and prepared to depart.
"My gallant fellow", he said, holding out his hand to the generous bridegroom, "you do not mock the part you act, for nobility is stamped upon your soul. If you suffer for this, I have a vow, that I will never more wear any other garb than yours; for you are the knightlier of the two. Let me clasp your hand, than which a nobler never closed on gauntlet".

They joined hands in silence, and the chieftain galloped away with his retainers. When they were out of hearing, Cormac turned to his bride, and again pressing her hand, while he looked fisedly into her eyes, he said: "Now, Minny, you will show that you are fit for a soldicr's wife. Go. with your aunt Norry, into your room. No one here will be molested but those who are in arms for the Ktuight ; and I will contrive to postpone any violence, for a day, at least".
"I will not leave yon, Cormac", said Minny, speaking more firmly than she had done since the interruption of the festivity. "I am somewhat more to you than you are to the White Knight".

Cormac smiled, and seemed to acquiesce for some time in her wishes. He took his seat at the hearth with the bespattered garb and sullied weapon of the knight, and awaited in silence the approach of the pursuers, while Minny occupied a chair as near him as might be decorons, taking his new rank into consideration. They listened for a considerable time to the changeful rushing of the night wind among the trees that clothed the hill-side, and the bowling of the wolves, that were disturbed in their retreats by the sounds of combat. Those sonnds, renewed after
long intervals and in an irregular manner, gradually approached more near, and they conld plainly distinguish tho trampling of horses' feet over the beaten track that winded among the crags as far as the cottage door. Again, and with great eagerness, Cormac entreated his love to secme herself from the chances of their first encounter, by joining the family in the inner room ; but she refused in a resolute tone, and on persisting, she assumed an impatience, and even a desperation of manner, which showed that her purpose was not to be shaken.
"Ask me not to leave you", she said; " any other command I am ready to obey. I will be silent; I will not shriek, nor murmur, even though ——" She shnddered, and let her head droop upon his hand. "I will not leave yon, Cormac. Whatever your fite shall be, I must remain to witness it. Do not doubt my firmness; only say that you will freely trust me, and 1 am ready for the worst that can happen. I feel that I can be calm, if you will only give me your confidence".

There are some spirits which, like the myrtle, require to be bruised and broken by affliction, before their sweetness can be discovered. The young bride of Cormac might now have exlibited an instance of this moral truth. So perfectly did her manner indicate the degree of self-possession which she promised to maintain, that Cormac yielded without further argument to her entreaty, and resumed his place at the ineside.

Scarcely had he performed this movement when a lond knocking was again heard at the door; and immediately after, as if this slight ceremony were only used in mockery, the frail barrier was once more daslied inward on its linges. A crowd of soldiers rushed into the apartment, and stopped short on seeing the bridegroom habited in the accoutrements of the White Kuight, and standing in a posture of defence between his foes and the young girl, who seemed to be restrained, rather by her deference to
his wishes, than by any personal apprehension, from pres. sing forward to his side.
"Stand back!" said Cormac, levelling his blade at the foremost of the throng. "Before you advance further, say what it is you seek. The inmates of this house (all but one) are under the protection of the English law, and can only be molested at your great peril".
"If you be the White Knight, as your dress bespeaks you", returned an English officer, "surrender your sword and person into our hands. It is only him we seek, and no one else shall be disturbed, further than to answer our claim of bonaght bor-rest and refreshment for our small troop until the morning breaks".
"I am not so thirsty of blood for the sake of shedding it merely", returned the pseudo knight, "that I would destroy a life of Heaven's bestowing in a vain encounter. Here is my sword, although I am well aware that in yielding it without a struggle, 1 do not add a single one to my chances (if any I had) of safety in the hands of my Lord President".
"It would be dishonourable in me to deceive you", said the Englishman: "your ready, though late, surreuder can avail you little. I have here the warrant, which commands that the exccution of the rebel captain should not be deferred longer than six hours after his arrest. I am not disposed, however, to be more rigid than my instructions compel me to be, so that you may call the whole six hours your own, if you can find use for so mach time in this world".

Cormac turned pale, and thought of Minny; but he dared not look at her. The poor girl endeavoured to support herself against the chair which her lover had leit vacant, and retired a little, lest he should wherse and participate in the agitation which this fatal announcement had occasioned.
"I thought it probable", said Cormac, with some hesita-
tion, " that I might have bad a day, at all events, to prepare for my fate; but my Lord President is a pious man, and must be better aware than I, how much time a simer under arms might require to collect his evidence for that last and fearful court-martial, whose decision is irrevocable. A soldier's conscience, sir officer, is too often the only thing about him which he allows to gather rust. If I liad bsen careful to preserve that as unsullied as my swirl, I would not esteem your six hours so short a space as they now appear".
"T'lıe gift of grace, sir knight", said a solemn-looking sergr"nt, " is not like an Earthly plant, which requires much time and toil to bring its blossom forth. Heard ye not of the graceless traveller, who, riding somewhat more than a Sabbath-d...y's journey on the seventh, was thrown from his horse and kilied near a place of worship? The congregation thrught his doom was sealed for both worlds, and yet,

Belween the stirrup and the ground, Ne:cy he sought and mercy he found"
"Ayc", said the captive; "there are some persons who look on this world as mere billeting quarters, and require no more time to prepare for the eternal route than they migit to brace up a havresac; but my memory is not so lizut of carriage. I remember to have heard at Mungharid, a Latin adage, which might shake the courage of ally one who was iuclined to rely venturously on his powers of spiritual dispatch : -

> C'nus erat-ne desperes:
> Unus tautum-ne presumas.

However, I shall be as far wide of the first peril as I should wish to be of the last. Come, sirs, you forg t your supper; leave me to my own thoughts, and pray respect this maiden, who will attend to your wants while I rest".
"She seems as if she would more willingly omit that
office", said the Englishman. "The maiden droops sorely for your misfortune, Knight".
"Poor girl!" Cormac exclaimed, venturing to look round upon her for the first time since his capture. "It is little wonder that she should wear a troubled brow. You have disturbed her bridal feast". Then taking her hand, and pressing it significantly while he spoke, he added: "Your husband was reckoned a true man, and I know him well enough to be convinced that he would not place his heart in the keeping of an unworthy or a selfish love. I know, therefore, that yon could not make him happier than by acting on this occasion with that firmness which he expects from you. Tell him, I knew better the value of life than to lament my fate, at least for my own sake: and remember, likewise, Minny (is not that your name ?) if ever Cormac should, like me, be hurried off by an untimely stroke of fate-if ever"-he renewed the pressure of the hand, which he still held in his - " if ever you should see him led, as I must now be, to an early death, remember, my girl, that none but the cravenhearted are short-lived on Earth. A brave man, who had fuifilled all lis duties, can never die untimely; but a coward would, though every hair were gray upon his brow".

He strove to withdraw his hand; but Minny, who felt as if he were tearing her heart away from her, lield it fast between both hers, and pressed it with the grasp of a drowning person. Cormac felt, by the trembling and moistness of her hand, that she was on the point of placing all in danger by bursting into a passion of grief. He lowered his voice to a tone of grave reproof, and said :
" Remember, Minny, let him not find that he has been deceived in you. That would be a worse stroke than the headsman's".

The forlorn girl collected all her strength, and felt the tumnlt that was rising in her breast subside, like the
nproar of the northern tempest, at the voice of the Reimkennar. She let his hand go, and stood erect, while he passed on, followed by several of the party, into another room. Strange as sorrow had ever been to her bosom, she could not have anticipated, and was wholly incapable of supporting the dreadful desolation of spirit which came upon her after she was left alune. She remained for some time motionless, in the attitude of one who listens intently, until slie heard the door of a small inner apartment, into which he had been conducted, close upon her lover; and then gathering her hands acro*s her bosom, and walking slowly to the vacant chair, she sank down in a violent and hysterical excess of grief.

It is strange that the effision of a few drops of : $b=$ y liquid at the eyes, should enable the soul to give mo ${ }^{2}$ tranquil entertainment to a painful thought or feelurs; but it is a fact, however, which Minny experienced in common with all who have known what painful feelings are. She pietured to herself the probable nature of the fate which awaited her hetrothed; and from the horror which she felt in the contemplation, proceeded to devise expedients for its prevention. This, however, appeared now to be a hopeless undertaking. The warrant of the Lord President mast needs be exconted within the time; and it was improbable that the White Knight could return before the expiration of the six hours. Would it be possible to contrive a scheme for his liberation? IIis guards were vigilant and numerous, and there was but one way by which he could return from the room, and that was occupied by sentinels. If Man, or the Kerry thief, his master, were on the spot, of what a load might they relieve her heart! She would have given worlds to 'ee mistress, for one night, of the roguery of the adept in aunt Norry's tale.

We shall leave her for the present, involved, like a bungling dramatist, in a labyrinth of ravelled plots and
contrivances, while we shift the scene to the unfortmate hero of the night, who lay in his room, expecting the catastrophe with no very enviable sensations.

The soldiers had left him to make the necessary preparations for his approaching fate in darkness and solitude. He was now on the peint of achieving a character, not without precedent in the listory of his country-namely, that of a martyr to his own heroic fidelity-and he was determined to bear his part like a warrior to the last. Still, however, to a lover, conscions of being loved againto a young man, with prospects so fair and present happiness so nearly perfect-to a bridegroom, snatched from the altar to the scaffold, at the very moment when he was about to become doubly bonnd to life by a tie so holy and so dear-to such an oue, though brave as a fiery heart and youtliful blood could make him, it was impossible that death should not wear a grim and most unwelcome aspect. Neither is thie man to be envied, whose nature could undergo so direful a change without emotion. True bravery consists, not in ignorance of, or insensibility to danger, but in the resolution which can meet and defy it, when duty renders such collision neeessary. Fear, in common with all the other passions of our nature, has been given us for the purpose of exercising our reason, and aequiring a virtue by its subjugation; and the man (if any such ever lived) who is ignorant of the feeling, is a monster, and not a hero. The truly courageous man is he who has a heart to feel what danger is, and a soul to triumph over that feeling, when it would tempt him to the neglect of any moral or seligious obligation. Such was the temper of Cormae. He believed that he was performing his duty, and did not even entertain a thought of any other line of conduct than that which he was pursuing; but this did not prevent his being deepiy and bititrly conscions of the hardness of his fortunes, in this unlooked-for and untimely separation.

Exhausted by the intensity of his sensations, le had dropped for some time into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when the pressure of a soft hand upon his brow made him lift up his eyes, and raise himself upon his elbow. Ho beheld Minuy stooping over him, with a dim rushlight burning in one hand, while with the other she motioned him to express no surprise, and to preserve silence.
" Hush, hush !" she said, in a low whisper, "Cormac, are you willing to make an effort for liberty?"

He stared strangely upon her, and stood on his feet.
"What is the meaning of this, Minny; how came you here?"
"The soldiers have been merrier than they intended, and I dringed their drink for them. Slip off your brogs, and steal out in your truis only. They are now sleeping in the next room, and I have left them in the dark. Fear not their muskets; I have drenched the matchlocks for them. There are only two waking, who are on guaro outside the door; and for these, we must even place our hopes in Heaven, and take the chance of their bad marksmanship. Ah, Cormac! - but there is no time to lose; come with me".
"My glorions heroinc!" cried the astonished soldier, "I could not have thought this possible".
" Hush ! your raptures will betray us".
"But whither do you intend to fly?"
"'To the cavern on the western side of the hill, where Fitzgerald lay on the night of the great massacre at Adare Castle. Keep close to me, and I think it likely we shall pass the sleepers".

She extinguished the light; anc both crept, with noiseless footsteps, into the adjoining room, which was the chamber of the heroic maiden herself. As they endeavoured to steal between the soldiers, who lay locked in Number on the gromnd, Mimny set her foot on some brittla snbstance, which cracked beneath her weight with a noisg sufficient to awaken one of the soldiers.
"It is the mirror !" said Minny to herself; "my aunt Norry's prophecy was but too correct, and my vanity has ruined everything".

Still, however, her presence of mind did not forsake her. The soldier, turning suddeuly round, laid hold of Cormac's estaigh or manitle, and arrested lis progress.
"Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "who have we here ?"
"Prithce, let go my dress, master soldier", returned the young girl; "this freedom tallies not well with your sermon on grace to the White Knight. I doubt you for a solemn hyjocrite".
"I knew yon not, wench", replied the sergeant, letting Cormac's mantle fall, " or I would as soon have thought of clapping palms with Deelzebnb, as of fingering any part of your Irish trumpery. Whither do ye travel at this time of the night?"
"Even to kindle my rushlight at our hearth-stone in the next room. Turn on your pallet, sergeant, and let me go, else you may be troubled "ith unholy dreams".

They passed on, and reached the outer room in safety.
"Now, Minny", said Cormac, "it is my turn to make a suggestion. Do you pass out, and await me at the stream that runs by the edge of the wood. The sentinels will suffer you to proceed, and the risk of detection will be lessened. Nay, never stop to dispute the point: its advantages are unquestionable".

Minny would not even trust herself with a farewell before she obeyed the wishes of her lover. A few passing jests were all she had to encomer from the sentinels, and Cormac had the satisfaction to see her hurry on, unmolested, in the direction of the stream. When he supposed a sufficient time had elapsed to enable her to reach the place of rendezvous, he threw aside 1 is mantle, and prepared to take the sentinels by surprise. The door stood open, and he could plainly see the two gnards pacing to and fro in the mooulight. Pausing for a moment, he up-
lifted his clasped hands to Heaven, and breathed a short sud agitated prayer of mingled hope and rasignation. 'Then summoning the resolution which never failed him in lii* need, be darted through the doorway int the open air.
A.turi-hment and perplexity kept the sentinels motionless for some moments, and Cormac had fled a considerable distance before they became sensible of the nature of the occurrance which had taken place. Both instantly discharged their pieces in the direction of the fugitive, and with loud shouts summoned their comrades to assist in the pursuit. The bullets tore up the earth on either side of Cormac, who could hear, as he humied on, the execrations and uproar of the awakened troop at finding their arms rendered incapable of service. He dashed onward toward the wood, and had the happiness, while the sounds of pursuit yet lingered far behind, to discern the whito dress of his betrothed fluttering in distinct relief against the dank and shadowy fuliage of the elm wood. Suatching her up in his arms with as little diliculty as a mother feels in supporting her infant, he hurried across the stream, and was quickly buried in the recesses of the wood.

The morning broke before they had reached the appointed place of concealment. It was one of those ancient receptacles for the noble dead, which were hollowed out of the earth in varions parts of the comntry, and were frequently used during the persecutions of foreign invaders, as places of refuge and concealment for the persons and properties of the renple. When they found themselves safely sheltered within the bosom of this close retreat, the customary effect of long restrained anxiety and sudden joy was produced upon the lovers. They flung themselves, with broken exclamations of delight and affiction, into each others arms, and remained for a considerable time incapable of acting or speaking with any degree of self-possession. The necessity, how
ever, of providing for their safety during the ensuing day, recalled them to a more distinct perception of the difficulties of their sitnation, and suggested expedients for their alleviation or remoral.

They ventured not beyond the precinets of their Draidical sojourn mutil the approach of evening, and even then it was but to look upon the sunlight, and hurry back again to their lurking-place in greater anxiety than before. The English hat discovered, and were fast approaching the mouth of their retreat.

Cormac, signifying to his bride that she should remain silent in the interior of the cave, drew his swerd and stood near the entrance, just as the light became obscured by the persons of the party who were to enter. They pansed for some time on hearing the voice of Cormac, who threatened to sacrifice the first person that should renture to place his foot inside the mouth of the recess. In a few moments after, the devoted pair were perplexed to hear the somd of stones and earth thrown together, as if to erect some building near the cave. Unable to form any conjecture as to the nature and object of this proceeding, they clung together, in silence and increased anxiety, a waiting the iswne.

On a sudelen, a strong whitsh light streamed into the cavern, casting the dark and lengthened stadows of the party who stood without, in sharp distinctness of outline upon the broken rocks on the opposite.
"Look there, Minny!" exclaimed the youth, " it is the moon-rise, and we may shortly look for the retum of our chief".
"It cannot be, Cormac. The shadows would fall, it that case, to the westwards, and not to the sonth. It is a more fatal signal, it is the death light of the Rock!"

Cormac paused for some moments. "Fatal it may be", he replied,-"but do yon observe, Mrmy, that no part of its ghastly lustre has fallen upon ns? It is shiming
br:ght upon our enemies. There is a promise in that, if there be in reality any supernatural meaning in the appearance".

Minny slghed anxiously, while she hung upon his arm -but made no answer to this cheering snggestion. The party ontside continued their labour, and in a little time the light was only discernible, as if penetrating through small crevices at the entrance.
"What can they intend ?" said Minny, after a pause of some minutes, during which the party outside maintained profond silence. "All merciful Heaven" she continued, starting to her feet in renewed alarm,-"" we are about to sulf 1 the fate of Desmond's Kernes-they are going to sulfiucate us with fire!"

A dense rolume of smoke, which rolled into the cavern through the crevices before-mentioned, confirmed this terrific conjecture. The practice, all barbarous as it was, had been frequently resorted to by the conquering party in the subjugation of the inland districts of the island. Feeble as he lad been rendered by fatigue, anxiety, and want of food, Cormac resolved to make a desperate effort to escape the horrible death which menaced them, and rushed, sword in hand, to the mouth of the cave. But he was met by a mass of heated vapour, which deprived him of the power of proceeding, or even calling aloud to their destroyers. He tottered back to where he had left his bride, and sinking down on the earth beside her, felt a horrid sense of despair weigh down his energies like cowardice. Again he arose, and attempted to force his way throngh the entrance, and again he was compelled to relinquish the effort. He cried alond to them-offered to surender-and entreated that they would at least have mercy on his companion. But no auswer was returned, and the dreadful couclusion remained to be deduced, thet, contented with having made the work of death secure, bey had retired to a distance from the place.

With a sickening heart, eyes swollen and painful, and a reeling brain, Cormac once more resumed his place by the side of his betrothed. She had fallen into a kind of delirium, and extended her arms towards him with an expression of suffering, which made his heart ache more keenly than his own agonies.
"I want air, Cormac !-ol, Cormac, my love! take me home with you-take me into the green fields-for I am dying here-Air, Cormac! air, for the love of Heaven !"
" My own love, you shall have it-look up, and bear a good heart for two minutes, and we shall all be happy again".
" This place is horrible-it is like Hell! It is Itell! Are we living yet? I have been a simner; and yet, I hoped, too, Cormac-I always hoped"-
" Hope yet, Minny, and you shall not hope in rain-keep your face near the earth, where the air is freest. Hal listen to that. The White Kuight is returned, and we are safe!"

A rolling of inusketry, succeeded by yells, shouts, and cries of triumph and of anguish, was heard ontside the cavern. Cormac and his bride stood erect once more; but poor Dinny's strength failed her in the effort, and she sank lifeless into the arms of her lover. In a few moments the mouth of the cavern was cleared; and a flood of the cool sweet air rushed like a welcome to life and hapjiness, into the bosoms of the sufferers. Recovering new rigour with this draught, Cormac staggered toward the entrance, and passed out into the open air, with his fainting bride on his shoulder and a drawn sword in his right hand-presenting to the troop of liberators, who were gathered outside, a picture not malike that of Theseus bearing the beautiful queen of Dis from the descent of A vemus. His pale cheeks looking pater in the moonlight, his wild staring eyes, scatterd bair, and military attire, contributed to render the resemblance still more striking.

The White Knight received him with open arms; but Cormac would hold no more lengthened communication unil his bride was restored to health and conscionsness.

In this no great difficulty was encountered; and tradition says, that the White Knight was one of the merriest dancers at the bridal feast, which was given at the cottage in a few days after these occurrences.

I learned from a person curious in old legends, an account of the manner in which the "Candle on the Rock" was exorcised,-for it has not been scen for a long lapse of time. About two years after the marriage of Cormac and Minny, they were both scated, on a calm winter evening, in the room which had been the scene of so much tumult and disaster on the occasion above-mentioned. Minny was occupied in instructing a little rosy child (whose property it was, my fuir readers may perhaps conjecture) in the rudiments of locomotion; while Cormac(young huspands will play the fool sometimes)-held out lis arms to receive the daring adventurer, after his hazardous journey of no less than two yards, on foot, across the floor. The tyro-pedestrian had executed about half his undertaking without meeting with any accident worthy of commemoration, and lo! aunt Norry was bending over him, with a smile and a "Ma gra hu!" of overflowing affection, when an aged man presented himself at the open door, and solicited charity for the love of Heaven!

Minny placed a small cake of griddle bread in the arms of the infant, and bade him take it to the stranger. The child tottered across the floor with his burden, and deposited it in the hat of the poor pilgrim, who laid his withered hand on the glossy ringlets of the little innocent, and blessed him with much fervency. At that moment, the fatal Light of the Rock streamed through the doorway, and bathed in its lustre the persons of the wayfarer and Lis guileless entertainer. The poor mother shrieked aloud,
and was abont to rush towards the child, when the pilgrim, assuming on a sulden a lofty and majestic attitude, bade her remain where she stood, and suffer him to protect the child.
"I know," said he, "the cause of your fear, and I hope to end it. The evil spirit who possesses that fatal signal, is as much under the coutrol of the Almighty as the feeblest mortal amongst us; and if there be on Earth a being who is exempt from the pernicious influence which the demon is permitted to excrcise, surely the fiend may, with utmost security, be defied by innocence and charit $T^{\circ}$.

Having thus said, he knelt down, with the chii.l between him and the Rock, and commenced a silent prayer, while his clasped hands rested on the head of the infant, his long gray hair hung down upon his shoulders, and his clear bluc eye was fixed upon the fatal Candle. As he prayed, the anxiuus parents observed the light grow fainter and fainter, and the shadows of the old man and child become less and less distinct, until at length tho sallow hue of the pilgrim's conutenance conid scarcely be distinguished from the bloom that glowed upon the fresh checks of the infant. Before his prayer was ended, the light had disappeared altogether, and the child came running into the arms of its euraptured mother. When the first burst of joy had been indulged in, she looked up to thank the stranger; but he was nowhere to be seen!

The death-light has never since reappeared upon the Rock, although it preserves the name which it received from that phantom. Cormac and Minny long contimed to exercise the virtue of hospitality to which they owed so much in this instance; and I ann told that the child became a bishop in the course of time. This, surely, is good fortune enough to enable one to wind up a long story with credit; and I have only to conclude, after anat Norry's favourite form, by wishing: if they dids't live HAPPY, THAT YOU AND 1 MAY.

## CONCLUSION.

Br the time this last tale had drawn to its catastrophe, the narrator (the toothless hag before alluded to) found that she had been for a considerable time the sole admirer of her own romance. Alarmed by the increasing strength and harmony of the chorns with which the sleepers bore burden to her tale, she raised her palsied head from bencath the covering she had drawn over it, and gazed upon the circle. The host and hostess sat upright in their lofty chairs, snoring as if it had been for a wager, at the same time that they maintaned their attitudes with an unbending dignity that would have struck Cineas mute; white their friends lay scattered about the room in all directions, and some in very queer, conical postures indeed. As it was the tale, beyond all question, which had set them to sleep, so the sessation of the drowsy ham of the old woman's voice produced the contrary effect. The moment that perfect silence reigned aronnd them, all rubbed their eyes, and awoke. The first gray shimmer of a winter dawn stole in upon the revellers-the fowls began to rutfle their feathers upon the roost over the door-and the swinish citizens of a neighbouring piggery gave gruntilig salutation to the morn.

With huried and wondering gestures, the guests entered upon the bustle of separation, and the cuast was presently left clear of all but the god folks of the house. and their guest, the chronicler of the evening.

Of late years, scenes like this have become rare in Ireland. Before the period of the year arrives when ancient and revered custom reminds the peasant of ine domestic jollities of his fathers and of his own childhood, the horn of the Whiteboy, or the yell of the more ferocious Rockite, has startled the keepers of the land, and warned the inhabitants to prepare for "other than dancing measures." Without presuming for an instant to venture an opinion on the causes of the chinge, we may, at least, calculate on the reader's sympatly in expressing a hope that it may be of brief continuance, and that the time may not be very distant, when the Irish agriculturist may enjoy the domestic comforts which at many periods were known to his progenitors, and which are not denied to other nations in our own day-when

> "every man shall eat in safety,
> Under his own hedge, what he plants, and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours;"
when he can have his pit of potatoes, his reek of turf, his Sunday coat and brognes, his "three tinpennies" for the priest at Christmas and Easter; and his fimily fireside, and his collection of "popular tales" at "Hclland-tide."

## THI: END

# § K ETCHES <br> ILLUSTRATIVE <br> of <br> LIFE AND MANNERS <br> IN THE <br> SOUTH OF IRELAND. 

## IRISH SATIRE.

Among the many translated specimens with which we have been furnished from the remains of Old Irish Literature in all its other branches, I do not recollect haring seen any that told us of the existence of a satirical power. That this was rather the result of imperfect inquiry on the part of the curious in these matters, than of its actual non-existence, I always suspectedfor satire is ever keenest when it is näre-and this last is the characteristic of murechamed genins, in all comtries. I have been enabled to procure some instances which are current amongst the peasantry of the Sonth of Ireland, in their veruacular tongue ; and I shall venture to subjoin a few, almost literally rendered into English. They are presented under the form of fables, and like all early attempts of this mature, have the fanlt of being personal. The first is directed aquanst one of those half gentry who suphly the place of the absentee landlords, (this, it appears, was rather an ancient grievance, and let out portions of hand, in acres, half acres, and quarter acres, to the labourer who wishes to secure himself a store of potatnes against the idle season ensuing-and who take erpeeta!
care that they do not leave the premises until all demands have been cleared off by the miserable lessee. I remember having heard the fable introduced with great effect, into a harangue, by an otator of this class.
"John Fimmane walked through his grounds-aJohn was weary, and he sat down upon a ridge of potatoes. It was Jerry Graham's quarter: How astonished was John Fimane to hear Jerry's white-yes talking to one another in tine ground muder him: He stooped, and began to listen. 'Will you grow any more?' says a little potatoe to a big potatoe. 'No,' says the other, 'I am big enough.' 'Well, then,' says the little potatoe, 'move out of the way, and let us grow for poor Jerry Graham and the creatures.' 'You know very well,' says the big potatoe, 'that I cant't stir out of this until John l'innane gets his rent.' 'That's true,' says the other."

The next was intended to ridicule an extravagant fellow, who, having no family, neglected his household concerns, and was ruining limself by indolence, and a fonduess for the chase. The fairies of the Hibernian burds are a very different race of beings from those of Shakespeare. 'They do not hold their meetings
"On the beached margent of the sea, To dauce their ringlets to the whisting wind,"
but are generally represented as a race of chubby boys in red jackets, with caps on their heads, and invariably engaged in the diversion of goal playing, a game somewhat resembling our cricket.
"so grood a rider David Foy was, and so notable a creature was his horse, that he left hounds, hunt, hare, and all behind him. On he went, and he was going, going, going, until he came to a great valley. And there he saw a number of boys, with red jackets, and
caps on their heads, and hurlies in their hands, playing goal. David Foy began to be afraid, for he koew where he was. Presently, an old hag came and offered him something to drink; he refnsed it, for he knew it was not good to take drink from the like.* 'Take it,' said the old hag, 'and don't spare, it is David Foy's cider, and long may he live, we don't want for the best he has.' David went in, and made merry with them. By and by, in comes an ounshah with a fine pail of sweet milk. 'Where did yon get that?' said the har. ' Long life to David Foy, where should I get it but out of his dairy? He is out hunting, and Betsy was in the doggart with Tim Foulou, and I took my share with the cat and the dog.' 'Umph!' says David to himself. Then comes in an ounshah with a firkin of butter, and another with a gammon of bacon, and all in the same story. ''Tis no admiration for ye to be so fat,' says Darid, making as if he knew nothing. In a year after, he came to the same place; the bors were nothing but skin and bone, and the old hag was scraping a raw potatoe to make a cake for their supper. 'Oh! the curse of Cromwell on you, David Foy, tor a near nager as you are ; we haven't made a good meal on yon, this twelve-month.' 'The more my luck,' says David."

The last I shall at present give you, is one of more general application, though, as usual, an individual has been made the vehicle of the satirist's spleen, and no less an individual than a saint, and no less a saint then the great patron himself. While its chief point is aimed at those who do mueh, but stop short of all, there is likewise a sly lit at the W estern folks.
"How was it that St. Patrick did not reform all Ireland? When he came over first, he walked along,

[^14]preaching, and converting, and baptizing, wherever ho came. When he came into Ossory, he baptized without preaching. When he came down to Limerick, he made priests, and told them to baptize and to preach; but when he arrived in Shanagolden, he lifted up his hands, and said, 'Good people, God bless ye all to the West! and returned to Dublin."

## SONNET-REPENTANCE.

I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,
Over whose slumbering waves the night mists hung,
'Till from the morn's grey breast a fresh wind sprung,
And swept its brightening bosom joyously!-
Then rolled the shades its quickening breath before;
The glad sea rose to meet it-and eaeh wave,
Retiring from the wild caress it gave,
Made summer musie to the listening shore !

So slept my soul unmindful of thy reign;
But the kind breath of thy celestial graee
Hath risen !-Oh! let its sweetening spirit chase
From that dark seat each mist and mortal stain,
Till-as in yon clear water, mirrored fair-
Heaven once more sees itself reflected there!

## TIIE DISPENSARY, VILLAGE LITERATURE.

Host, Page, \&c.-Bless thee, doctor.-Save you, master doctor.Give you good morrow, good master doctor!
Doctor Caius.-Vat be all you, one, two, Iree, four, come for ?-Be gar, de herring is no dead. so as I vill kill!

Merry Wives of Windsor.
"Am I not punctnal? (said a medical friend, physician to a Wexford Dispensary, on entering my apartment at an earlier hour than was precisely agreeable,) I am come, according to promise, to accompany you to our Dispensary. If Hans Holbein, (he continued, throwing himself into a sedia d'apoggio, ) had laid the scene of his Triomphe de la Mort in Ireland, I could supply him with some sketches which, I think, would form no disadrantageons substitutes for the many flat common-places with which he has favoured us. Now, in the first instance, I would take him to a potatoe fiell, through which I passed yesterday on this very estate, (the Earl of ${ }^{* * *}$ 's, and where I was witness to a scene which its absentee proprictor, I hope, does not dream of. I would give him the outline of that scene, with his own whimsical distortions, and this should be my etching :--In the centre I should place one of those portly gentlemen, to whose predecessors it was said, 'Go forth, and take ye your scrip and your staff,' \&e.; and I would be careful that he hat more of the scrip than of the staff, in the formation of the outward man; otherwise, I should not be a faithful historian. He should point with his cane to an open potatoc-pit in the
half distance, on the left: perched npon this goodly eminence, I would give gon a the-proctor with a mallet in his hand, serving in the capacity of anctioncer, and roaring out the biddings of some decently dressed fetlows, whom, by the use they make of their left hands in examining the devoted cups, you may judge to be Palentines.* On the left, in the foreground, I should make a group of the miserable, starving family of the lessec. In the distance, on the extreme left, you shonld see a skeleton horse, and cart, preparing to remove their all-their little winter store ; and on the extreme right, a miserable hovel, or cabin. To complete the allegorical part of the satire, I wonld have Death, mander the usual figure of a squelette, with a spade lifted over the chnrchman's hearl, pour lui casser la tête. IIe should have the white shirt of a Rockite thrown over his grisly boncs, and his os frontis should be smeared with bogdust."
" I should recommend to yon, (said I,) to make a rough draft of the thing, and show it to your friend $\mathrm{F}-$, at the Glehe."
"Then my next sketch shonld be taken from a Country Dispensary. Death should be here placed behind the connter, employed after his own heart, under all the anthority of a wig and diploma; and I would have a junior skeleton at his side, with a mortar in one hand, and a pestle in the other, fiercely engaged in componding for the miserable looking applicants."
"And wonkl you make this one before us sit for the picture ?" said I.
"Ho! sir ; no, no, (he exclaimed,) the W-- Dispeusary is acknowledged to be an exception :-Come

[^15]in, come in "-The door was opened, and a rush commenced, some idea of which may be formed by those who have waited half-an-hour at the pit door of Drury Lane, in the first rum of "The Cataract."
"Good morrow, doctor. Ah! then, long life to your honour ; how does the young mistress, and Master Tom, and the old man of all, Sir? May be you havn't any time to look at this bit of ticket, plase your honour ; 'tis from old Hartig:m*, Sir," (the treasurer to the concern.) "Very well, very well, my good man, sit down, sit down.-I don't know, (said the Doctor to me, while he made his arrangements in the surgery, whieh was about half again as mmnificently furnished as that of Romeo's apotheeary,) what these good people did ten years back, when there was no such thing as a dispensary in the country ; but since they have been established, they seem to regard it as a most unreasonable thing to expect that their little finger should ache while a doctor was in the neighbourhood, and to think that it would be a kind of sucidal act if they failed to make the case known. An unwise fellow would quarel with them on occasions of this kind, but I humonr them -set their minds to rest, save myself tronble, and make my reputation. You shall see one of those very extraordinary cases before we have done. W edl, Mis. O'Hierlohee, and what's the matter with yon, pray?"-"Why, then, Sir, I can hardly tell what ails me, but I'm very bad entirely."-_" Do yon sleep well, Mrs. O'H ?"--" Oh! very well, Doctor."-_" Aul do yon cat well ?"-" Oh! then, it is'nt so bad with me, but I can eat a little, Doctor."-_" And drink well ?"-_"I ean"t say but I do, indeed, your honour."-_" Well, then, what is the matter with you, Mrs. O'll.?"--" Why, then, I don't know, Doctor ; only I'm very bad entircly

[^16]-entirely."-_"Oh! is that it? Well, we'll get yon orer that; sit down a moment" He let me see the preseription, which was quite as novel and as nugatory as the case itself ; it was giren in this form :-


And we had the satisfaction to learn that it was successful à la merveille.
"Well, Mr. M'Coy, what has happened to your hand, that you have bound up there--what ails it ?""Why, then, Doctor, (said the man, advancing his head obliquely, with a knowing, confidential look, ) I believe 'tis some of my sims that's going to be forgiven me! I never had such punishment in my life, since I was born."-_" How did it happen?"-"How did it hoppen! Why, then, I'll tell your honour that same. To be engaged to cut rape for--there he is--Switzer, the Palentine, and it to be Michaelmas-day--a retrenched holiday, and I, never to know it, till I run the raping-hook right across my fingers !--Aud, upon the restment I conld swear, it was mbnownst to me I did it ; for, though it be retrenched, I kuow 'tisu't good to break it for all."

The Irish are a nation of intnitive humbugs; and they succeed better in their essays on their superiors, because they coser their shrewdness with a simplicity really matural. My friend was boasting to me how perfectly he was an fait with respect to their qualifications in this respect, when a woman, who had asked without avail the four and fiftieth time for a little grain of nrnate, (ernato,) turned to one of her companions, who was being congratulated by another on her perfeet recovery, and said, as if apart, "Ah! then, Mazy, you
may thank the Doctor for that."-_"Sure, I know I may, Koth," said Mary.-" The Lord be good to them that sent us a clever and a civil gentleman, that knows his lusiness."--'The finesse was irresistible; and she went off immediately in trimuph with her prize.

In the afternoon, I accompanied " the Doctor" to see a patient (on a risiting ticket,) who was ill of a brain fever. The messenger told ns he was the great Mr. Davy Dooley, the poet of the village ; and added, as a kind of hint to my friend, if he was at all ambitious of immortality, that David wrote a song in praise of Dr. - , the last physician who attended him, and that the neighbours said there was a dale of very fine English in it. "But I don't know, please your honour, what is it makes poets so unlucky. Davy never did well in his life : I think myself 'tis the curses of the people that they make the songs upon, that falls upon them.* Davy never had any luck since he wrote one upon Father Phelim, where he says,

> "Go, kneel and pray-or fight and play, Or drink, or what ye will;
> But bring your grist on Christmas-day, To Father Phelim's mill!"

When we arrived at the elay-walled dwelling of this village Jurenal, we found it crowded almost to suffocation with the gossips and the literati of the whole neighbourhood. Never was mortal so pestered with queries of "Well, Doctor, what do you think of him? Will he do, Sir?" as my poor friend was on his sortèe from the inner chamber, which was separated by a hurdle from the onter, where, in the midst of the hushed assembly, stood the redoubted Father Phelim, himself;

[^17]much to his credit, haranguing them on the absurdity of the idea that the poet's brain was visited for its own wicked creations, at the same time that he condemued these last. Let me here offer a plea for that much i!jurea, much misrepresented, homely, honest class, the Catholic priesthood of the comntry parishes. Nothing can be more unfair, more untrue, than the allusions sometimes made to their comfortable mode of living, and their love for it. A poor farmer will fix on one of his sons to be made a priest of ; a classical education can be procured in Ircland for a few pounds; and this Jad, after having achieved a parish, which may briur him in abont thirty pounds a year-sometimes scarcely so much-is saddled with the care of a few sisters, a sister's child, sometimes a yomg brother, or an old aunt, or a widowed mother ; and these he must provide for, until taken off his hands in one way or other.

Of the character of one of this class, Father Phelim's harangue (with the conclusion of which I shall conclude, ) furnished an example. There is nothing profane or disrespectful in my quoting it, as it was given in a social, not a ministerial capacity :-
"'Tisn't any fine, classical poetry we see ye about writing ; sweet, neat lines, such as-there he is-Palemon and Daphinis used to make in Horace loug ago. No ; these times are gone by. We have nothing now but nuge canore, as Homer says. Oh! if Tytyrus or Virgil were to rise out of their graves, and see such verses coming after them, I wonder what would they Eay to it? Sorrow a bit, if they wouldn't be ashamed they ever printed a line, or haudled a pen and paper. Arenis cera junctis tu indocte cum in triviis, $f \cdot c$., as Melibeus says; as mueh as to say, "Yon illiterate fellow, you gof for to sing on the boreens, when you should be closing brogues with wax."

## THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

> Porque Io Porquiero que me mejore Quien cante sino quien llore! $\quad$ Calderon's El mıjor monstruo los Zelos.

In all other imitations of human fecling and manner with which poetry furnishes us, (if we allow John Dryder's position-that all poetry is but imitation, ) we have only one plain and almost muderiating path by which the imitator tends towards his object ; but the avemues to that deep and single one, the pathos of Nature, are varions and innomerable as the different grades by which in the hearts of men it ascends to its climax. All men hare at least the capability of this fecling, if of no other ; and therefore it is, that in the carly life of poetry, when it has only nature to imitate, it excels in the maked delineation of the true pathos of the heart. Every poet of mature has pathos, and each a pathos of his own. Read the death scene of Webster's " White Devil ;" read Burns' Epistle to his friemd Andrew ; read the "La vida es sueno" of rhe wihd and inregular, but powerful writer from whom I have taken my motto ; read the two last acts of Lear, (not Tate's, but Shakepeares ; ) and read the "But was't a miserable day?" of the weak and heroie, and mean and noble Belvidera :--yon will weep orer all, but yon will compare none; it is a different feeling that agitates you in each.

This has been regarded as the prominent and distinguishing merit, both of the ancient poetry and music of Ireland ; but it was not my intention now to speak of these ehter worthies; I merely sat down to tell you a little eircumstance of whieh I was myself a witness, some months since, in a little village in the south-west of Ireland,-a distriet which has lately exeited a melancholy interest. The custom of erying aloud at funcrals in that conntry is well known, and has certainly a very powerful, though not a very pleasing effect on those who have been acenstomed to the silent and cold decorum with which we follow the remains of our acquaintances to their long home in this. But those who close their ears at the first intrusion of this strange simmaneons wailing of many voices and few hearts, arc very widely mistaken if they imagine that it is the easy aequisition of all, or that it is so ummnsical in solo, as it is in the aggregate. It is hell just in the same esteem among the peasantry, as a very perfect intimacy with Mozart, Handel, or Rossini, is in circles more polite. An Irish swain, in describing his mistress to yon, will place her affections in this ratio: "Alı! but she is a very clever girl, with a white skin; and (shaking his head) she has a fine cry wöth her." I have actually known of many conguests made by well-graced madens; and what appears still more extraordinary, conguests planned by them, in the train of a funcral, and in the wailing of a friend's death! I have heard the performers in those singular choruses taken to picces in a cottage coterie on the subsequent evening, with as much malice, and as great an affectation of eritical acmmen, and as little of human merey, as is here exhib. ited in the dissection of the young performers in a Lent Concert or Oratorio. "Why, Mary, you didn't cry today, at all, at all." "Indeed, then, bett it wasn't that there was no room for worse than Mary," said a third.
"Well, to be sure, it isn"t good to judge ; but if ever e'er a girl ditl make a muthane of herself, Kitty Kilmartin was that girl this day. She made the whole churchyard langh. 'There she was, with her yollow jook and her white handlitcher, and her pay colour rillin, and she erying for the bare life, and sorrow a note slie hat, no more nor the gorsoon that drov the truclede." "I wonder what would Thady say if he seen her." "Who is Thady?" "A boy of the Galahoos, that was looking after her ; but Kitty went in service to a blue licart, (Anglice, Protestant,) and-there's a month there since --she went to mass with one of the mistress's books, with a fine red cover ; but what should Thady be doing but sitting behind her, unkinownst, and she having the wrong side of the book to-vards her. Thaty seen how 'twas, and he never come nigh her after ; and, ('tisu't good to judge, ) but, Kitty Kilmartin! set up for to cry over the dead corpse!--Gondoutha!"

You see, therefore, that sincerity is not even thonght of. But I have been fortmate enongh to hear this melancholy and wild piece of monotony in its perfection, for I heard it when it was sincere--when it sprong from and gave expression to the real feeling of the heart. Perhaps--indeed, I am sure--that I shall be looked on as a heretic in the musieal creed of the day, if I find the hardiness to affirm, that the compass and modulation and volume of a Catalina would not have produced such an effect on me; but I save myself yet, hy acknowledging that this was in a great measure the result of the attenting circumstances. At the east side of the romantic little village of Adare is an old charch, which has been for some time a prohilited spot to the sexton's spade; and a momber of monklering and grasscovered tombs are seen aromed its walls, in what was once a chareh-vard, but it is now almost a fich. I remember, a few years since, walking from Limeriek to
to this rillage in an evening. It was a Christmas Eve. Erery cottage and cabin on the road-side presented a picture of at least a temporary cheerfiness. The elder folks were employed in festive preparations, such as they were, for the following day; and the little mrehins gazing with wonder on the great mould candle which, for one night only, throughout the year, nsurped the place of the little slender rush-light, or still feebler slip of bog-deal,--a simple and frugal substitute, which contents them well for their own convenience, but is not deemed worthy to honour this season of miversal joyance. It was a fine winter night-calm, clear, and cold. I had fully entered into the pleasant spirit which breathed all aromen, when a sudden turn in the road brought me almost close to the church I speak of. I stopped to look at the ruin, and a peasant who accompanied me, pointed ont, under an elder tree, a woman sitting on one of the tombs, her gown turned over her head, which was bent forward on her knees. I was surprised and affected by the singular contrast which the scene presented. Her story may be said in ten words: She was a widow, who depended for all upon the exertions of an only son. He loved and hononred her ; but he was misled--he was a Rockite. The policy in those cases recommends the execution of the culprit who falls into the hands of justice, as near as possible to his home ; so that this unfortunate youth had suffered almost opposite his mother's door. It was from her I heard the cailach in its perfection. Every Christmas Eve since his death, while other parents langhed at their firesides, she had spent at her boy's tomb, and sung it to his bones. It was a lond and thilling ary, followed by a modnlated descent, and ending in broken sobs and half-muttered sentences. These last, my companion, in his own rude way, rendered into English for me ; but the matter of each, I
thought strongly expressive of the utter solitude of soul, the monruful and destate feeling, which is oceasioned by the reflection that we stand alone in a crowt, - things of the word, yet haring no tie of interest or affection with it. The circmustance altogether struck me as being peculanly characteristic of the ahmost romantic depth of fecling which stamps the mind of a conntry, where the ties of relationship are drawn more closely than, perhaps, in any other in the civilized world; where, to use a phrase current among themselves, "a man's chith is always his child;" for the interests of a family are seddom divided. I speak now, only of the peasantry.

The following are the ideas of the Lament; but I will not say that the poetical dress has improved them, though I have endearoured to retain their simplicity :

O, what shall be my Christmas joy When the plearant day is cmue?
To think upon my murdered Buy, A nd weep upon his tomb!-
Anthers of children!-should you plain?
Un! you are stricken light by tate-
A b-ane and bove to you remain,
Bu. I am le:olate! -
Elea! Eleu!
And is he dead! and is he gone? -
My life! my chili! my only one!

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And I clasped my mother's knee;

- Saw my moner fillow him,

And my husbad wept with me!
My bushand did not long remain,
Bat his chikd was heft me yet:
Oh! my chal-my heart's fast love is slain, Smil an deabtic! -
d.leu! Vlea!

Ane is he dead? and is he gone?
Ny all in all!-my only onc!

## ST. SIN 0 N'S ISLE.

Would not the traditional name of this Saint, Sinon, have been much better suited to the light and gracefnl versification of the Irish bard, than the chilling, elassieal one he has chosen-Semanus? It does not, however, matter much ; for the little song he has founded on this old legend, is one of the feeblest and least popular of all his melodies. Walking some time since, near the village of Kildimo, in the connty of Limerick, my attention was direeted, by a comntryman who accompanied me, to an old dismantled castle between us and the Shamon's side. In the sonth wall of the ancient pile, I could perceive a round oritice, which he told me was the handi-work of one of Cromwell's camon balls. The castle, he inforned me, belonged in early times to a chief of the Butler family, who had "come by his end after a very quare mamer." I chnckled at the prospect of a traditional story, and begged him to proceed. "Why, sir," he continned, "he was a very samage man; when a serving man forgot his commands, or a thing of the kim, he made no more ado, hat ordered lim to be humg up on that ohd elder tree your honome sees before the gate. It was in these same times that St. Sinon took to the Isamd of Scattery, near Kilmsh, and made his protest that no woman should ever set
foot on its ground. When old Butler herrat tell of this, he seut off word to St. Sinon, that he shomld expect tribute from him. St. Sinon sent him back for an answer, that what he had was God's gift, and hed pay no man a tithe on it. To be sure ohd Buthe was very mad at this; and to be sure 'tis he that dial raise the great faction to exterminate him from the face of the earth. But Sinon took it easy, and said to them that wanted him to fly, "No," says he, " tisu't me-'tis the blessed Hearen that he's threathing ; and weetl see what will come of it-and the sooner the thetter," says he. And to be sure, true enongh the Saint's words come. Butler stood on the Shamon's side, with his men aronnd him, and his ships upon the water. When they lad embarked, he was about to step into the skiff, when his foot slipped; he shot like nu arrow under the boat, and was never heard of after!"

The tale of the peasant excited in me a wonderful desire to visit this firr-famed little islet. On returning to the cottage where I made my sojourn, at Ringmoylam, (the estate of Lord Charleville,) I proposed the exeursion to Miss O Shangmessy of Pallas Kemry, a blooming personifieation of the belle ideale of lrish grace and beanty, and to her sister's husband's consin, Mr Thady O'Histin, of Killimicat, a yomg gentleman who had been once to London, and since his return, affected to despise every thing Hibermian : he east away his molgar family name, or rather qualified it, by writur Mr. Thaddens Lastings on his cards, to the great vexatom of his guardian and uncle, an old Hintiln, who was prond of the mame. The blac ares of Miss U'S. apark. led with rapture when I ased her to aceompany hs, and Mr. 'inaddens wondered what was to be seen there. "Why," said Miss O'shanghessy, " sure you have head of the rams, Thaty? the deven charches, and the round tower "" Ar. 'S. began to talk of it estmin-
ster Abbey and Stonehenge ; and his cousin's wife's Eister repeated the word's of Moore's melody, dwelling wid peculiar emphasis on the last lines:-

> But legends hint, that had the maid
> 'Till morning's light delayed, And given the saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle!

The trip was at length agreed on. We were supplied with all the local information necessary by the Physieian of the neighbouring dispensary, a very clever yonng fellow, (who, I hope, if he sees this, will remember his old companion, and the next morning we set off for Limerick, in the jingle. On arriving at Swinbonrne's Hotel, we found that the Lady of the Shamon, steam packet, was to sail for Kilrush on the following day.

Behold us, then, on the deck-a beantifnl and breathless moming-admiring the splendid scenery of the Shamon side. Miss O'Shanghessy, as she called herself; or Miss Shamnissy, as her sister's husband's eonsin called her; or Miss O'shochassy, according to the delicate earphusme of the steward of the vessel-peering throngh the captain's telescope at the receding summit of Keeper's Hill, and the turrets of St. Mary's stefple ; her brother lying on a bench in affeeted ennui; and Master Oscar * * taking his notes at the bimacle with a most furions cagerness. We arrived at Kilrush, hired a eot, and proeeeded to the isle of St. Sinon. It pontains eleven churches and a round tower, which, considering that it is not half-a-mile round, is no tritling allowance. In some of these are many contions pieces of senlpure, and the obelisk itself is one of the most perfect I have seen. It may be discerned on the horizon tong before the istand is visible. There is a flag in one of the wharches, which, say the dwellers of the shore, has been often sought as a emriosity by antiquari-
ans; but, though four men may with ease lift and carry it to the water's edge, no human power can move it into a boat for the purpose of removal! The island is at present uninhabited.

Duriug a drjeuné, which we took on the grass, Miss O'shaughessy lamented that we should have no genins to panegrize such a fine stream as the Shamon, and such moble seenery as we had that tay witnessed. Sir, this was touching me in the tender side; I have been always dabling in "the crambo jingle," as Burns calls it, and I remembered the words of that poet :--

> The Hisus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine, (ilide sweet in mony a tuneful lineBat, Willie, set your fist to mine, An' cock your crest; We'll gar our streams and birnies shine Up wi' the best!

I plucked up a sudden courage, and I resolved to surprise Miss O'S. and her sister's husband's eonsin. She declared that the lines were "rery, very handsome, indeed ;" but I hud the mortification to over-hear Mr. Thaddens whisperng to her, "that he womld lee any ucee er she pleesed," that if I sent them to the Literary Ciczelle, they would be rejected! Howerer, this dial nut much move me, for I always hehd his judgment in conteupt. To prove this, I shall sulijoin them:

## A RIVER SONG.

## I.

Merrily whistles the wind of the shore Thoough the lithe willow,
But wearily drops the boatman's oar, On the cahn billow:-
'Tis silem there-ahhough it sing Sofrestly on the land;
The feather shook from the wild duck's wing scarce fints the strand!-

## A RIVER SONG.

Then do not fear-up, maiden, and hear
The gushing billow-
In the deep* silent of the night
Lie on your pillow;
But wake with the waking of the day-light-
As fresh and as fair, and as blushing and brigh\%.

## II.

Is it not pleasanter thas to steal O'er the water-than on a dull bed
To toss in the wasting sun, and to feel
The beavy air over your head-
For this keen, elastie wind?-Look back !
Ha! how fleetly
St. Mary's turrets fade from our track-
And how sweetly
The chime of its bells comes o'er the ear, With the rush of the Shannon's waters here !-
III.

Oh ! it is pleasant to mark the lark,
When the dark brow of night is clearing,
Give greeting to the dawn-and-hark!
Waked by the dashing of our bark,
Throngh the green waves earecring ;
The plover and the shrill curlew
Round us screaming-
Startle thy silent shore, Tiervoe!
Where the beaming
Of the unshronded, morning sun,
Finds pleasant scenes to smile upon!-
IV.
'Tis noon! the Race $\dagger$ is past !-'Tis evenHa! see St. Sinon's Isle-
With its bigh round tower, and churehes eleven, Bathed in the evening's smile-
And deeper-and fainter-and fainter still
That smile is growing-
And now the last flush is on the hill,
Wasting and glowing-
And now in the west there's a bickering bright,
'Tis the triumph of darkness! the death of light !-

* "Dead vight-dun night-the silent of the night."

Shakspeare.
+The Race: A part of the Shannon, near Tarbert and Clonderlan Baywhere it diates itself so as to resemble a large lake.

## ST. SINON'S ISLE.

## $\nabla$.

Now steal we under the drowsy shoreOur toil is done! our sailing o'er !
How lovely thon lookest, young maiden, now Thy cheek is flushed-and on thy brow,

White-soft-and sleek-
One purple vein is faintly seen
Like a thin streak
Of the blue sky shown through a silver cloud, When the dim sun lies in his morning shroud!

# TIIE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S. 

"Those evening bells-those evening bells!"
Moore's National Melodies.

There is a delight which those only can appreciate who have felt it, in recalling to one's mind, when cast by fortume upon a strange soil and among strangers, the sights and sounds which were familiar to one's infant days. It is pleasant too, though perhaps, like the praise of one's own friend, rather obtrusive, to suatch those memories from their rest and give them to other ears,--to tinge them with an interest, and bid them live again. When we perceive, likewise that places and circumstances of real beauty and curiosity remain neglected and mknown for want of "some tongue to give their worthiness a voice," their is a gratification to our human pride in the effort to procure them, even for a space:

A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of lime And razure of ublivion.
I shall not iu this letter, as in my last, give any thing characteristic-any thing Irish. I will be dull, rather than descend from the elevation I intend to keep; but, in compensation, I will tell you a fine old Story, and if you have but the slightest mingling of poetical feeling in your composition, (and who is there now-a-days that will not pretend to some?)--I promise myself that you shall not be disappointed.

The city of Limerick, though surrounded by some very tolerable demesnes, is sadly deficient in one respect, not an mimportant one in any large town. There is no public walk of any consequence immediately arjoining it. The canal which leads to Dublin is bleak, from its want of trees ; and muhealthy, from the low marshy champagne which lies on either side its banks. This however; for want of something better, was for a considerable time the fashomalle promenade, until the formation of the Military Walk on the western side; to which the beanties of Limerick- (a commodity quite as celebrated, and some malicious wars say, almost as marketable, in an honourable way, as Limerick gloves) -have given, among themselves, the witty appellation of the path to promotion.

But at the head of this canal, where it divides itself into two branches, which, gradually widening and throwing off their artificial appearance, form a glittering cirelet around a small jsland which is covered with water shrubs-on this spot, I have delightedy reposed in many a sweet sunset-when I lowed to seek a glimpee of inspiration in such scenes--to imitate Moore's poe-try--and throw rhymes together, about the rills and hills, and streams and beams, and even and hearen, and fancy I was a genius!--"'lis gone--'tis gone--'tis gone!" as old Capulet says.

But let us recall it for a moment. Have the complaisance to indulge me in a day-dream, and faney, if you can, that you sit heside me on the bank. We are beyoud the hearing of the turmoil amd bustle of the town -_" the city's voice itself is soft--like solitudes"-and there is a hush around us that is delightiful-othe beane tiful repose of evening. The sum, that but a few minutes since rushed down the west with the speed of a wambering star, pases cre he shall set upon the very verge of the horizon, and smiles upon its uwn hamii-
work--the creation of his fostering fervour. Hark! one somnd alone reaches ns liere ; and how grand and solemn and harmonious in its monotony! 'These are the great belts of St. Mary's. 'Their deep toned vibrations undulate so as to prodnce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been olten remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history, which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence, and I consider it so tonchingly poetical in itself,--that I shall not dare to apply a fietitious name and fictitious circomstances where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy ; they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved, ) and finished atter the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were snbsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent ; and with the profits of this sale, the young Italiau procmred a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the madying worm in the peace of a fullen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all ; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, fanity, and home. 'The convent in which the bells, the chefstowure of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land. The mfortmate owner, hamited by his memories, and deserted hy his hopes, became a wanderer over Enrope. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he
arain found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolntion of seeking the place to which those treasmes of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland-proceeded up the Shannon ;-the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him ; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted hearl above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so cahn and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native heaven in the sweetest time of the year-the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stilluess, the bells tolled from the Cathedral-the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it hat received. The old Italian looked toward the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay baek in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family-all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked romend, they behehd him with his face still turned toward the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed-they found him cold!

Such are the associations which the ringing of St. Mary's bells bring to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this letter than with the little Melody, of which I have given the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling meludy of the author's poetry-a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own languge, nor expected in any other; althongh, like a great many more of his prodnctions, it has very little merit bexides--Why!- you cam almust fancy you can hear them ringing!--

Those evening bells-those evening bellsHow many a tale their music tells Of youth and home-and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those pleasant hours have passed away, And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring onWhen other bards shall walk those dells, And sing your praise-sweet evening belle

## LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Oh monstrous-oh strange-we are haunted! Pray, masters, fly-masters, help!

Midsummer Night's Drcam.

There is something good humoured in Irish super-stition-something qui donne de la joie dans la peur. We have no witches-none of those ugly, ill-favoured, earthly realities, which brutalize and stupify the minds of a portion of our own boors; but there is searee a hill, a longh, a dingle, a fort, or au old ruin, whieh does not call up within the peasant's mind some wild and puetically fearful association.

Let me see :--Here I have them-all that I was enabled to collect from the conntry people, who are quite as communieative as they are inquisitive--1 have them in petto before me in a stoutly bound note book, which was the constant companion of my pedestrian excursions. A. B. C.-F. K. L.--Limerick-aye, this it the page. Here I begin my faëry tour--Limerick,--ves: 1 have got a great many good things moder this head. Hearens! what a gorgeons display they make as 1 let the pages slip one after another from beneath my fingers: Traditions--Smperstitions--Anectotes-l'oints of Scenery-Character--Rockites-Hush! What have I said?--All in good time : These gentlemen must take their turn in time, but at present I have quite another
matter in head. I will run through these little memor randa in the order in which I find them set down.

## Finuck Fierna.

The hills of the fairies. This is the loftiest mountain in the county above named, and lifts its donble peak on the Sonthern side, pretty accurately, I believe, dividing it from Cork. Numberless are the tales related of this hill by the carmen who have been benighted near it on their return from the latter eity, which is the favourite market for the produce of their dairies. That there is a Siobrug or fairy eastle in the Monnt, no one in his senses presumes to entertain a doubt. On the summit of the lighest peak is an unfathomable well, which is held in very great veneration by the peasantry. It is by some supposed to be the entrance to the court of their tiny mightinesses. A curions fellow at one time had the hardihood to cast a stone down the orifice; and then casting himself on his face and hands, and leaning over the brink, waited to ascertain the falsity of this supposition by the reverberation, which he doubted not would soon be oceasioned by the missile reaching the bottom. But he met with a fate scarce less tragical than that of poor Pug, who set fire to the match of a cannon, and then must needs run to the mouth to see the shot go olf. Our speculator had his messenger returned to him with a force that broke the bridge of his nose, locked up both his eyes, and sent him down the hill at the rate of four furlongs per second, at the foot of which he was fomd senseless next morning.

> Hing Finvar's* Cattle.

Between this mountain and the river Shanon, there is a small Jake, concerning which a very extraordiuary

[^18]repiort was circulated a few years back. Some people indeed may imagine it a little too improbable to lend a very ready credence to it, but I can assure them that its weracity was not even questioned at the time it took place. The lake or longh to which I allude is a very pretty oue, although it is disfigured on one side by a picce of ngly bog. On the East, it is overlooked by a hill which makes a very sudden descent on its bank; but the slope is delightfully corered with monntain ash, birch, and hazel trees, so as to form a very pleasant contrast to the dreary flat opposite. At the northern end of the water, among patches of rude crag, and occasional spots of green, a few thatched hovels or cabins are huldeal together, so as to form a something indescribably miserable in appearance, which is dignilied with the appellation of a village: it is nalled Killimicat. Not very far from this, and on the borders of the lake-But what are these stories worth if taken ont of the mouth of the original narrator? I shall give this to you as I had it myself:--You see that little meadow there over-right ns, Sir,--that was the little spot that Morty Shamon took from the master. Morty was a suur sculog then, and very well to do there, as I hear ; but a stronger man than he was could not stand any thing of a loss in such times as they were. Morty wondered what was it that used to spoil the growth of his little meadow. There was no sign of trespass from the neighbours, for the bounds were good, and their cattle were all spancelled. But so it was: sorrow a bit of grass did he ever cut on the field for two years. At last, knowing it to be a good bit of ground, he resolved to sit up of a night to see what was it used to be there : and so he did, himself and his two sons. About twelve oclock, as they were standing, as it might be this way, what should they see rising out of the lake only a fine big cow and seven heifers, and they making towards his
little field. 'Tha suthine!' sars Morty to himself, 'is this the way of it?'So he beckoned to his sons to come betune them and the lake, and turn them into the pound. The old cow seen what they were about, and, without ever speaking a word, made a dart right between the two sons and into the water with her. But the heifers they drove home, and inclosed them in a paddock, where they staid for a year; until one evening the gorsoon forgot to lock the gate, when they all made off into the lake, and were never heard of more."

It is said there is a magnificent palace under this water, one of whose turrets is visible above the surface in a dry summer. This report is quite as well attested as the other.

## Old Raths.

These very ancient places are a favourite haunt of the elves ; and woe to the hardy man who dares to apply the axe or the spade to tree, shrmb, or soil, in these hallowed spots. They are very numerously scattered over the face of the comntry, and form great eye-sores to the improving class of landholders, who have acquired wit enough to contemn the superstition, but lack conrage to adventure first in the canse of common sense. I knew one stont man who lost an eye in the attempt to root ont an old thom on one of these places; another who had a tine meadow lurned up and destroyed for his pains; and a third, who deelared that the very might after he had superintended an exploit of a similar kind, he saw three sitengs, in the shape of strapping bucoughs, take each a cleare of turf from the reek in front of his honse. 'The reality of this latter appearance I was not at all inclined to question.

## THE HOAX.

Notmithstanding the title under which I have marshalled this series of lucubrations, and which professes to confine the sense of the little events describef to "sweet Monomia" itself, I should be very sorry to pay so much deference to consistency, as to restrain myself from the pleasure of taking in a flying good thing which I have canght at in sports to which my attention was less particularly directed. I shall therefore in this and my next letters, give you some of my first gleaning: on my arrival in the country, and which in point of fact were then set down.

Let your philosophical contributors fix the cause, I content myself with asserting this fact, that in every considerable town except Dublin, where I have set sojourned, practical hoax seems to be the esteemed relaxation of gentlemen at large of the middle rank, and men of business and profession, whose facile methods of despatch, or whose waste time, allows them the primary means for its indulgence. Passing by comntless instances of this scientific waggery, which, if you had been as long as I have been in Ireland, would amuse you, allow me to submit one grand tour illustrative of the almost desperate extent to which it can reach. I am about to mention important facts and dates, and am aware of the authenticity upon which I
ought to base my narrative ; but if my own eves and ears may serve, they are your warrant in attaching implicit erenence to the sequel. In one word, I shall not state a circumstance which I do not know of my own knowledge.

Thus, then, you will easily call to mind, that at the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Princess, now some years ago, the day of interment was previously understood throughout the United Kingdom, and every town and village proposed to mourn the melancholy event on a Weduesday, I believe, with closed shops, suspension of business, prayers and homilies. I need not remind you that I was then in Ireland, partly on your own mission, and residing in a certain city of Ireland. The appointed morn rose on that certain city, as on all the others, and the people duteonsly attended, or rather began to attend, to the urders judicially issued for its sad observance. No shopkeeper unmasked the broad and shining face of his shop window; no petty marketing or cries ushered in the day; death-bells were knelling ; the loyal and pions, including the garrison, proposed to go to divine service ; and all the preachers in the town had been up two hours before their usual rising time, to re-con and polish the long-balanced funeral oration. These were the symptoms down to half-past seven o'clock; but lo ! at or abont that hour, forth rushes the town crier, without a hat, his face pale, his looks wild, his gesticulation vehement, and his voice choked with precipitaney ; and he rings me his bell at every corner, and endeavours to prononnce the following :"By special orders of Mr. Mayor, the funeral is not to take place till Friday morning. God save the king!" The shops were opened, the bells ceased to toll, and business and bustle proceeded as usual. I went to the public readiug-room to satisfy myself on this extraordinary occurrence. The Dublin mail had not arrived ;
but the Mayor had receired the news by despateln from the Castle the might before, and all was right. It was eight--half-past eight o'clock, and we heard, at last, the "twanging horn" of the mail-coach as it drew up at its allotted restimg-place. Mayy a wistful eye now peered out of the windows adown the street to reconnoitre the boy, who had been for an hour before placed with his shonder to the little black wooden pane in the slop window of "the post-office." He came at last, pale and breathless, and with an ominous pendency in his jaw-for oh ! he had held whispering converse with that important inland personage, the guard of the mail, and his ear still rung with fearful somuts. We tore open the papers-the Dublin papers of the preceding evening, despatched at eight o'clock, six hours sooner than a Mercury conld have left town to be in - a at one oclock in the morning, which was the case stated. We tore them open, I say ; our eyes glaneed like electrieity to the readings of the clifferent jommals, then to the tail of the column, where "second edition," in rrood capitals, onght to have been. We did this and more. We-who? The magistrates of the city among the rest, with the Mayor at their head!- the wise caterers for public order and decorum!-the men of comnsel and council!-the "Daniels-I say the Daniels!" Mase of Hogarth or of Rabelais! coquet with me only for one felicitons instant, while I try to paint the vacuity of horror, yet redolence of the ridiculous, which bespoke the first full suspicion of a hoax, that vas-no donbt--villainonsy-rood, but also of a bhunder that was execrably palpable! Jint I dare muly leave this seme to the imagination. Let it suffice that the Mayor apppealed to his despatel from the Secectary-produced it —and, to mend the matter, "lo, 'twas read!" What could be done? The town itself might he managed alter a maner--the erier might make another sortic to
cause the shops to be shut, and the customers turned out--the bells might easily be set again in motion ; but the comutry districts, the villages six, eight, ten, fifteen miles off! At seven o'clock in the morning the two troops of horse in garrison had been despatched to these several places with orders to suspend the homilies till Friday : there was not a trooper lelt to pursue them with countermanding orders!--and again, I inquire, what conld be done? Nothing but what was done. That day, while all the rest of the British empire mourned, the eity of -- and her dependencies waxed merry and busy ; and when the cloud had passed from the world beside, they had at last their time of exclusive sorrow. Any comment upon the moral propriety of this hoax might be ont of season,--certainly would be superflnous. If contemplated to the excess it ran, there can be no second upinion as to the delinquency; and in any view it was most indecorons, and no donbt you and your readers will call it shocking. But I am strongly led to question the first case ; and with the second can have little to do. I only state, as in duty bound, faets, that eren in their excesses present to yon, I think, a trait of national character, whose demerits at least contain some, and a peculiur mental activity--in idleness.

Aud since we have stumbled on national portraiture, suffer me to present you with another feature which may interest. I have met more than one profound Munchausen in Ireland; that is, a regular story-teller, who glories in his talent, who has built up to limsell much fame and admiration from its repeated exercise, and whose effort is to preserve his character by a succession of ridientons fietions. The king of this race of queer mortals is now dead ; he abode in the very metropolis; was the idol of mery meetings in taverns, and at respectable private houses too: and, by all I can learn, never had compeer. His name was

Sweetman-_"Jack Sweetman." Oh! how the bare mention of his mame will set poor Scetch's eyes twinkling, and slightly curve the right line of even Mr. ORegan's monts!--As master Slender would observe, however, " He is deal---Jack Sweeman is dead ;" and those of his unconetions emolators whom I have seen were not your city wags: Pure rustic geninses they ; tecming with their own original conceptons, and flinging them ont and about in their own quaint idiom and slippery tongue. The pietme of the cleverest of them I hare encomered is before me: A comfortable combtry gentleman, about tifty years of age, tall, a little fat, a romed red shining face, not at all strongly marked, and no intex to his talent, if you shond except the sparkle of two small blue eyes, rebelling agatnst the affectation of gravity impored on his well cloved lips. At his own table, or at any other table, he was and is the father of tempestuons langliter. He knows what is expected from him-and that is every thing-and without apparent effort he yieds full and eternal satisfaction. I have heard him always with amazement, ame, 1 must own, often with real excitation of spirits. We have no iela of such a matio in Eugland. He has told in my premene upon four or five ocrasions that I have sat with him, half a hundred stories at hast, no one resembling the other, and, I have been informed by those who kinew him bong, milike any that he hand ever told before. In fact, during some thirty years of professional pratice, it womblypear he searedy ever finds it neessary 10 repeat himeelf. This you will say is imaginative fecondity with a vengeance. If yon proceed to interogate me on the merit or style of these extemporaneons effusions, 1 fear 1 can answer nothing satisfactory. As to matter, they are the most monstroms and matchless combantions of marmare, ont-Mmehamsming Mmbehamen-ahays new, alway jangling agamst
eaeh other ; and, all I can add is fit to be laughed at for their very mufitness to any thing else. But you should hear this man tell them. There is the whole charm. Yon shall listen to him as he sits at his ease with his whisker-punch before him, and his friends around him, and his face in its unclonded meridian, withont a muscle wineing, as the flnent words quietly pour ont for ever, and choke every one else with convilsions of mirth. Let your fancy so far assist me as to get him thus present, and I proceed, as the best mode of illustration, to relate one--though by no means one of the best of his stories. I select it for its brevity. It would begil thus: "Arrah, come now--(turning to a grave guest)--this will never do, father Corkoran-maister, sir, maister-on maybe you'd be for an oyster? We'll get them there ; an' I pray God there mayn't be such a story to tell o' them as the night last week that the gauger was here. I was in town that day, an' bought just as fine a hundred as ever was seen ; Diek put them down on the dairy floor to keep them cool ; and here we sat as we are now, God bless us all, after dimer, when we heard such a screeching an' hobbub as rang thro' the house, an' brought us out to see what was the matter. Into the dairy we went--an' I'll tell you how it happened. The rats came in, you see, in the dark, an' were for being eurious about the oysters ; an' one of the oysters that was as curious an' just as cute as any of the rats, opened himself a little to take a peep abont the dairy; an' when a rat put in his fore foot to have a erook at the oyster, faith it held him as fast as it could; which not being to the rat's mind, nathing could come up to the passion he gat into, an' the noise he made. IVe staid some time looking on, an' then went ont for a dog to worry the rat ; an' as we had to go thro' the yard to the dog, we were for stepping down stail's quietly, when-what would you
think? By the life of O'Pharoh, Sir, we were forced to stand aside, and give way to a hundred rats at least, that were come from borrowing a crow-bar from the forge, an' they had it between them, walking up stairs in a body to break open the oyster an' deliver their namesake from his hands." I shall add no comment upon this fanciful narrative, further than to say, that it strikes me to be quite as good as the three hundred rats of which Mr. Hogg has made memorable use in his last Novel.

## THE KILKENNY RANGERS.

The morning after my arrival in Dublin, I called on my friend Pat Seeteh. He was not at home; but I miderstond he might be found at the Dublin Society House, Kildare Street. There indeed I did find him, smromed by good casts of the Elgin Marbles, and alternately recurring from their god, the Thesens, to a grood cast, also, of the Farnese Hercules ; and this, as I afterwards understood, for the purpose of assisting the birth of some strange creation with which his brain was then its full time gone. He sprang to shake my hand, overtuming a drawing-desk, chalks, and portcrayons, that now only stood in his way. I requested his aid to develope the then immediate place, as the puzzlers call it, of his friend Mr. O'Regan ; and, after appearing to think a second, he tonehed his forehead and luried me off. We came, as he informed me, to the Dublin Library, in D'Oliers Street, pushed into the news-room, and, as if by instinet, Seetel picked ont from a gromp of lomgers about the fire-place, a grave seeming man; who, with his back turnced to the grate, his hands belind his back, and a deliberate sec-saw motion of body, appeared, with great composure in lis own face, to be playing at will the risible muscles of those aromd him. We were introduced: O'Regan bowed like a Mandarin, and we issued on together to
look at the town. One month exactly I remained in Dublin moder the pupilage of my worthy frieuds; one month we strayed throngh the county Wicklow ; and then commenced our true iuterual campaign. From the metropolis again, a canal-boat pleasantly beguiled us of an uninteresting tract of country, depositing us at Athy, a smart town in the Comity Kildare, which is occasionally honoured by a sitting Judge of Assize. Hence we took a south-west course towards the heart of the County Kilkemny, on the backs of three sprawling horses, our seats being similar to those we might cajoy in an inverted rail-bow. They contrived however to transport us to Canticomir, a considerable village, overlooked and governed by the stately mansion of the Countess Dowager of Ormond ; and there we divorced ourselves from them and our guide, and joining hands at the serious proposition of O'Regan, vowed, like classic pilgrims, to walk the whole extent of our picturesque tour. So, behold us, with portfolio and knapsacks hanging at our backs, and note-books and shilelaghs in hand, attracting an miversal stare of astonishment at every mile of our way. O'Regan carried, though we did not guess it 'till evening, three bottles of Potteen Whiskey, more compactly adjusted than Gilpin's "bottle at each side ;" and I know not why I should have omitted to inform you that a servant of his, as great an origiual as his master, brought up our rear with a hand-basket of choice and tangible things, nuder which lie limped along, a sbort pipe in his month, and an alternate curse at our bye-roads or hedges and ditches, or a growling good thing shot off in proper volumes of smoke, as oftening issuing through his clenelsed teeth. I must say a word of this Man-Friday of ours, Peery, as his master calls him, which appellation is, I take it, a local comoption of Pierce. Peery, then, is a middle-sized fellow, between fifty and sixty,
inclining to the latter perhaps, straight as a ram-rod, with a pair of squeamish good legs, of which he is not a little proud, a measured pace when he has the city flags or even a smooth road under him, and a ronnd, lumpish, featureless face, which good humour and peevishess, endurance and impatience, sway by turus. He has heen an old volunteer ; a corporal of artillery to the "Kilkenny Rangers," and this accounts for his stiff peculiarities of person and manner. Other marks of the old soldier are about him, for I can understand that these voluntecr gentlemen may really be called soldiers. He wears a tight knee small-clothes, and short black spatter-dashes, that come a little above the ancle, but toning close to do common justice to the small of the leg. Then he has turned the old oil-silk covering of his helmet into a bag for his hat, and from this muion results an uncouth bundle of head-gear, which he has borne about on rainy days in the city, and on country excursions in all weathers, for nearly the last forty years. It looks not unlike a bronze vase turned upside down, and just rescued from the ashes of Herculaneum. One of Peery's privileges is to amomine the hour of the day ; and when he is roused towards this office by his master's command, the ensuing operation is rather amusing. He stops short with a "Ha !" then slowly "pulls a dial from his poke," desiring it, by the quaint name of "tell trath," to come forth and declare. First appears a leathern parse suspended by a steel chain, and carefully tied with a ruming string: after due precaution he takes this off, and then yon see a large round machine of I know not what metal, as it is mounted with some kind of green compost ; and at last, looking at it as it reposes on the palm of his hand, with compressed lips and brows and "lack-lustre eye," Peery

> "Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock."

After which the bag is again tied on, and the whole apparatus cantionsly retmend to its dwelling phace. He has thas earried this antedilusian watch since his sixteenth year, at which the it was begaeathed to lim, bure aml all, by a grand uncle in the north, and Peery walked to the north to ehaim it. O'Regan never langhs at his invaluable man, and I can dirine that he wond not sell him for words. Belore dimer Peery is dry and hard as a sea-biscuit, and you only git bits of him now and then, which chip off like particles of that same bisenit: but, still to keep up the comparison, soak him well in whiskey-punch, and he softens and expands, and becomes palatable.

Since I have so far wandered away with this strange fellow by the hand, I may contime my ramble in his company, particularly as yon will find him versed in some matters I conll not get so wedl from any other somrce. One of our first skirmishing walls about Dublin was to the Phomix Park. My friends pointed out the site of a memorable review of nealy the whole body of Jrish volnutecrs ; and Peery, after listening gravely to onr observations, eane in with his own explamation amd auedotes at last. What he han to say insolved the character and prowess of his matise corps ; and we were treated with a prefitory acomut of them, which, linked to the after scenes in which he put them into partionar action, forms, I may say, an interesting pieture of that remarkable time, and of the mational spirit that stamped it. Let me try if I can collect 'Peery's own words.
" 1 onght to know the gromad well. The day the Kilkemy Rangers took the right o' the fiedd, an' I was enporal an' bombadier of the Arullery, an and Boi) Hohnes was our eaptain. The Cork blaes thonght to hase id, an wheded past us Bat they kiew late about id, or tho boys they had to dead wihe cither.

There was proud bood an' desperate hearts in the Rangers. They were well known at home in their own town an' comnty. Before they riz (rose) mp, there used to be such things as theevin' an' stalin' in the comntry parts, but I'll be bound little was hard (heard) in id a month or so afther. The best ir id all was, that whin we had no thieves to hant, we went ont fur the sport o' the busiuess; fur the Rangers liked sport ; an' give 'em a crisp frosty road, an' plenty in 'em, good fellows together, with their muskets on their' shonders an' free quarters afore 'em-the Lord knows where, only somewhere at last, you may be sure,-an' the devil a better divartion they'd ax. 'To tell God's truth, they might as well lave the robbers alone ; firr, from the Lord's cellar down to the ould woman's henroust, sorrow a much was spared afther all the good they done. An' so these were the lads, with ould Lord Ormond an' all the Butlers at their head, an' their ranks made up in estated gintlemen, an' the young an' the stont in the whole neighbourhood, - an' to spake honestly between ourselves, some $u$ ' the most finished scape-graces yon'd maybe wish to see; these were the fads that the Cork Blues thought to put a wan side that day. Bat look to the finer set of fellows ever marched into a fich. Every man had the gettin' in his own clothin', an' all did their best ; an' every cap, coat, an' feather, that momin' was bran new. Besides, as it was dry summer weather, and we hat only to turn out in Dublin into this I'ark, every man wore his, white cassimir small-clothes, white silk-stackins, an' dancin' pomps. lato that gate we came, onr drmas beatin' an' our colours flyin', an', as I said afore, or somethin' like id, our Cornal an' Offeers the hansomest men yond pick ont in three eommits. We were in first, an', as we sald wed dobil, we tow in the right hand place in the feld, an then, as 1 tomid ron, the Bhes came in, and were
marchin' a-head on us. "Halt there !" cries our Cormal as they passed, an' he rode ont with his Ofticers, aml comin' up to the Cormal o' the Blues, the Blaes halted, an' the Offects discoursed together. While they were takin', we were doin'. On went onr bayonets, an' every man pht in a ball cartridge, out in his private pouch that we always cartied abont ns. Myself was at the hearl o' the line with my two long ponnders, an', without sayin' much, I took ont my flint an' stecl, an' let at spark fall on the mateli-rope. My Officer came to me, an' 'Never better done, Peery (sats he,) where's the key of the ammunition-box?' 'I think I have id', says I, showin' a thing like id at the same time. 'Right (says Captain Bub,) open inl, Peery; an' the first her they put afore another, send 'em your compliments.' ' [ will, Captain, as civilly as I can,' says I. By this time we were all faced about, right fornent the Munster men, who didn't seem to like how we behaved onrselves, an', I believe, thomght at last we might just as weil have our own trolic. At all events they fell back, an' we led the day.
"I'll tell you a matter abont the Rangers. Afther the review was wer-that is, in a few days afther-we were for marehin' home, an' passin' thromgh Dubhm, there was a halt in Thomas-strect, somehow or other. As we stood on onr arms, a poor fool of a Lailiff stept up to the ranks, and tipin' Tom Karanah, tomh hom he was the King's prisomer. 'No, (says Billy Comeford, ) lue's the King's rolmoteer soldier an' a gimteman, and that I'il make you know ; so he stretehed him witis the hat-end ir his masket. The poor devil tumbled amons' the ranks, an' one axed him what he wanted there, an' another, an' another ; and there was a bayonet sent throneh his body each time. We got the word to mach, an' every man stamped his foot on the bailiff as we passed, givin' him something else along with it. I saw his
corpse afore we left the street, an' I don't think his mon ther 'nd know him if she met him. An' these were the men it was so asy to take the lead from in the Park: an' they were some of exactly the same men that the larliament called saviours of their country to-day, and armed traitors to-morrow ; God for ever bless that Parliament, wherever it is, for sayin' so."

Behold a specimen of my friend Peery's traditional lore. The last anecdote with which he has furnished me is sufficiently shocking: but it serves to show the determined and daring spirit of these famous Volunteers; the desperate identity of cause and feeling between them ; and, above all, their uncontrulled mastery at that period in Ireland ;-for, as I can authentically learn, if a dog, and not the poor fool-hardy bailiff, had been bayoneted, less notice could not have been taken of the matter.

## THE ROCKITES.

I have promisel, in a former Letter, that those gentry should form the sulyect of one of my "hours;" and as fortme (however singular, always fortunate to a literary gossip) has placed it in my power to lay hefore your readers a scene-quormm pars parva fuiwhich, I flatter myself, they may not consider uninteresting, I hasten to redeem my pledge.

I was sitting quietly in the house of an arquaintance (a county of Limerick gentleman,) ahont twelve volock at noon, on a fine, still, sun-shiny day : the good laty of the mansion was busily engaged in preparing luncheon; the master, a quiet, inolfensive, timid kind of man, who by his neutrality during the disturbances had secured himself against injury on all sides, was poring with eyes aghast, and a countenance surcharged with expression which he vainly entearoured to suppress, over the columns of the last Limerick Exening P'ust, where in all the authenticity of neat long primer, the doings of the last week were recorded, not in the most soothing strain of the self-alarmist, -when Pat Cahil, a gentleman who did my friend the hononr of ofliciating as groom of his stabler, burst into the chamber, hatless, coatless, and shoeless--his whole frame eridently agitated by the extremity of consternation. It was some time before he comblarticulate-"Mi. Wiardow ! Mr. Wardow! there they are all !---gone up to the cross hy the forge!"
" Who?" exclaimed my friend, endeavouring to preserve an appearance of dimnified calmuess.
"The boys, Sil-the boys! and 'tis thonght they're going to do something that's bad, Sir, by the Peppards,* Sir, now the army arn't to the fore." "Where are the military stationed ?" I asked. "Och, your honomr, there isn't a sodgor nearer to us than Adare ; and it's but a poor account you'd have o' the business te the time you'd get there, let alone the road back." The distant report of a shot instantly convinced us that this was bat too true. I rushed towards the door, however, rather rudely flinging back my friend, who opposed himself to my exit with the most haggand and woe-begone look of entreaty 1 ever behedd. In a few minntes I reached the hill of Lisnamuck, a place which cut rather a conpichous figure as a place of readezvous on the nocturnal occasions of those people, and in some part of which knowing foiks will tell you with a wink and a nod, an old casern serves as an armory to the worthy General's forces; but at all events I reathed the summit of the hill, and in an instant the scene of battle hay before me. Cappa House, the residence of Mr. Peppard and his two sons, was an elderly-looking edilice, and apparently well-calenated to sustain a seige in which musketry were the heariest modes of assault to be apprehended. It was situated rather on a low ground, with a slope on one side leaning to a pain still lower, and surromuded ly a lofty wall, the only entrance through which was a small harrow gateway. In fact it had the appearance of a regular little fortress. I afterwards fomm by the pablic papers, that the eder Mr. P'. was, at the time the Rockite party suddenly came upon the homse, ontside this gate, and marmed. On seeing them approach he ran toward it, and closing it after him,

[^19]made what haste he could along a narrow straight passage which led directly from it to the back-door of the house. This was open. Before he reached it he heard behind him the gration of the blonderboses against the iron railings as the ruffians poked them throngh to take a deliberate aim, and he sprung towards the door. It was shut in his face! The alarm had been given in the house. Unconscions of Mr. P's absence, and imagining that the assailants had made good their entrance into this inner passage, they slapped to the door, and left him to the mercy of the men without, or rather of their blunderbusses, for these had more than their owners, and contrived to throw their contents harmessly all around him. Indeed his escape was almost miracnlons. The door, the panels and jans of which were perforated by slugs, so as scarcely to leave a hair's-breath more than the space necessary for his preservation, was for a considerable time afterwards an ubject of intense curiosity to mumerous visitors. Before the discharge could be renewed, however, he was placed beyond is reach. The aggressors now (and it was just at this juncture the scene presented itself to my sight) retired from the gate, and commenced firing upon the windows. Only conceive the impression which such a spectacle must have produced on the mind of a stranger, in the decp stulluess of a summer noontide, and in a poputons country where there was something like civilization and civil government talked abont! Every man went as cooly and openly to work as if the grey fricze on their backs had been regalar, protected, loyal searlet, and the resisting housekeepers the proscribed men of the law. Very soon alter, and while the clonds of smese were rolling towards a chanp of trees on the south, two of the windews were suddenty thrown up, and as smbldenly a reciprocal discharge commenced from within. The battle now began to was carnest ; the Rockites
sent forth a yell with every discharge, which came over the still ehampagne around with almost a redonbled loudness; and the adrantage of the housed warriors became quickly apparent. With all the eredit for disciptine which the Rockites have achieved, their mode of battle on this occasion was not very imposing : they regularly, after discharging a volley irregularly, ran down the slope a briglia sciolta, and squatted themselves hehind a hedge, re-loaded, and re-advanced to the charge in any thing but marching order. Then, again mburthening their fire-arms with all the serious silence in the workd, they again sent forth a shout, and seampered off to prepare for a new volley. Only one among them seemed to despise this pusillamimons procedure: he appeared to command the band, and, in fact, did so, as was afterwards found ; but he was only distinguished from the rest by a white handkerchief tied ronnd his hat. He remained during the whole affray in the same spot, but he did not continne to expose himself with impunity : as his party advanced to the eharge for the last time, he was in the act of raising his musket, when a ball from one of the windows struck him on the arm, and the piece fell to the ground ; he instantly tore the handkerchicf from his hat with his left hand and bond it round the other, aceompanying every twist with what Hotspur lascionsly calls "a good mouth-filling oath," alternately directed, in a tremendous roar, to his poltroons, as lie called them (for they now evidently showed symptoms of tergiversation, and no very equivocal ones,) and to the bandage, whieh he hid did not find ready enough to assist the awkward efforts of the left hand. He was the last who left the scene of fight, and he walked off sulkily down the slope, and across an arljacent bog, trailing his dishonoured musket after him.

In a few minntes they all united at the Cross of

Lisnamuck, within rather a seanty distance of the spot where I now lay. There were loud voices for a moment, and words of reproach exchanged in their vernacular tougrue. Then ensued the silence and sullenness of defeat-disgraceful diseomiture ; and they walked down the road in a body towards Curra Grove, the estate of Sir Aubrey De Vere lHunt, which, during the occasional absences of the amiable proprietor, was made a frequent place of meeting by those miserably misguided creatures. They entered the wood, and I lost them

# A DEATH OF PEACE AND A DEATH OF WAR 

(A Dramatic Sketch-Scene, the Empyrean.)

## First Spirit.

How fare you, brother?

## Second Spirit.

My swect sister!-Why-
A something weary and a something sad:l've stooped into the region of the wind, A lower flight than those immortal plumes Have strength to cleave the heavy air; I peered Through a rifted cloud upon our ancient worldThe pleasant home of our mortality. I sighed when I looked on the little spot Of carth, where we last parted, never more To meet on earth again-and then I laughed To see how marrow now appeared the distanceWe rept to think should he between our graves!

First Spirit.
I found mine soon-Come-rest upon this cloud, And [ will tell thee :-W hat a glorious sight Is this around us! The mist mountains heave Their sullen fronts into the empyrean light, And smile, in their despite, against its brightness! And trom their ever-moving sides fling off Fragments of vapour. sprealling, like thin veils, On the clear ether. These the fair sun-light Strikes through, and forms the wonder of the earthThe many-coloured corenant of peace 'Tiween man and heaven, whose winged children love To cluse their weary wings, and take their rest In mill air, on those floating splendours-Ha !How yicldingly this sinks beneath us now !-

It falls-and falls!-and now the clouds of earth
Are o'er us, and the wide dark world bencath !-
Brother, oh! knowest thou not this soil? -The vale
That blooms beneath Potosi's Silver Mount -
A goodly scene is this that lies before us.
The even fall is pleasant-not a breath
Of softest wind creeps on the silent leaves-
Nature seems hushed in rapturous eontemplation
Of her own countless charms. - And now-hark !-list ! -
The distant murmur of the town, and sound
Of convent bells, mingling their faint heard chime
With the rush of the clear rolling Pilcomayo,
Break on the stillness of the lonely scene
So gently, that the ear of solitude
Searee notes the intrusion!-
so fell the even of my death! I pined
And pined, and burned. and wasted with the fire
That fed upon my health-until that came, And thus it came at length :

## A DEATH OF PEACE.

The sun of even
Had looked on me for the last time, (I felt it,)
And hid his mighty frent behind the Mount;
And the moonlight was round me, and the air
Sprinkled its viewless tears nom my cheek
Till that was chilled; and my heart's pulse grem colder
And slower, and I felt as I eould sleep.
Our sister was beside me: on her bosom
I laid my head in weakness-not in fear-
And looked upon the hearen : and my lips mored,
And words came forth of praise aml prayer. - The plain
Of ether glowed with myriads of those gems
Of light that darkling mortals love. 1 gazed,
With face upturned, until the immensity
Of space did seem beneath me-not above-
And prayed to be released: my pain was great-
I was a weary of my life.-Then felt I
A sudilen hupe stir in my breast. my hlood
Throbbed and flowed slowlier and slowlier yet,
And a cold hand did seem to grasp my heart-
1 knew my prayer was heard, and I sprung forth
Tpon the brsom of the air.-I rose!
The light wind bore me up-and onward still-
Till the wild masic of the seraphim
Was in mine ear, and told me thad found
Itupassible being :-
I ean now remember,
When that strange melody had left my hearing,

A roice of wailing came from the cold earth !
I looked unto the grave which I had left-
The moonlight shone upon a maiden's form I had known well once.-O'er her sunken brow Her hair hung, and upon her lap, and bosom A corpse lay, pale and cold-I saw its cheek
Wet with the tears the living mourner gave.

## Second Spirit.

A waking from a dream of pain and darkness
To the fiiir morblight and the voice of music, Such was thy death!-It was not so with me.

## A DEATH OF WAR.

$T h y$ life was one of evil : the nepenthe
Of all its sufferings lurked in that dark draught
The happy shrink to look on--death !--But mine
Was full of hope, and joy, and health, and light!
Thy spirit left its earth within the arms
Of a loved friend--Mine on the battle field !-
Thy bones were shrouded-laid with tears in the earth
The mountain winds are shrieking over mine!-
A warning of long years made death to thee
Unwelcome nor unsought-A summer morn
Beheld me rise to greet its dawn, in bealth
And bope
Its even smile reddened on my bloodless limbs !-
It is before me now !-The flood of titue
Hath torn the scene away in its swift course,
But left its bed deep channelled in my memory!
I hear the clangour of the opposing trumps-
I hear the tramping of the war steeds' hoofs-
I see the close array of serried hosts-
I see the hanner waving on the cleft
Of a rent crag, that crossed the steep ascent
'Twixt us and freedom's victory.-They meet-
And shout!-A thunderpeal had passed unbeard A bove them in the shock. Amid the roar Of that wild sea of war,
I marked the standard where it waved alone, Rushed on the cleft-seized that ; and, with a ery Of triumph, spread its blazonry abroad
Unto the winds above me!-It was echoed,
'Till the blue vault rang with the sound again,
And cloud spoke unto cloud of freedom's victory-
A something struck me then-here-on my front-
And all was still!-That pause was nothingness -
Aud for a space I was not! - When I raised

Mine eyes again, and thought and life awoke-
I stood before the judgment-seat !-
That scene!-
How wonderful it was! The hush that eame
After that field of feas: -
The tinkling of the harps of seraphim,
The almost noiseless waving of the wings
Of heaven's bright couriers in their sweeping flight,
And the calm glory of the Almighty presence-
For mortal hate and strife!-1 had my guerdon

## First Spirit.

Let us now seek it-singing to our jey,
Till its rich light is on us onee again!
'Tis twilight on the earth-and darkens slowly.

## I.

The vales are wrapt in silence now, All but the soft wind's melody,
And one small stream that, gurgling low,
Steals under the grey willow tree, Lingeringly-lingeringly With its timid minstrelsy.

## II.

How sweetly, as we spread our wings O'er rocks, and hills, and heather lea, The even-wind of the mountain sings, And the red West a lustre flings,

> Tremblingly-trenablingly Over his own stirless sea.

## Second Spirit.

Come away-away-and on,
Till our own fair heaven we see-Soon the spirit's flight is done,

Hand in hand locked, let ns flee,
Lovingly-lovingly-
As in our carthly infancy !-o

## TIIE GRAVE OF MARION,

The wind comes whistling o'er the waste.
The samd-cloud rises high;
Our peril is not wholly past,
Our foes are pressing nigh.
A little farther on, my love,
A little facther on!
Sine does not speak-she does not move-
My love at last is gone!
I press thee to my burning breast, No blush is on thy brow;
Thase gentle arms that once earess'd, Fall round me deadly now ;
Thy lips have still their bue-but ehill The spirit of their hiss-
I lay mine hand upon thine heart, 'Tis cold at last to this!

We were young, and closely twined Like twin towers of Love's spring;
But one the poison blast has pined, And one lives sorrowing!
Heart ot my heart! I would I were Unloved of thee agrain-
I'd leave thee as 1 met thee, fair, And waste in silent pain.

Were we beneath a Christian heaven, Within a Chistian land,
A fairer shrine to thee we:e given Than this bleak bed of sand;
Yet thou wert single in thy faith, And single in thy worth,
And thou shouldist die a lonely death, And lie in lonely earth!

And now l've laid thee to thy rest, liy last look now is given-
The sand is smonth above thy breast, And mine is still unriven:
No wimding-sheet-no matins meet Thy pershed lowe can have-
But a lover's sighs embalm thy corse, A lover's tears thy grave!

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# THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. 

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[^0]:    * Such is the demand for those articles "coming on" November Eve, that rural speculaturs suw bean gardens for the purpose of protiting by the occasion.

[^1]:    - Lecealfast.

[^2]:    * So called to distinguish it from hond turf; the one being cut from the coll with an instrument callen a sotne, the other ghaped with the hand out of a solt boggy stufl, which is alterwards uried.

[^3]:    * The first milk of a cow immediately after her acconrhement is called beestings in Ireland; ant, dressei in a feculiar way, is cosr sidered a delicacy there. - Tastes vary.

[^4]:    * It dues not necessarily follow, when an Irishman swears "by this book", that the object which he indicates shall be a book, or have any relation to it. The oath is a very usual one.

[^5]:    - Any number of soldiers is so called by the Irish peasantry.

[^6]:    - Extraordinary.

[^7]:    *A sufficiently characteristic observation of Cromwell on the barremes of the comntry inland, is preserved among the peasantry. "There was", he ob erved, " neither a tree to hams a man, tire to Lura, nor water to drown him"

[^8]:    * Distrain،d.

[^9]:    * Strungest.

[^10]:    * Our friend Mr. Barnes O'Hara has given such celebrity to this superstition, that there is no need of a more particular description.

[^11]:    * The present Limerick.

[^12]:    * A hill in the west of the County of Limerick, on the summit of which are the ruins of an old church, with a kurying-ground still in use. The situation is exceedingly singalar and bleak.

[^13]:    * The superstitious practice of paying rounds, with the view of healing diseases, at Barrygowen well, in the Commy of Limerick, is still continued, notwithstanding the exertions of the neighburing Catholic priesthood, which have diminished, but not abolished it.
    * Of the Shannun.

[^14]:    * The lower orders of the Irish have a superstition that fairies have power to detain only those who aceept reltehnemte drum their hands.

[^15]:    * I should suppose there is no necessity for explaining this word, There exists a very sincere hatred of these foths in the southern counties of Ireland, and indeed, 1 believe there is no love wasted on their side

[^16]:    * This familiar way of naming their betters, behind their backs, is very ustal among the peasantry.

[^17]:    * This is so curiously characteristic an observation, that perhaps it is worth while to say it is not an invention. "With mine own ear 1 heard it."

[^18]:    * A famous fairy monarch.

[^19]:    * It may be nceessary to rematk, that his attack on those gentlemen and their manly resistance, is pure histury.

